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TRIUMPHANT SONGS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND GOSPEL MEETINGS

BY E. O. EXCELL

Used by

REV. SAM P. JONES

In his Revival Work

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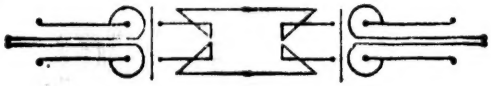
Yours truly,

REV. SAM. P. JONES.

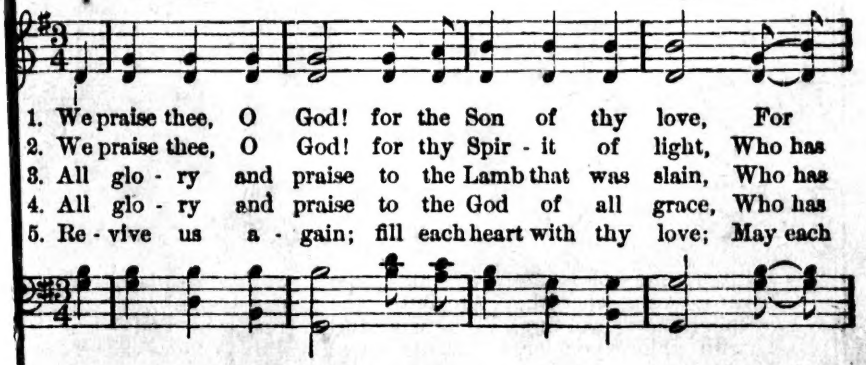
E. O. EXCELL.

Triumphant Songs.



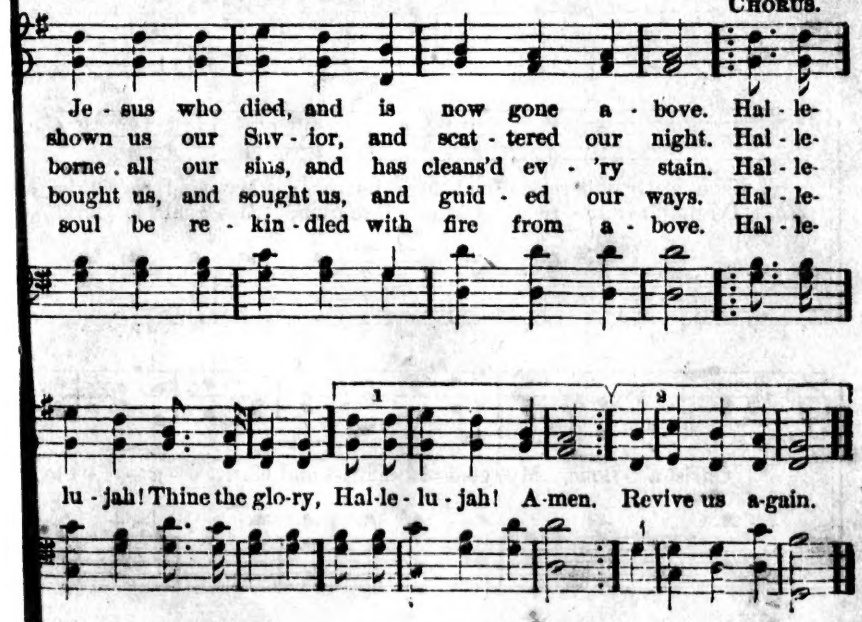
o. 1. Revive Us Again.

Dr. W. P. Mackay. English Melody.



1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each

Chorus.



Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le-
shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le-
borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le-
bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways. Hal - le-
soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Hal - le-

lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men. Revive us a-gain.

No. 2. My Goal is Christ.

Unknown. E. O. Excell.

1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treas ure, Of
2. The world and her pur - suits will per - ish, Her
3. A - gainst this tow'r there's no pre - vail - ing; His
4. And though a pil - grim I must wander, Still

pomp and beau - ty here on earth! There's not a thing tha
beau - ty's fad - ing like a flower; The bright-est schemes th
king - dom pass - es not a - way; His throne a - bides de
ab - sent from the one I love; He soon will have m

gives me pleas-ure Of all the world dis - plays for wor
earth can cher-ish, Are but the pas - time of an hou
- spite as - sail - ing, From hence-forth un - to end - less da
with him yon-der, In his own glo - ry - world's a - bo

Each heart will seek and love its own; My goal is Christ, a
4th. Tri-umph - ant - ly I there-fore own; My goal is Christ, a

Christ a - lone, My goal is Christ and Christ a - - lo

No. 3. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help him the lit - tle
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shep-herd's fold a - way,
Where they'll be shel - tered from the cold? Bring them in,
"Go find my lambs wher - e'er they be.

Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

No. 4. We'll go up and Take the Land.

Selected. CHAS. DUNCAN.

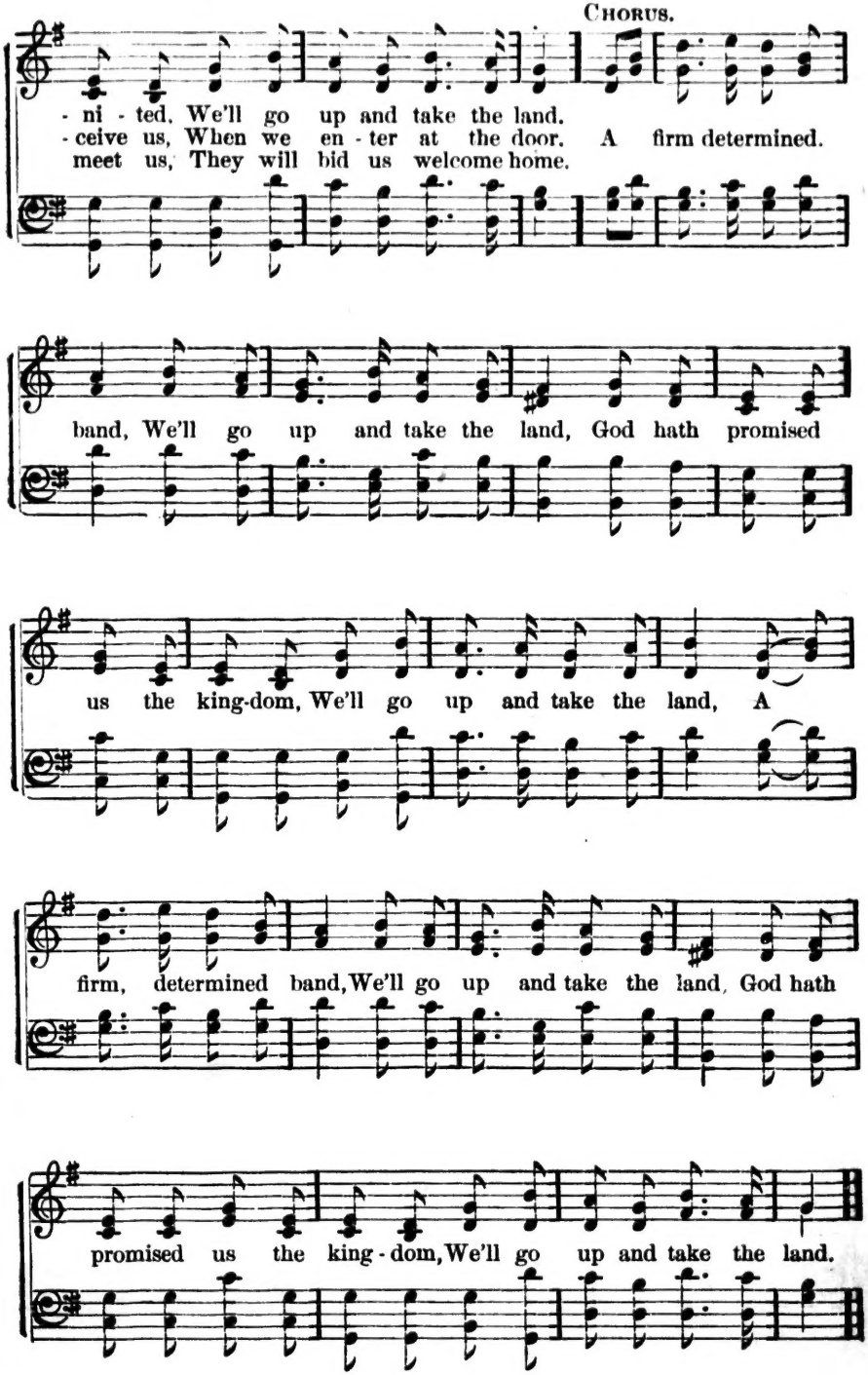
1. Cheer, cheer up my faint - ing brother, Fix your eyes up-
2. 'Tis a land where all are hap-py, For their hearts are
3. 'Tis a land of milk and hon-ey, 'Tis a land of

- on the cross, God hath promised us a kingdom, In ex-
free from care, 'Tis a land of sins for - giv - en, And we
joy and song, Naught un - ho - ly there shall en - ter, To dis-

- change for earth - ly dross; Let us ral - ly round the standard,
all may en - ter there, Then have courage in the con-flict,
- turb the blood-wash'd throng; There is peace with - in the kingdom,

There are sol - diers in demand, And with heart and hand u
Nev - er stray - ing an - y more, For our Sa - vior will re
Where earth's cares shall nev - er come, And our friends are there to

We'll go up and Take the Land. Concluded.



No. 5. Follow, Follow Me.

L. A. Morrison. E. O. Excell.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing, Oh hear how he pleads, In
2. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you not come? He
3. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you de - lay? Your

love which he bears for your soul, He asks you to fol - low wher-
saves by his won - der - ful grace, Your sins he will par-don, and
com - ing is sure - ly great gain, He of - fers you guidance, for

- ev - er he leads, That you may be ful - ly made whole.
give you a home, Where light is the smile of his face.
he is "The Way," He's plead - ing for you, is it vain?

Chorus.

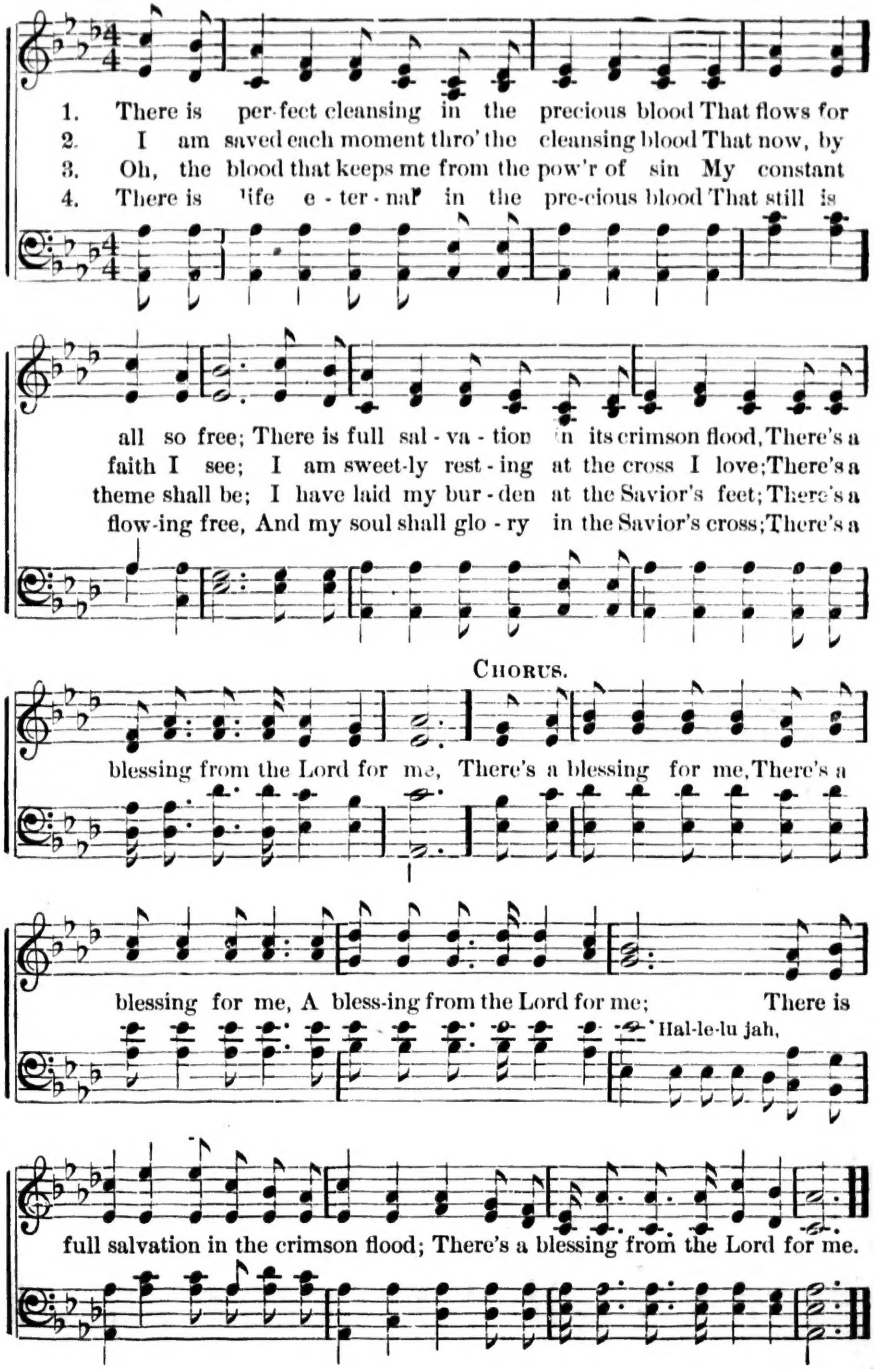
Oh, hear him still call - ing, "Come fol-low, fol- low me," Oh,
3d verse I hear thee, dear Sav - ior, I'll fol-low, fol- low thee; I

Rit.

hear him still call - ing, "Come, fol - low, fol - low me."
hear thee, dear Sav - ior, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee.

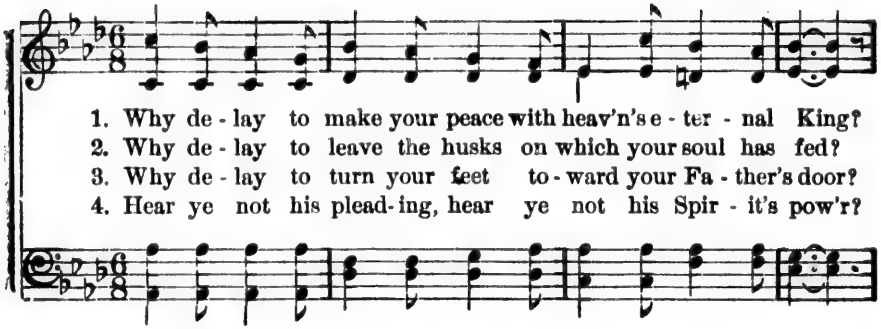
No. 6. There's A Blessing For Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

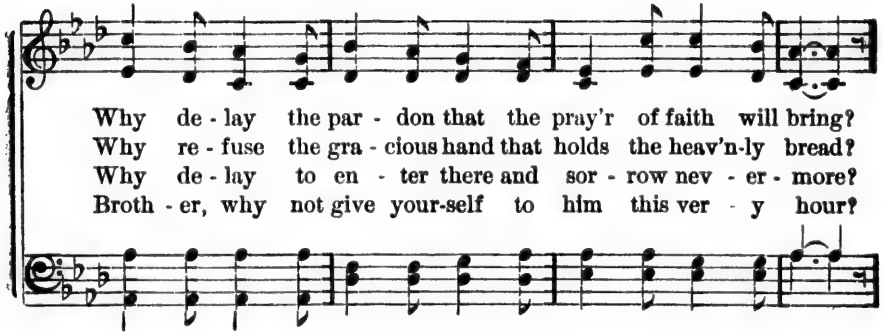


No. 7. Why Delay?

G. F. R. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

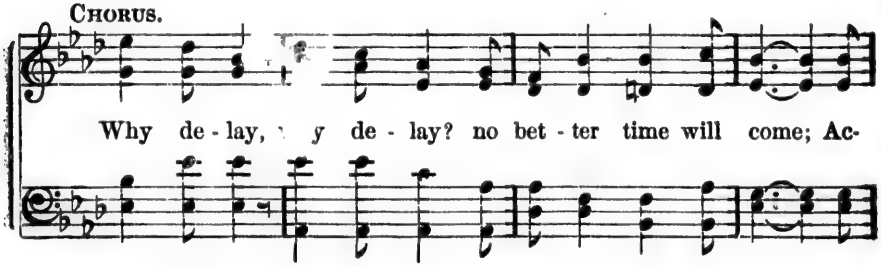


1. Why de - lay to make your peace with heav'n's e - ter - nal King?
2. Why de - lay to leave the husks on which your soul has fed?
3. Why de - lay to turn your feet to - ward your Fa - ther's door?
4. Hear ye not his plead - ing, hear ye not his Spir - it's pow'r?

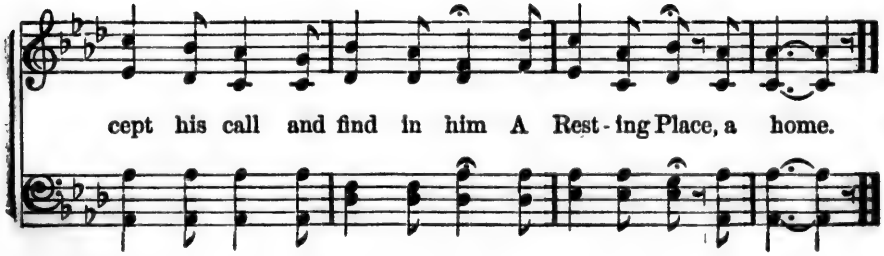


Why de - lay the par - don that the pray'r of faith will bring?
Why re - fuse the gra - cious hand that holds the heav'n-ly bread?
Why de - lay to en - ter there and sor - row nev - er - more?
Broth - er, why not give your-self to him this ver - y hour?

Chorus.



Why de - lay, why de - lay? no bet - ter time will come; Ac-



cept his call and find in him A Rest - ing Place, a home.

No. 8. At the Cross.

R. R. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a-way— It was there by faith rolled away, I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

No. 9. There's a Great Day Coming.

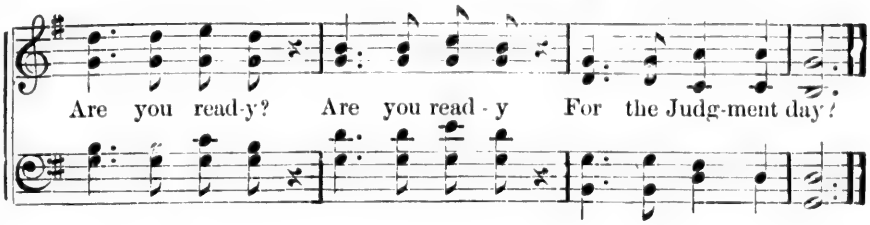
W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to those who love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Chorus.

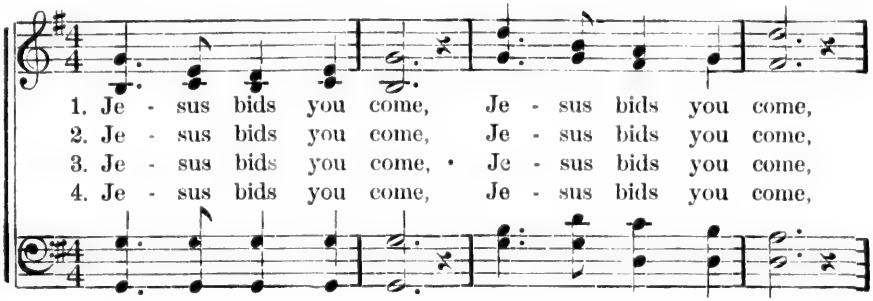
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

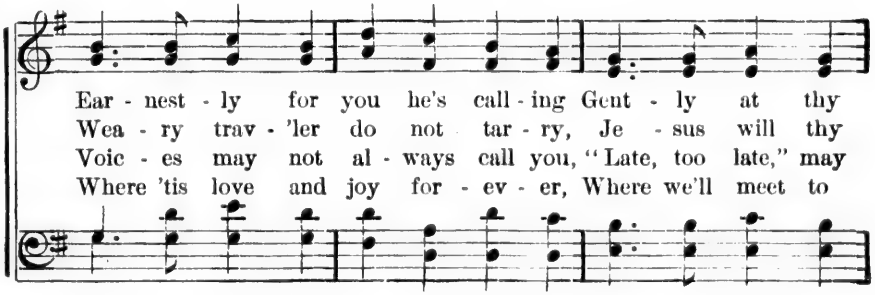
There's A Great Day Coming. Concluded.

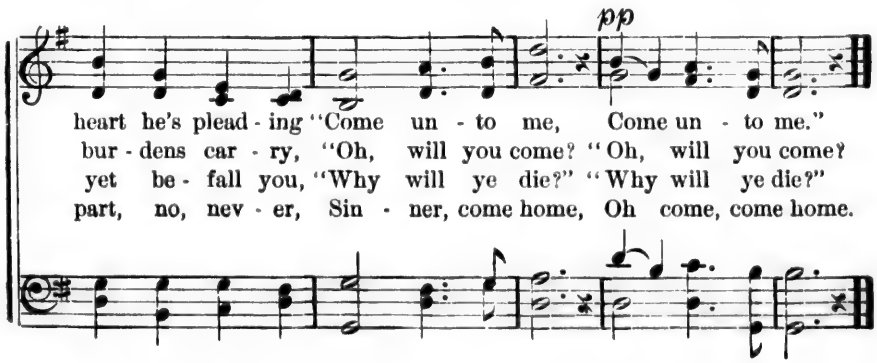


No. 10. Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.







No. 11. We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

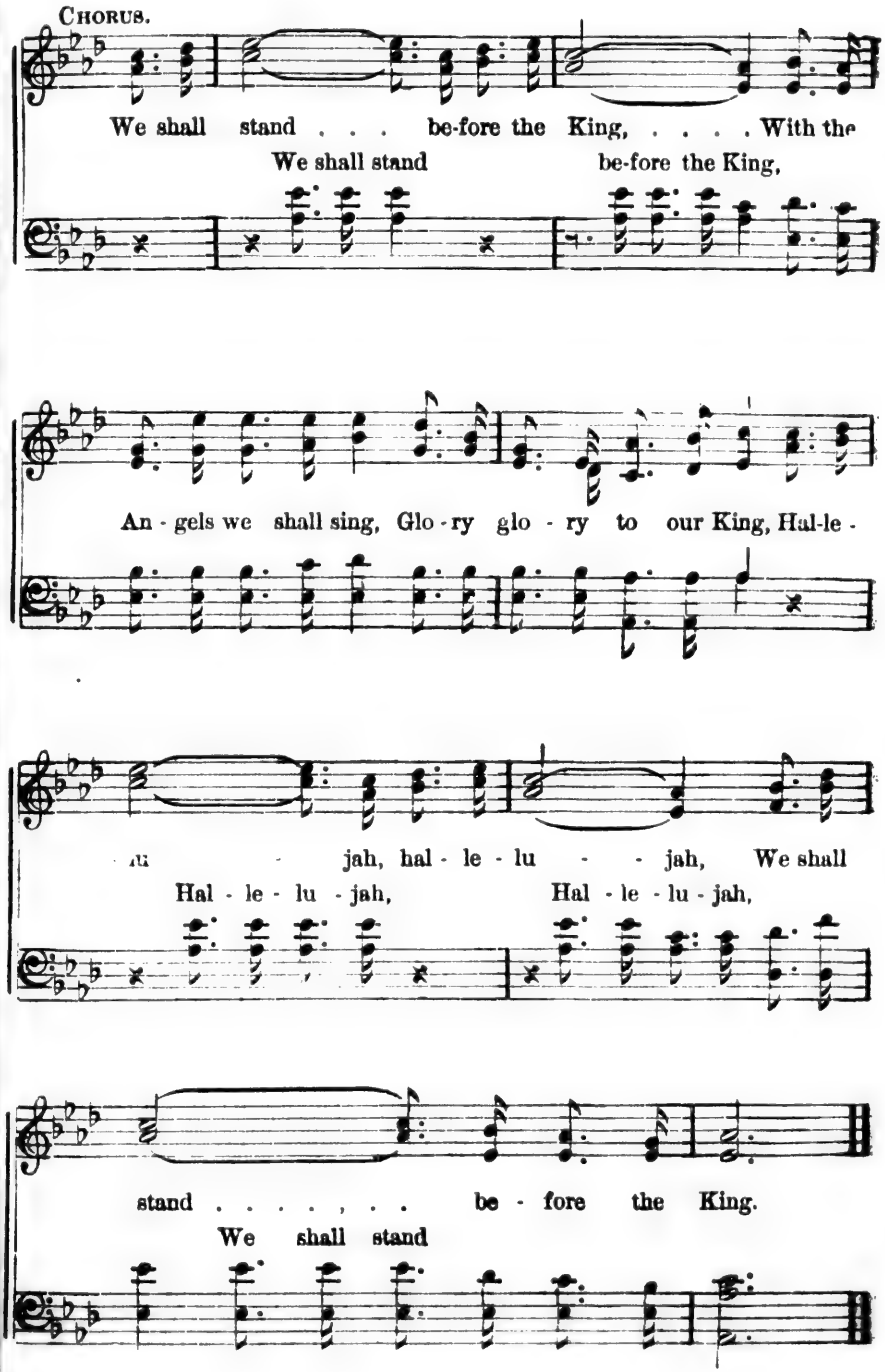
1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the
2. Ring ye bells of heav - en ring, We shall
3. Wake my soul thy trib - ute bring, Thou shalt

an - gels we shall sing, By and by, ... by and
stand be - fore the King, By and by, ... by and
stand be fore the King, By and by, ... by and
By and by.

by. Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing
by. There our sor - rows will be o'er, There his
by. Lay thy tro - phies at His feet, In His
By and by,

Him for-ev - er more, By and by, ... by and by.
name we will a - dore, By and by, ... by and by.
likeness stands complete, By and by, ... by and by.
By and by, By and by.

We Shall Stand Before The King. Concluded.



No. 12. He Redeemed Me.

Theme CH. H. CARROLL.
DR. GEORGE F. ROOT.

G. F. R.

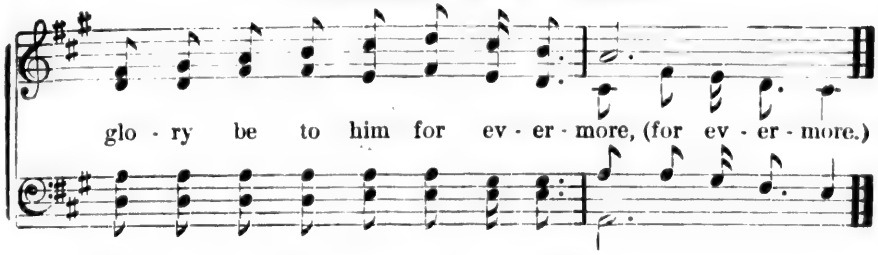
1. Would you know why Christ, my Savior, Is my constant theme and song?
2. Oh, the days are full of gladness, That I spend in his em - ploy!
3. Come, be - lov - ed, bow be-fore him, Seek the par-don of your King,

Why to seek his lov - ing fa - vor Is my joy the whole day long?
I can ban - ish care and sad - ness In that song of heaven - ly joy.
That on earth you may a - dore him, And with saints in glo - ry sing.

CHORUS.

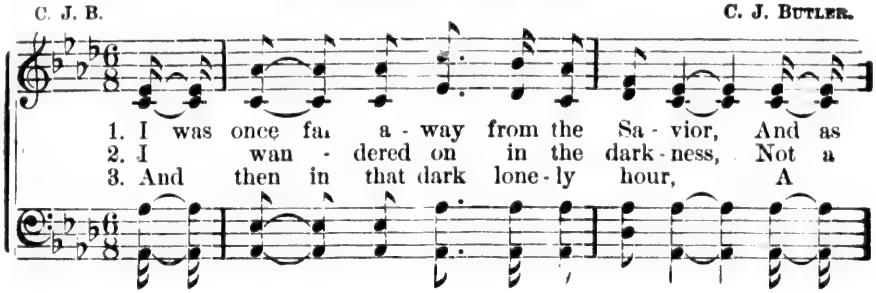
He redeemed me, He redeemed me,
He redeemed me, He redeemed me, How the
ransomed choir re - peat it o'er; and o'er He re -
o'er, re-peat it o'er,
deemed me, He redeemed me,
He redeemed me, He redeemed me, Glo - ry,

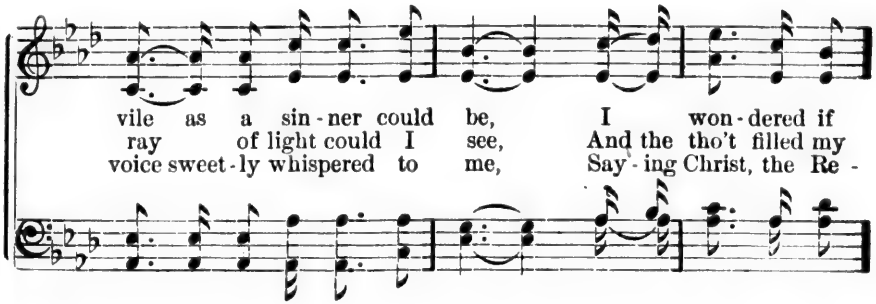
He Redeemed Me. Concluded.

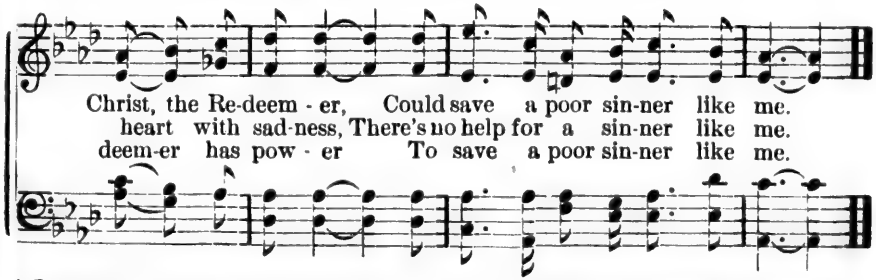


No. 13. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.







4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

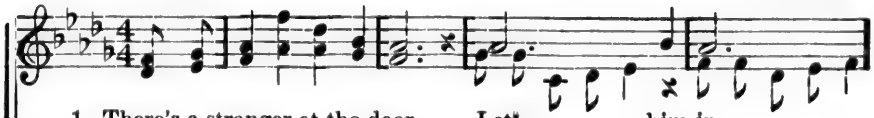
5 I then fully trusted in Jesus.
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me.
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

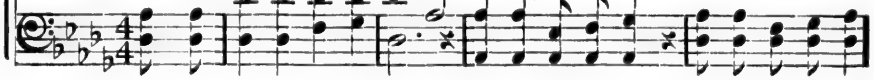
No. 14. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchison. E. O. Excell.



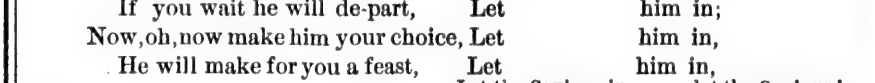
1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his loving voice, Let him in,
4. Now ad-mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in

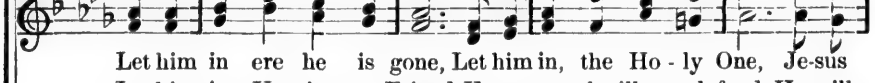


He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
He will make for you a feast, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus
Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure defend, He will
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store, And his
He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth ties all are riven, He will



Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
keep you to the end, Let him in.
name you will a - dore, Let him in.
take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

No. 15. Oh, Hear the Savior's Voice.

G. H. R. Dedicated to Rev. Sam. P. Jones. Geo. H. Ryder.

1. Broth - er! hear the Sav - ior call - ing, See the sweat-drops
2. Broth - er! see the Sav - ior stand-ing, Mild com-pas - sion
3. Broth - er! hast - en thy re - pent - ing, He is read - y
4. Broth - er! hast - en his re - joic - ing, An - gels wait to

on his brow; Broth - er! see the tear - drops fall - ing,
in his eye, Lov - ing - ly his arms ex - tend - ing,
to for - give; Broth - er! hast - en thy re - lent - ing,
bless you now; They are list - 'ning for the voic - ing

Refrain.

Hark - en! he is call - ing now.
Broth - er! say why will you die? Oh, hear the Sav-iour's
While he gen - tly bids thee live.
Of your earn - est, sol - emn vow.

voice, (oh, hear,) In ac - cents sweet and clear, (oh, hear,)

He bids your heart rejoice,(rejoice,)You need no long-er fear.

No. 16. At The Well-side.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.

1. At the well-side worn and wea-ry, Sat the Sav-ior;
2. So to those who tread life's path-way, O'er its drear and
3. Sin-ful one, wouldst know for-give-ness? Of thy sin wouldst

thus one day, To the wo-man, who came hith-er,
des-ert lands, Thirst-ing for some cool-ing foun-tain,
cleans-ed be? Hear the bless-ed Je-sus say-ing,

CHORUS.

In sweet ac-cents hear him say, "Who-so e'er this
Now re-ceive at Je-sus' hands. "Who-so-e'er this
"Come and drink, O come to me." "Who-so-e'er this

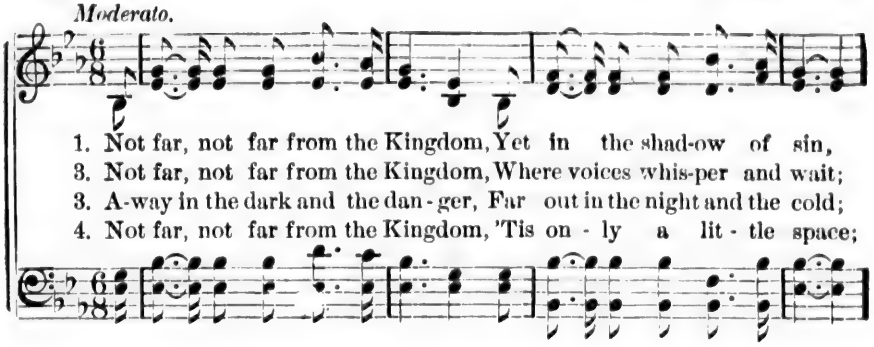
wa-ter drink-eth, Shall not thirst, shall not thirst; Who-so-e'er this

wa-ter drink-eth, Shall not, shall not thirst a-gain.

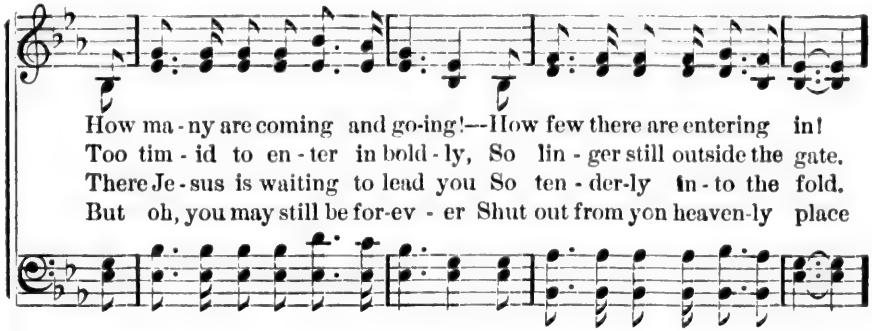
No. 17. Not Far, Not Far From the Kingdom.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

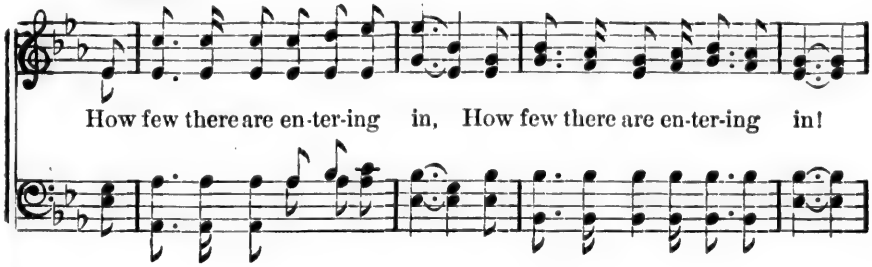


1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin,
3. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voices whis-per and wait;
3. A-way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle space;

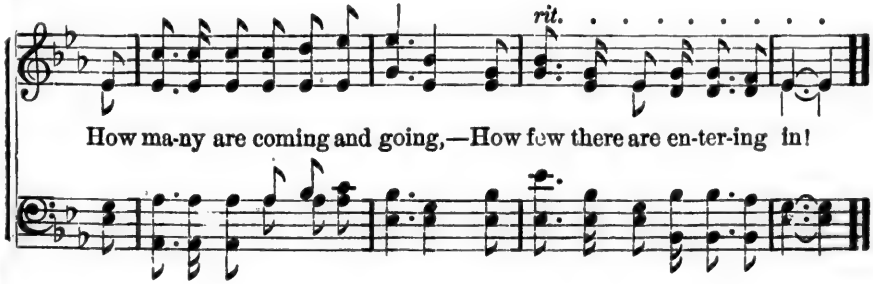


How ma - ny are coming and go-ing!—How few there are entering in!
Too tim - id to en - ter in bold - ly, So lin - ger still outside the gate.
There Je - sus is waiting to lead you So ten - der-ly in - to the fold.
But oh, you may still be for-ev - er Shut out from yon heaven-ly place

REFRAIN.



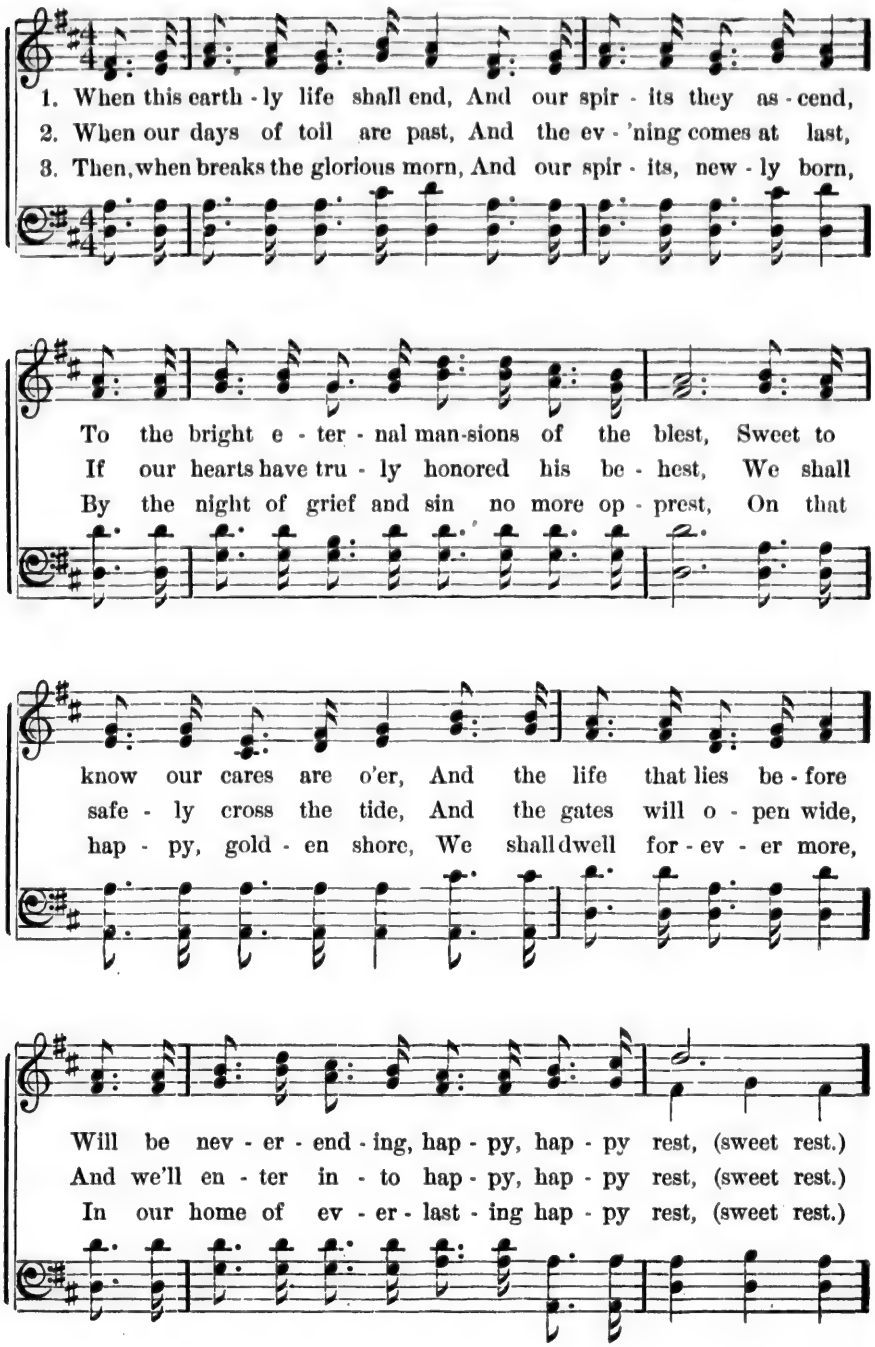
How few there are en-ter-ing in, How few there are en-ter-ing in!



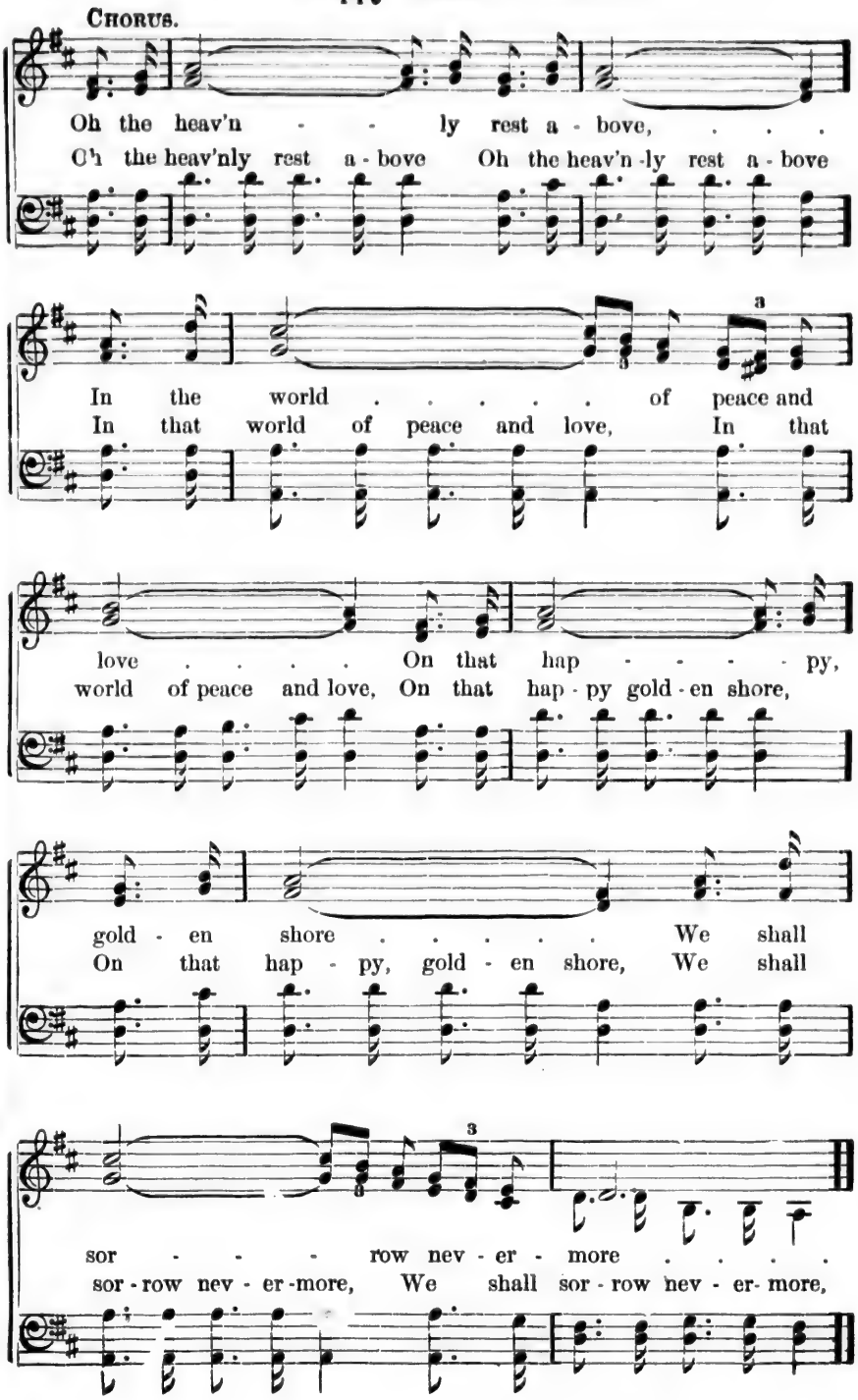
How ma-ny are coming and going,—How few there are en-ter-ing in!

No. 18. Happy Rest.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS. E. O. EXCELL.



Happy Rest. Concluded.



No. 19. Come to Jesus, Now.

H. W. ONDERDONK. GEO. H. RIDER.

1. The spir - it in our hearts Is whisp'r-ing, "sinner, come;" The
2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "come;" Let
3. Yea, who - so - ev - er will, O, let him free - ly come; And

bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, "come;"
him that thirsts for right-eous-ness, To Christ, the fountain, come!
free - ly drink the stream of life, 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus now, ...
Come to Je - sus now,

Come to Je - sus now, ...
Come to Je - sus now;

Come to Je - sus now, He is call - ing you.

No. 20. Thy Daughter is Free.

A. J. M. A. J. Maxham.

1. She came un - to Je - sus, her heart filled with grief, She
2. Her cry was un - heed - ed, in vain did she pray, Un -
3. 'Tis time Lord and Mas - ter, yet, O hear my prayer, I
4. Then Je - sus spake to her, in tones all di - vine, "Be

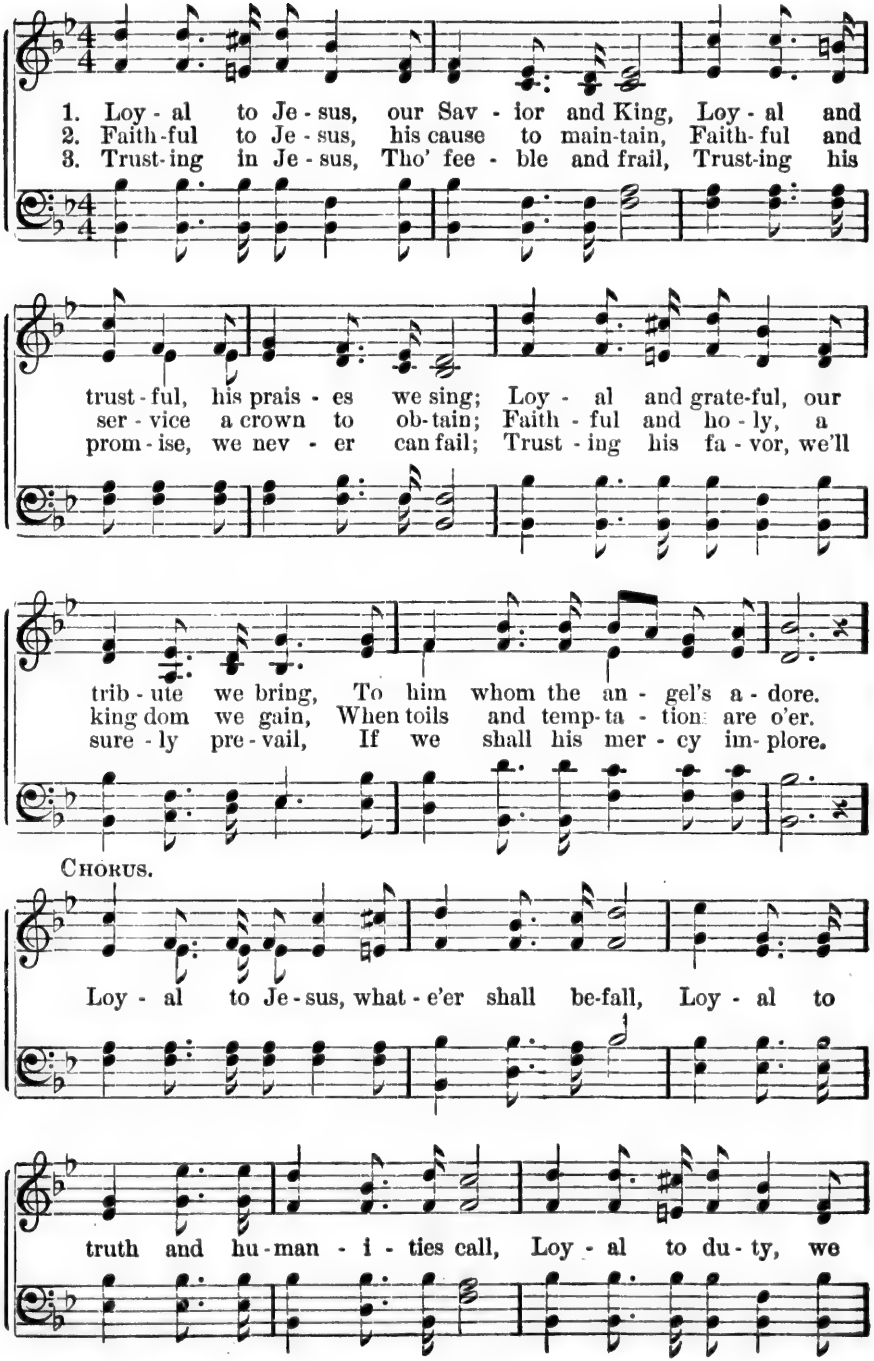
called to him, "Mas - ter, O grant me re - lief, My
til his dis - ci - ples said, "send her a - way," Then
ask but for crumbs from thy ta - ble to share, Thou
it as thou wilt and no long - er re - pine, So

daugh - ter is sick, she is sore - ly oppressed, O
Je - sus re - buk - ing - ly said, "not to thee, To the
sure - ly wilt not send me emp - ty a - way, O
great is thy faith, be it now un - to thee, All

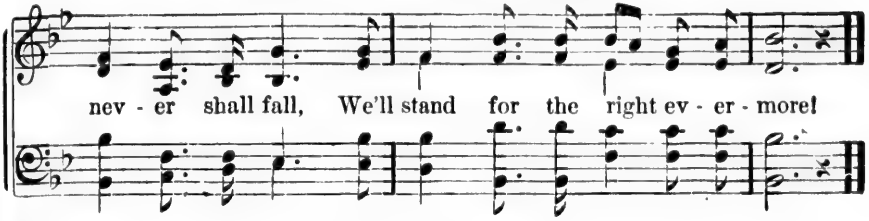
grant my pe - ti - tion, and heal her dis - tress."
lost sheep of Is - rael, sal va - tion is free."
hear my pe - ti - tion, and heal her to - day.
things that thou ask - est, thy daugh - ter is free."

No. 21. Loyal to Jesus.

Rev. C. W. Ray. Chas. Edw. Prior.

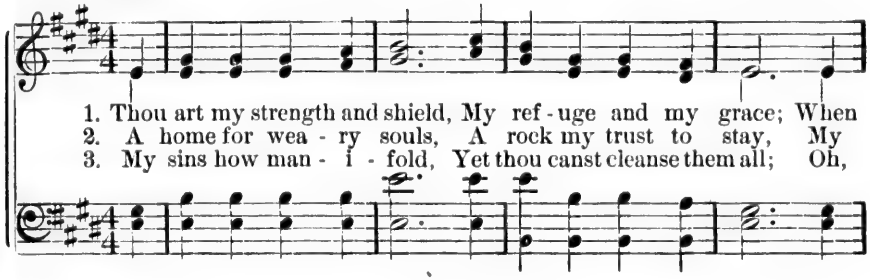


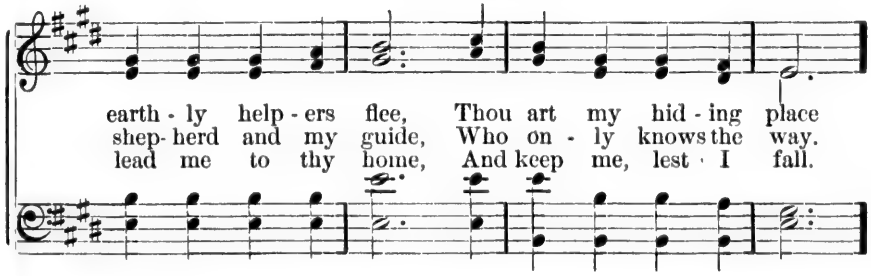
Loyal to Jesus. Concluded.



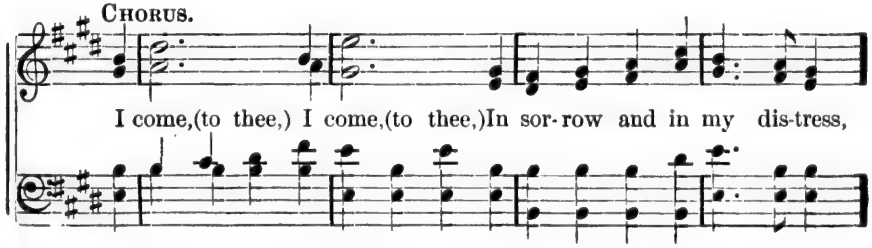
No. 22. I Come to Thee.

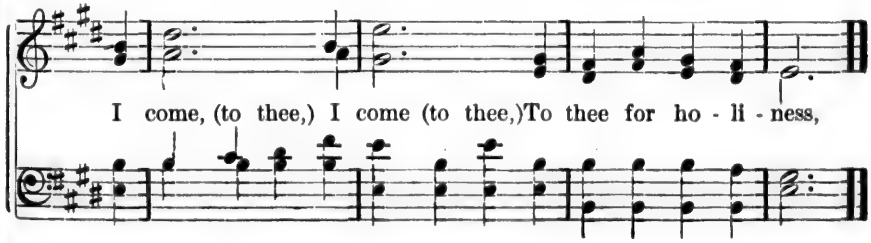
ANNA MARLIM. E. O. EXCELL.





CHORUS.





No. 23. Wonderful Story.

Rev. A. P. Cobb. E. O. Excell.

1. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a
2. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a
3. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a

Shepherd, so faith - ful and bold, That he sought, thro' the
Broth-er, so lov - ing and brave, That to res - cue and
Sa - vior, so pa - tient and true, That he calls in the

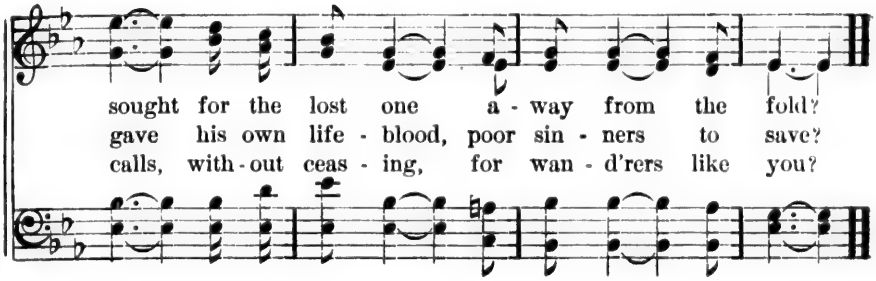
dark night of suf - f'ring, For the lost one a - way from the fold!
save the poor sin - ner, His own life blood he will-ing - ly gave!
high-ways and hedg - es, Without ceasing, for wand'rers like you,

Refrain.

Have you heard of that *Shepherd*, so faith - ful and bold, Who
Have you heard of this *Broth - er*, so lov - ing and brave, Who
Have you heard of this *Sa - vior*, so pa - tient and true, Who

sought for the lost one a - way from the fold? Who
gave his own life - blood poor sin - ners to save? Who
calls with - out ceas - ing for wand'-rers like you? Who

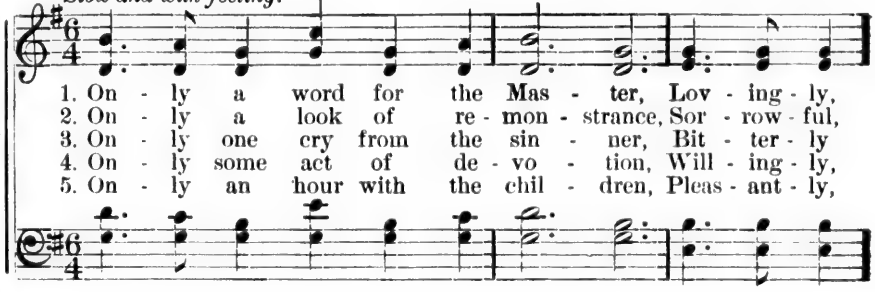
Wonderful Story. Concluded.

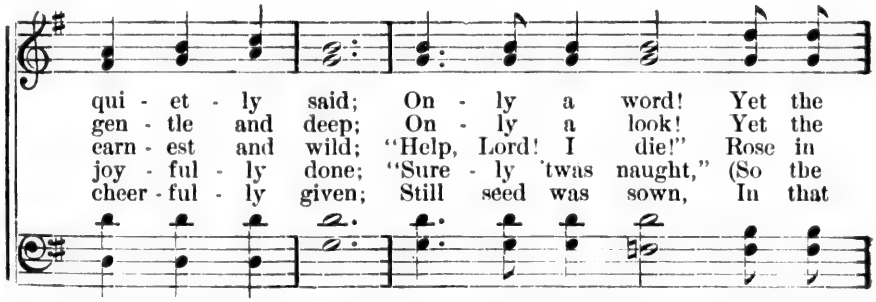


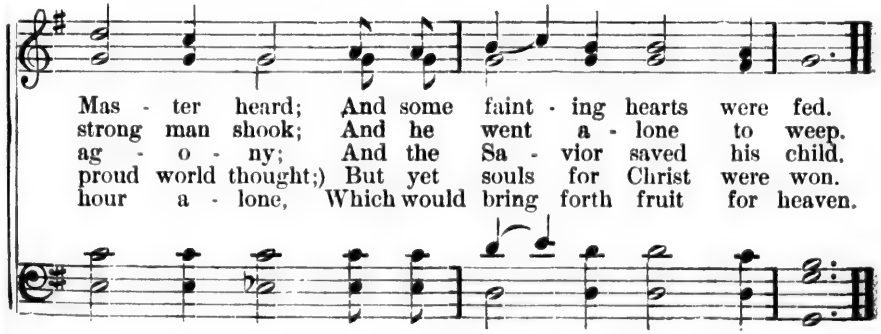
No. 24. Only.

J. M. DUNGAN.

Slow and with feeling.







No. 25. I've Washed My Robes.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
2. That promise, "who-so - ev - er will," In-clud-ed me,—includes me still;
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd a-way,"
4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are wash'd away;

Un-til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
I came and ev - er since, I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
For in his Word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow.

Chorus.

I've wash'd my robes . . . . . in Jesus' blood, ... And he has
I've wash'd my robes in Je-sus' blood,

made . . . them white as snow: . I've wash'd my robes . . in Je-sus'
And he has made them white as snow. I've wash'd my robes

blood, ... And he has made . . . . them white as snow.
in Jesus' blood, And he has made them white as snow, white as snow.

No. 26. I'm Nearer My Home.

H. A. Lewis.

Duet.

1. One sweet-ly, solemn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near-er my home to-day Than ev-er I've been be-fore.
2. I'm nearer my Father's house, Where heav'nly mansions be; I'm near-er the great white throne, Nearer the Jas-per sea.
3. I'm nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; I'm near-er the time to leave The cross and wear the crown.

Chorus.

I'm near - - - er my home, ... I'm
I'm near - er my home, my heav-en-ly home, I'm
near - - - er my home, ... I'm
near - er my home, my heav-en-ly home, I'm

Repeat Chorus last time pp.

Rit. . . . . . .

near - - er my home to-day, than ev-er I've been be-fore.
near-er my home.

No. 27. Knocking, Knocking.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Knock-ing (knocking,) knock-ing (knocking) with pierc-ed hands,
2. Knock-ing (knocking,) knock-ing (knocking) I see him there,
3. Knock-ing (knocking,) knock-ing (knocking) I hear him say,
4. Knock-ing (knocking,) knock-ing (knocking) The an-gels wait

Wait-ing, (waiting,) wait-ing, (waiting) the Sa-vior stands; I
Plead-ing, (pleading,) plead-ing, (pleading) with pa-tient care, He
"My child, (my child,) my child, (my child) be saved to-day!" Oh
The news, (the news,) the news, (the news) to hea-ven's gate Where

pray you, haste and let him in, He waits to bear thy load of sin, I
waits for thee, thy soul to save; His blood for thee he free-ly gave; He
do not, do not wait so long, Give him thy heart ere he is gone, Oh
ransomed souls for-ev-er sing, The glo-ries of our hea-venly King, Where

pray you, haste and let him in, He waits to bear thy load of sin.
waits for thee, thy soul to save, His blood for thee He free-ly gave.
do not, do not wait so long, Give him thy heart ere he is gone.
ransomed souls for-ev-er sing, The glo-ries of our hea-venly King.

No. 28. The Blood is All My Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. E. F. Miller.

1. I knew that God in his Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sun-shine,
3. With an-guish wrung, I cried, My Lord, Is there not pow'r in
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you
5. And there I stand this ver-y hour, Kept by Al-might-y

all be broken, The heart held cap-tive yet be free,
clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sin-ning, then re-pent-ing,
Je-sus' blood To make in me a per-fect cure?
from all sin, Will wash a-way your guilt-y stains,
keep-ing pow'r Temp-ta-tions come, the blood's my plea,

Chorus.

Lord, is this bless-ing not for me? The blood, the blood is
Now, I'm stub-born, then re-lenting The blood, etc.
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure? The blood, etc.
And cleanse, till not one spot re-mains, The blood, etc.
The precious blood now cleans-es me. The blood, etc.

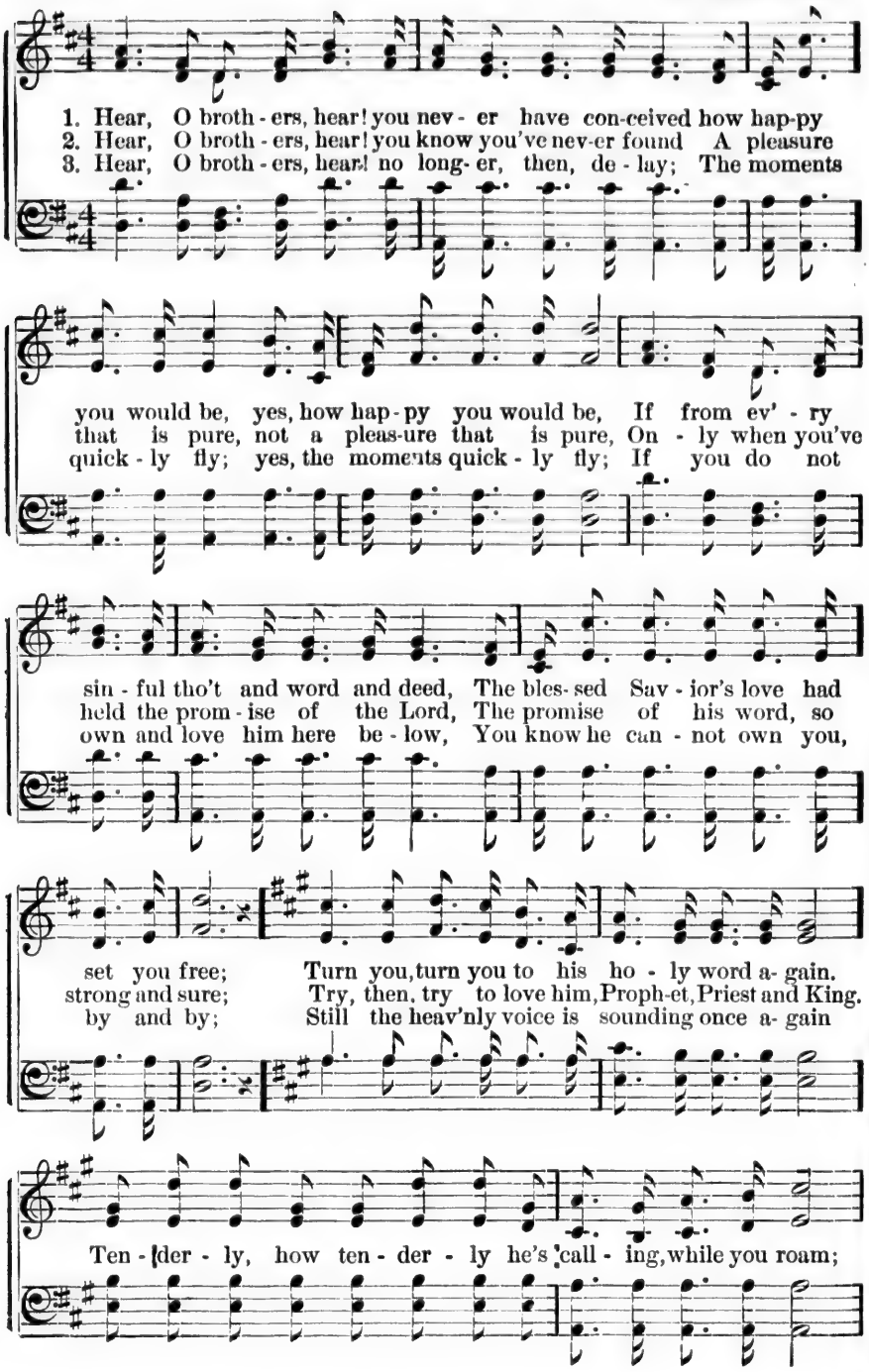
all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleans-eth me; The

blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu jah! it cleanseth me.

No. 29 Hear, O Brothers, Hear!

G F. R.

Partly composed by
Dr. Geo. F. Root



Hear O Brothers, Hear! Concluded.

Give, oh, give yourself and all you have, to him: "Wea-ry ones, and

CHORUS.

heav - y la - den, come," For oh, this word is true! you

nev - er have con-ceived How hap - py you would be, yes, how

hap-py you would be, If you on - ly now would on the Lord be-

- lieve, And let his word of pow - er make you free, (make you free.)

No. 30. Whatsoever Ye Do.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. J. M. DUNCAN.

1 It was on - ly a lit - tle word, ...
2. It was on - ly a glance from an eye, ...
3. It was on - ly the touch of a hand, ...

But God a - lone may know How it
By sym - pa - thy filled with tears, But its
But it helped the fall - en to rise; And the

saved a soul from the down - ward path,
mem - 'ry clings like the per - fume of flow'rs,
Sav - ior smiled as its rec - ord was made

And a life of shame and woe.
Whose fra - grance grows sweet - er with years.
In the book that be - fore him lies.

Whatsoever Ye Do. Concluded.

It was on - ly a lit - tle word, Yet its
It was on - ly a scorn - ful look, And a
It was on - ly a lit - tle thing, To

cru - el, sting-ing smart Es - tranged a dear friend who had
haught-y, contemptuous air; But it mad - dened a soul that was
pass on the oth - er side; But it gave in - to Sa - tan's

loved us long, And wound-ed a faith - ful heart.
seek - ing for help, And hur - ried it on to de - spair.
pow - er, a soul, For whom Christ, the Lord, had died.

CHORUS.

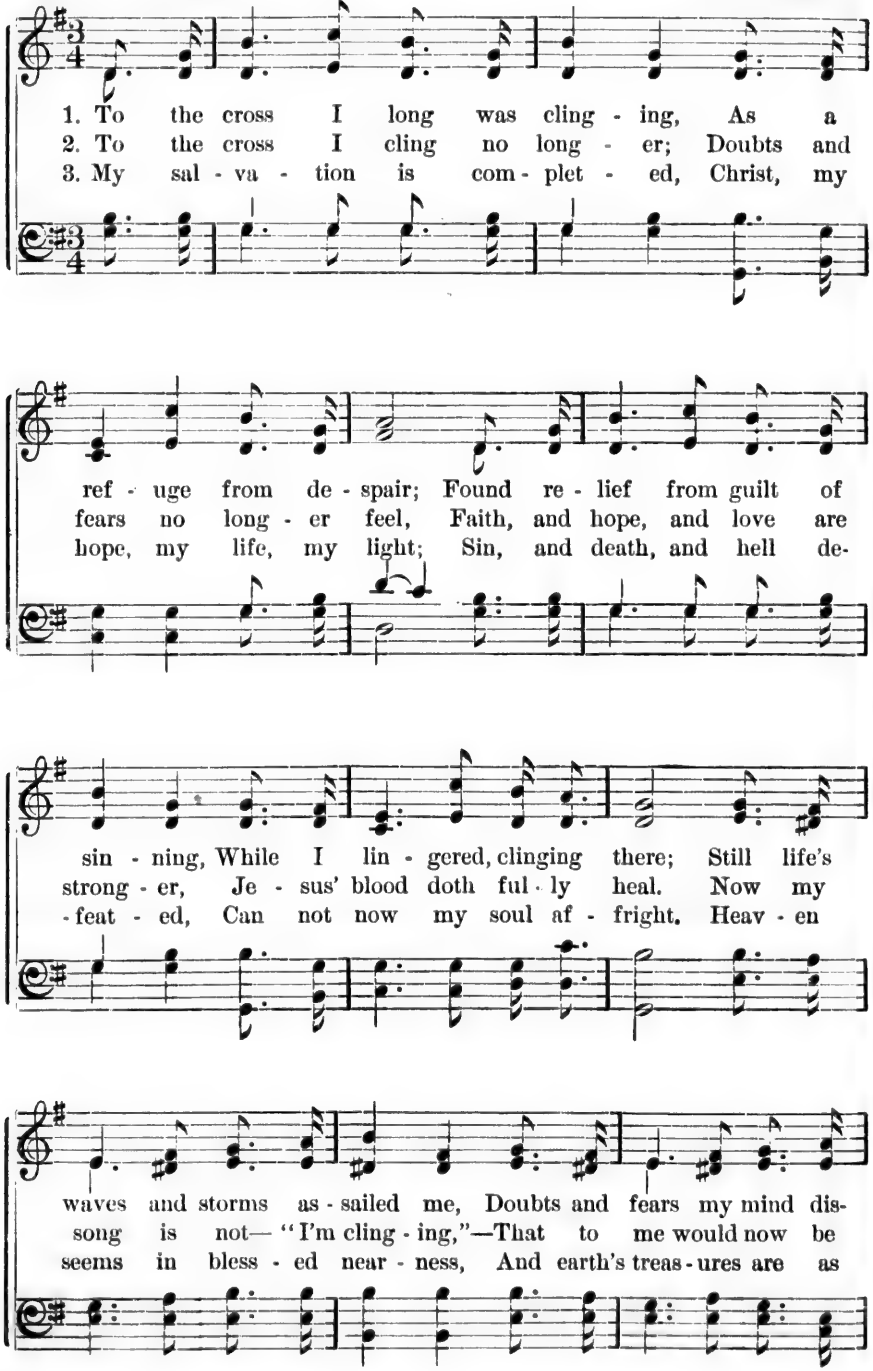
What - so - ev - er ye do, oh, hear it! hear it!

Repeat Chorus pp.

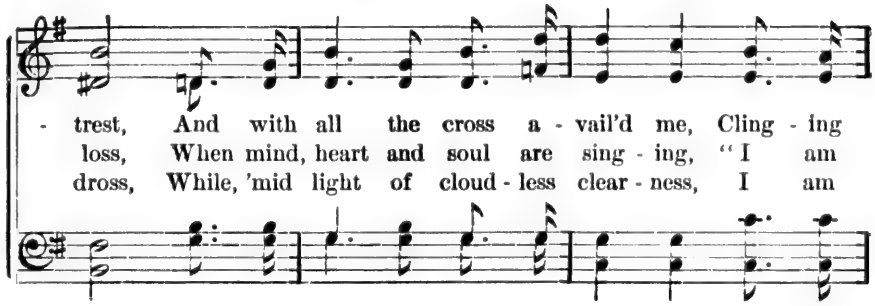
What - so - ev - er ye do, Do all to the glo-ry of God.

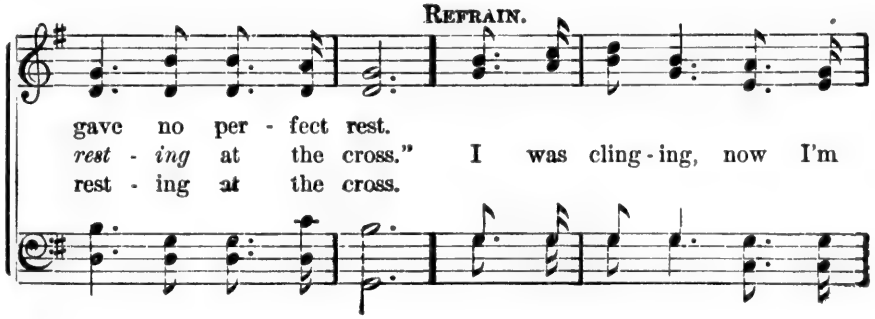
No. 31. Clinging and Resting.

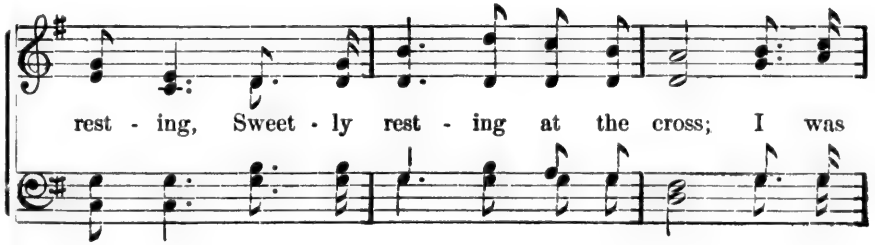
Rev. L. B. Carpenter. Harry Sanders.

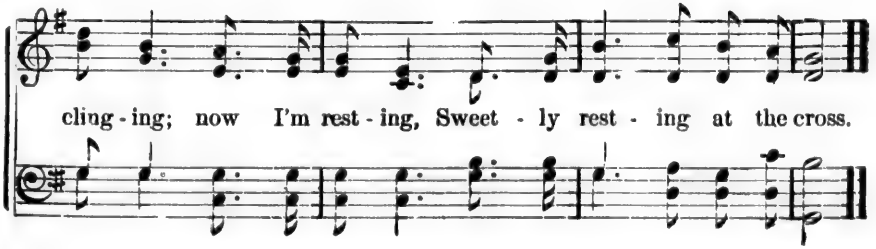


Clinging and Resting. Concluded.



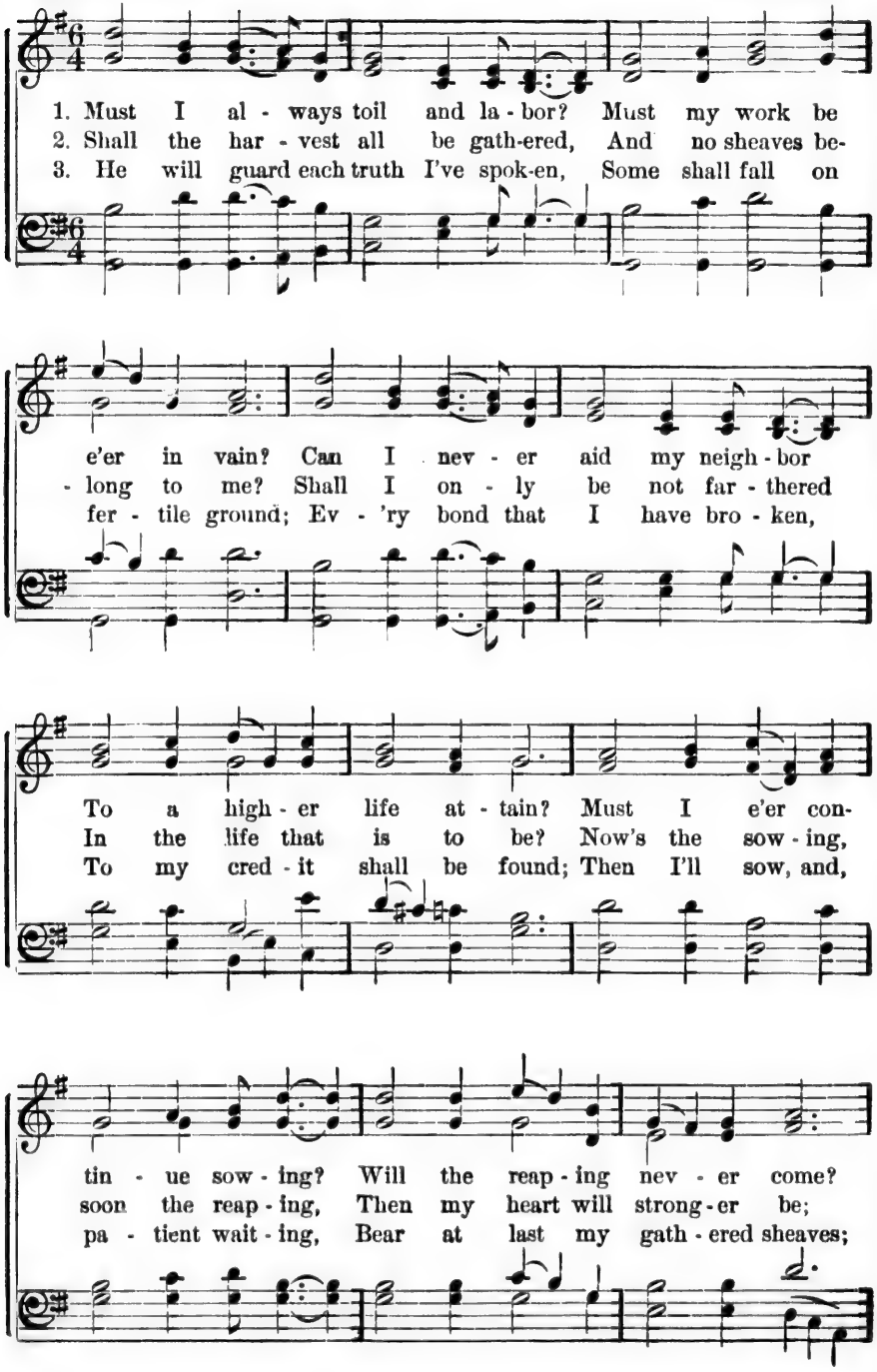




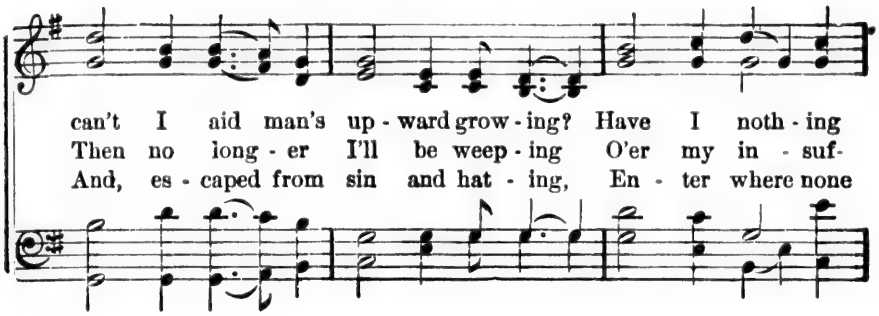


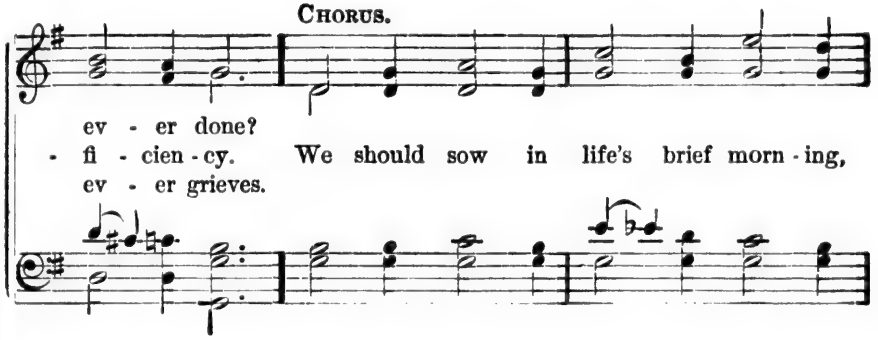
No. 32. Sowing and Reaping.

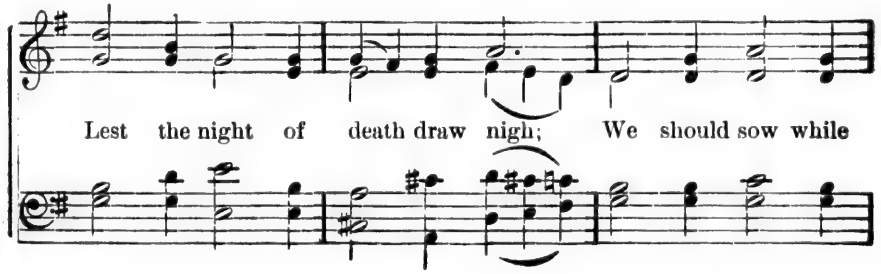
Rev. C. H. Hall. J. M. Dungan.

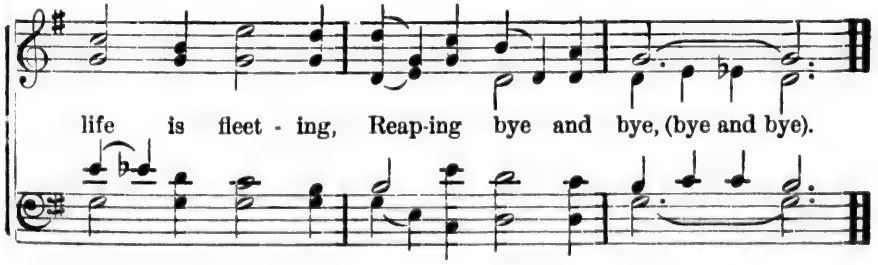


Sowing and Reaping. Concluded.



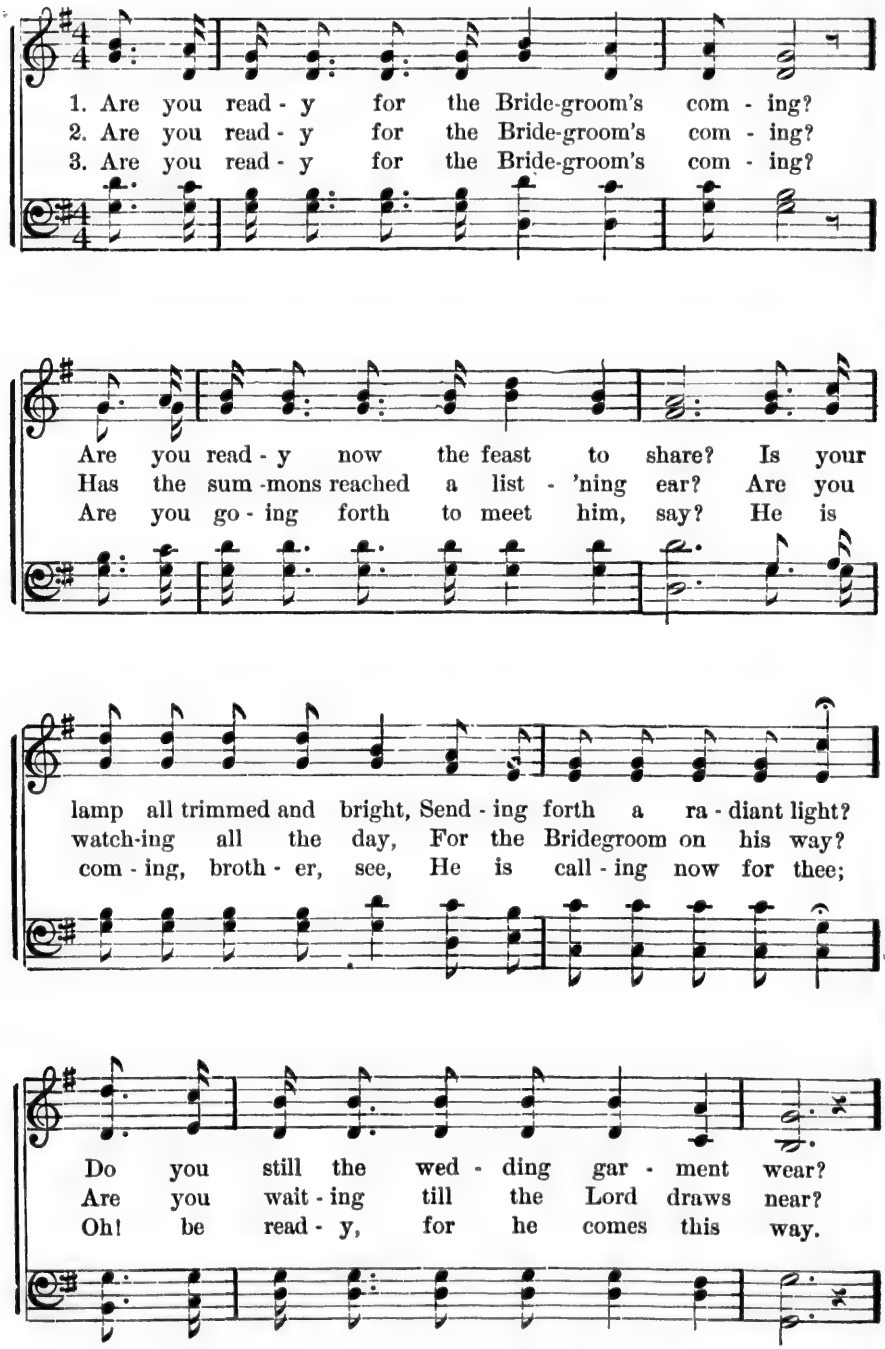






No. 33. Oh! Be Ready.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.



Oh! Be Ready. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh! be read - y when, the Bride - groom comes,

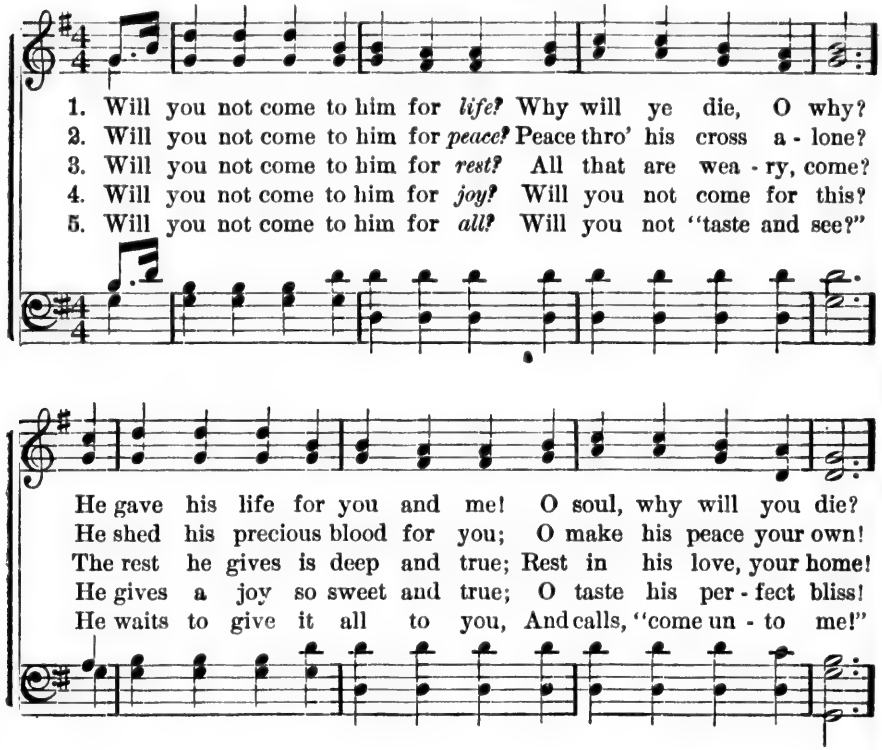
Oh! be read - y, when the Bride - groom comes,

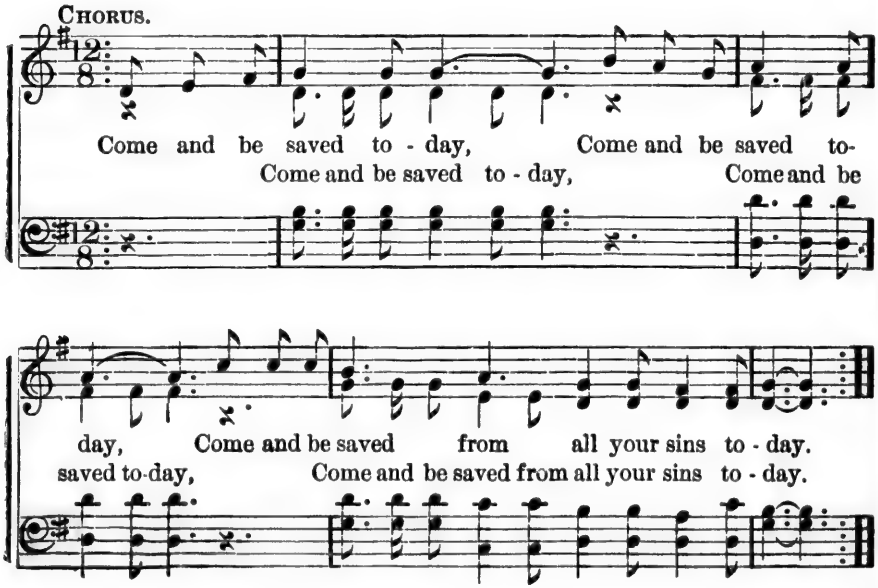
Wheth - er it be eve - ning, Or wheth - er it be

morn - ing, Oh! be read - y, when the Bride - groom comes!

No. 34. Come and be Saved.

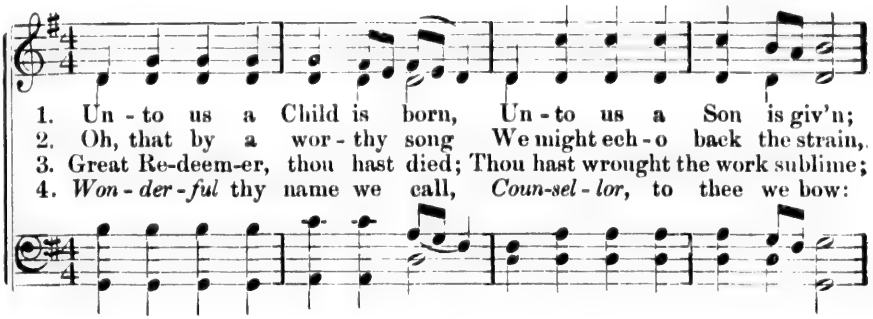
Arr. from Frances R. Havergal. Melody by E. A. Hoffman, Har. by E. O. E.



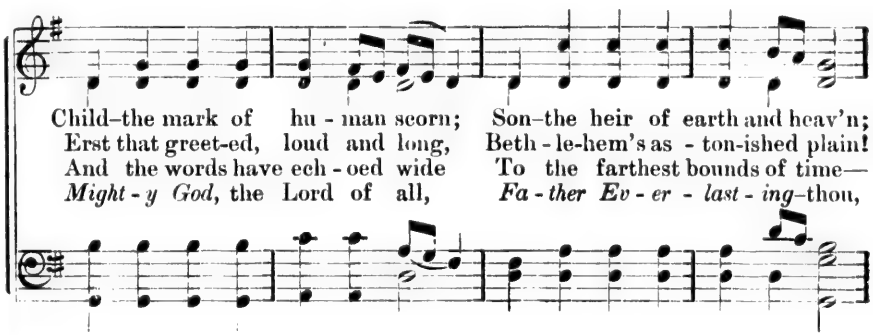


No. 35. "Unto us a Child is Born."

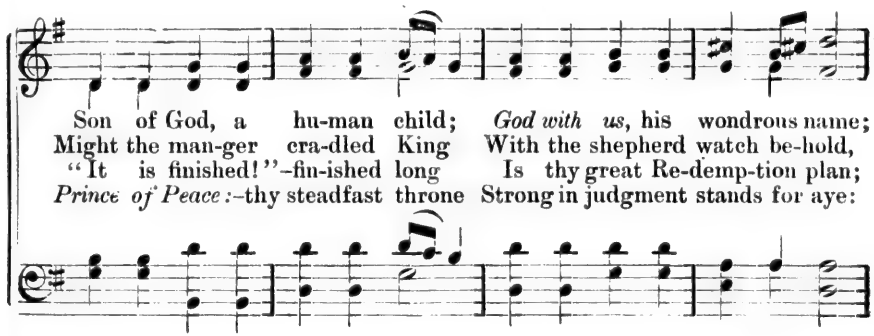
HARRY SANDERS.



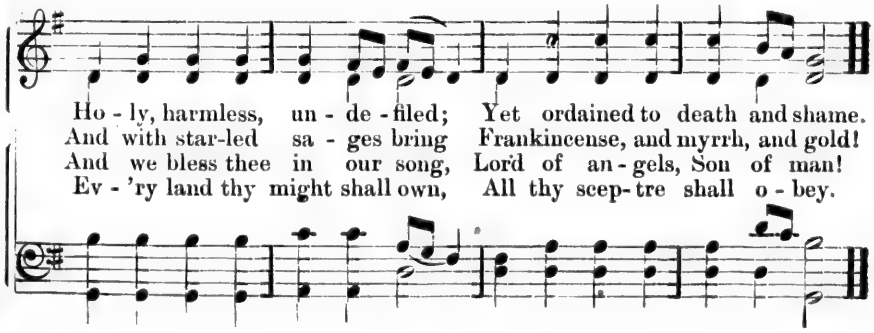
1. Un - to us a Child is born, Un - to us a Son is giv'n;
2. Oh, that by a wor - thy song We might ech - o back the strain,
3. Great Re-deem-er, thou hast died; Thou hast wrought the work sublime;
4. *Won - der - ful* thy name we call, *Coun-sel - lor,* to thee we bow:



Child–the mark of hu - man scorn; Son–the heir of earth and heav'n;
Erst that greet-ed, loud and long, Beth - le-hem's as - ton-ished plain!
And the words have ech - oed wide To the farthest bounds of time—
Might - y God, the Lord of all, *Fa - ther Ev - er - last - ing*–thou,



Son of God, a hu-man child; *God with us,* his wondrous name;
Might the man-ger cra-dled King With the shepherd watch be-hold,
"It is finished!"–fin-ished long Is thy great Re-demp-tion plan;
Prince of Peace:–thy steadfast throne Strong in judgment stands for aye:



Ho - ly, harmless, un - de - filed; Yet ordained to death and shame.
And with star-led sa - ges bring Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold!
And we bless thee in our song, Lord of an - gels, Son of man!
Ev - 'ry land thy might shall own, All thy scep-tre shall o - bey.

No. 36. Waiting by the River

Miss M. P. Griffin. E. O. Excell.

1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore,
2. Tho' the mists hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil-lows loud- ly roar,
3. And the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, We have caught such radiant gleams
4. He has called for many a loved one, We have seen them leave our side;
5. When we've passed the vale of shadows, With its dark and chill - ing tide,

On - ly wait - ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft- ed from the oth - er shore.
Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight, With its sweet and peace-ful streams.
With our Sa - viour we shall meet them, When we too have crossed the tide.
In that bright and glo - rious cit - y, We shall ev - er more a - bide.

Chorus.

Wait - ing, watch - ing, wait - ing, watch - ing,
Wait - ing, wait - ing, watching, watching, wait-ing, wait-ing, watch-ing, watching,

We are watching on the shore . . . Wait - ing, watch - ing,
We are watching, we are watching on the shore, Waiting, waiting, watching, watching,

wait - ing, watch - ing For the boatman who will bear us o'er.
waiting, waiting, watching, watching.

No. 37. Are You Willing?

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Are you willing that the Lamb of God shall be
2. Are you willing that the blood shall not a - vail?
3. Are you willing, when the fi - nal day shall come,

Cru - ci - fied a - fresh for thee? Are you willing to re-
That his mer - cy too, shall fail, Are you willing to re-
When the saints are gathered home; Are you willing that the

- fuse his love a - gain, The Lamb for sin - ners slain?
- just his plead - ing voice, And make the world your choice?
Judge shall say to thee, "De - part, de - part from me?"

Chorus.

Oh! do not grieve him, Just now re - ceive him,

With thy soul the Spir - it striv-eth, Grieve him not a - way.

No. 38. Will You be Washed in the Blood?

E. O. E. Rev. i 5. E. O. Excell.

1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
2. Sin - ner, now this bless - ing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call, Will you be washed in the blood?

Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleans-ing you for heav - en.
Claim him as your Sa - viour, He can save for - ev - er.
You can know this hour Of his dy - ing pow - er.
Grace is all a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sound - ing.

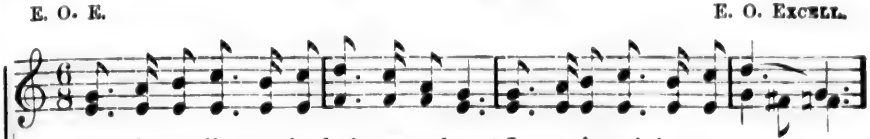
Chorus.

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,

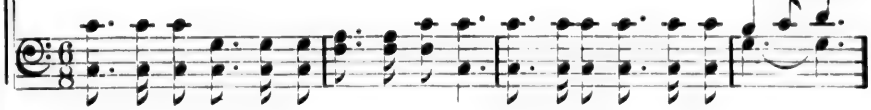
No. 39. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

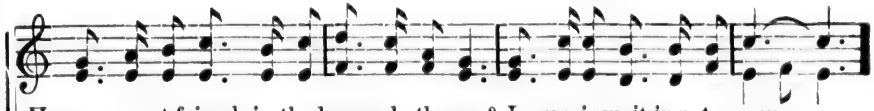
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.



1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long? Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is waiting to save;
3. Time will not linger; how soon we must go! Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
4. Je - sus is calling, Oh, come un- to me! Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
5. While we are praying, oh, stay not a - way, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;

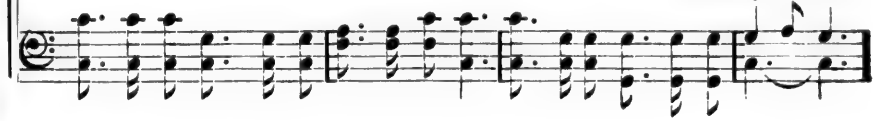
save you now;



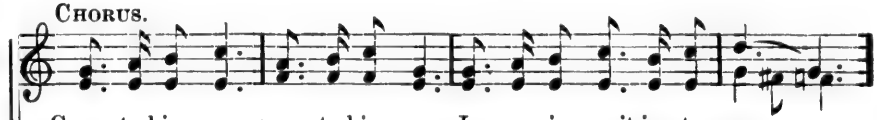


Have you not friends in the heavenly throng? Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
Angels are longing to tell the glad news, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
Why turn a-way, and to Je - sus say, No? Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
Par - don is purchased, salvation is free, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
Come to him now, not a moment de - lay, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;

save you now

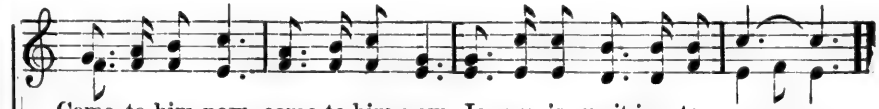


Chorus.



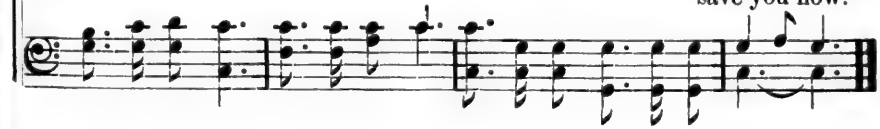
Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;

save you now;



Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.

save you now.



No. 40. In the Hollow of His Hand.

J. M. Dungan.

1. When tossed up - on the bil - lows, A -
2. Though ra - ging winds may drive me, A -
3. When by the swell - ing Jor - dan, My

- far from friend - ly land, I will look to him who
wreck up - on the strand, I will cling to him who
feet in sink - ing sand, I will cry to him who

holds me, In the hol - low of his hand, Though
holds me, In the hol - low of his hand, Though
holds me, In the hol - low of his hand, Ah,

ray - less be my path - way, By night the heav - ens spanned,
dead - ened sails hang o'er me, By hast - 'ning winds unfanned,
there is bliss in walk - ing, E'en tho' a des - ert land,

In the Hollow of His Hand. Concluded.

I will trust in him who holds me, In the
I will wait on him who holds me, In the
In know - ing that he holds me, In the

CHORUS.

hol - low of his hand, In the hollow, (In the hollow.)

of his hand, (of his hand) In the hol - low, (In the hol - low)

of his hand, (of his hand,) I will trust in him who

holds me, In the hol - low of his hand.

No. 41. I'm Coming Back To-night.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,"

EMMA PITT. H. A. LEWIS.

DUET.

1. I'm coming back to Je - sus, Guilty and full of sin, I've
2. I'm coming back to Je - sus, Back to the arms of love, I'll
3. I'm coming back to Je - sus, Leaving all else be - hind, Fare-

wan-der'd so far from his mer - cy, Still he will take me in.
come, and all brok - en with sor - row, His sweet forgiveness prove.
-well to the sins that be - guile me, Now I shall par - don find.

REFRAIN.

I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Back to the truth and right, I

cres.

know it will cost me a strug - gle, But I'm com - ing back to-

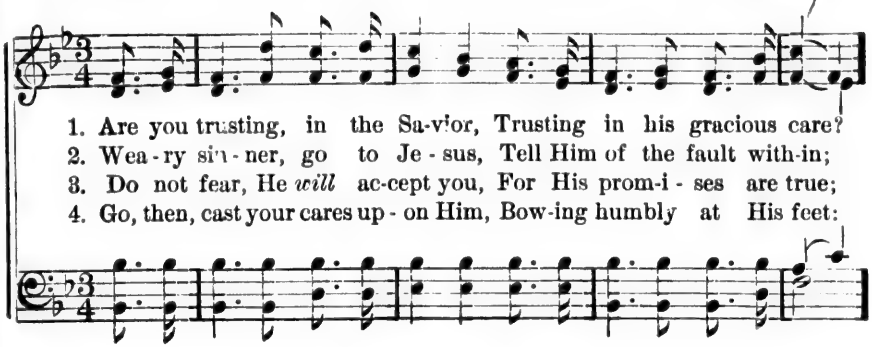
Repeat. pp

night; I'm coming back to Je - sus, I'm coming back to - night.

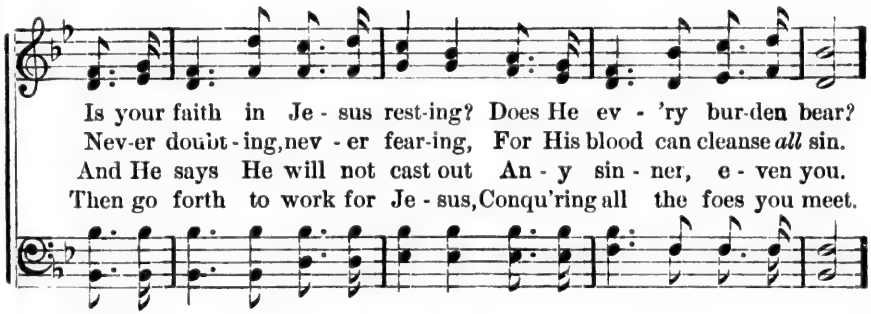
No 42. Trusting Jesus.

"Casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." 1 Peter 5: 7.

ALICE JACOBS. E. O. EXCELL.

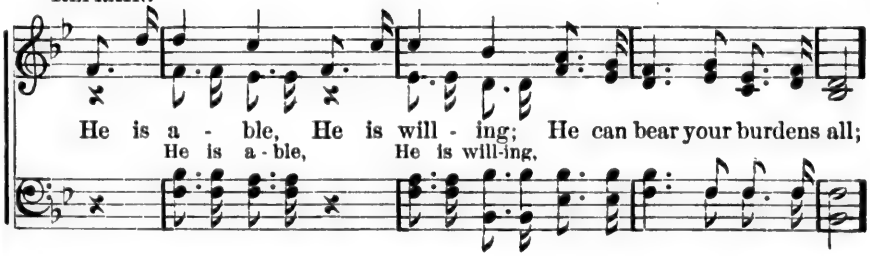


1. Are you trusting, in the Sa-vior, Trusting in his gracious care?
2. Wea-ry sin-ner, go to Je-sus, Tell Him of the fault with-in;
3. Do not fear, He *will* ac-cept you, For His prom-i-ses are true;
4. Go, then, cast your cares up-on Him, Bow-ing humbly at His feet:

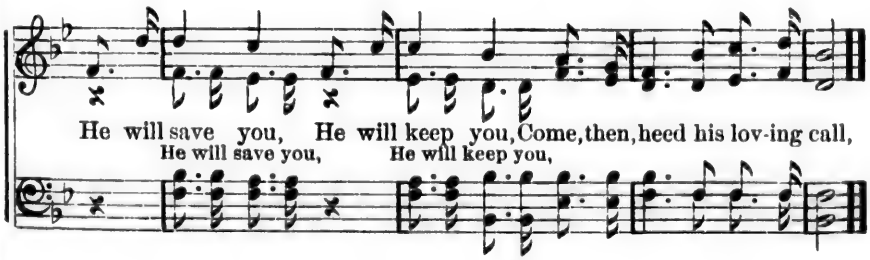


Is your faith in Je-sus rest-ing? Does He ev-'ry bur-den bear?
Nev-er doubt-ing, nev-er fear-ing, For His blood can cleanse *all* sin.
And He says He will not cast out An-y sin-ner, e-ven you.
Then go forth to work for Je-sus, Conqu'ring all the foes you meet.

REFRAIN.



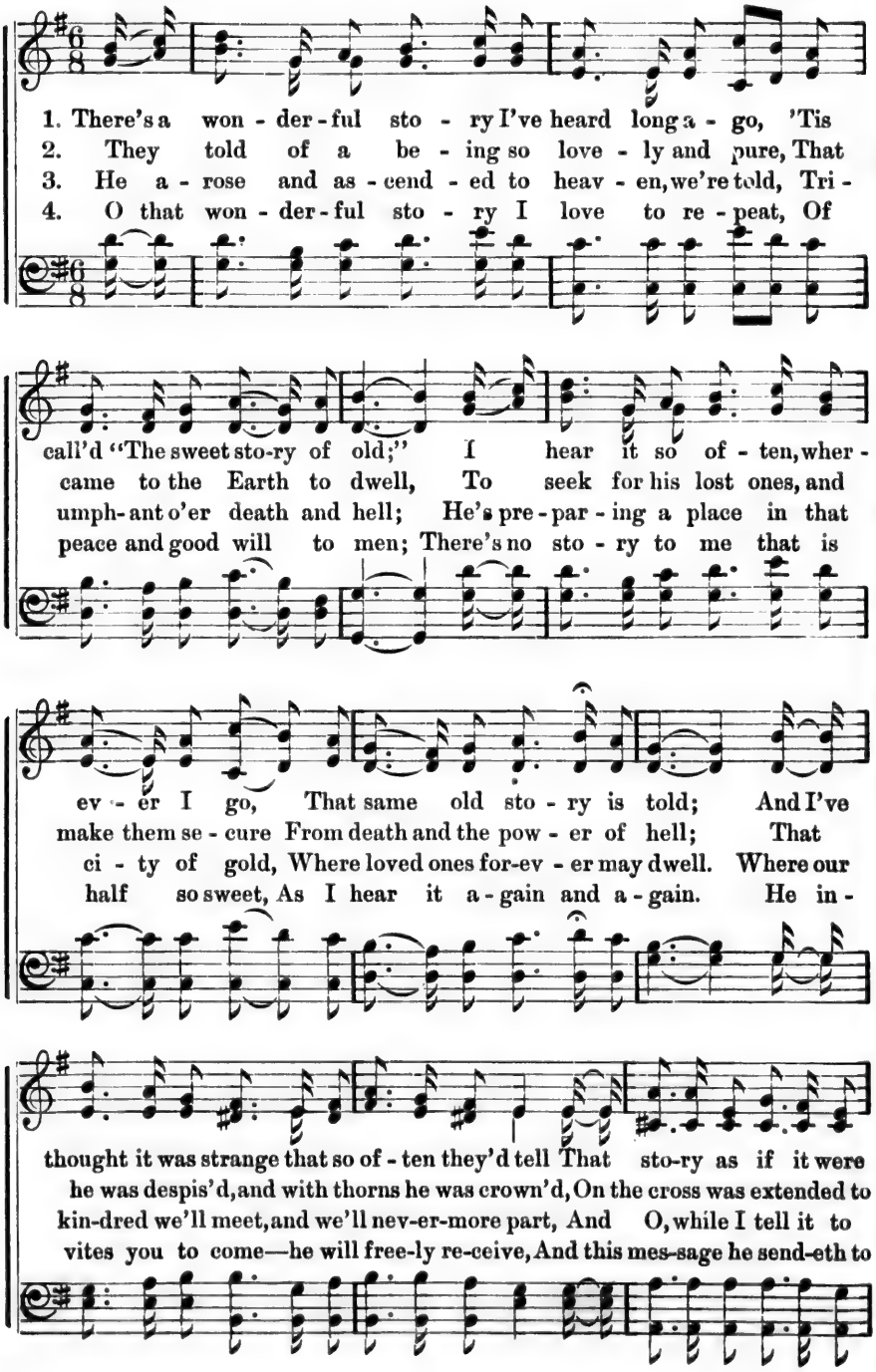
He is a-ble, He is will-ing; He can bear your burdens all;
He is a-ble, He is will-ing,



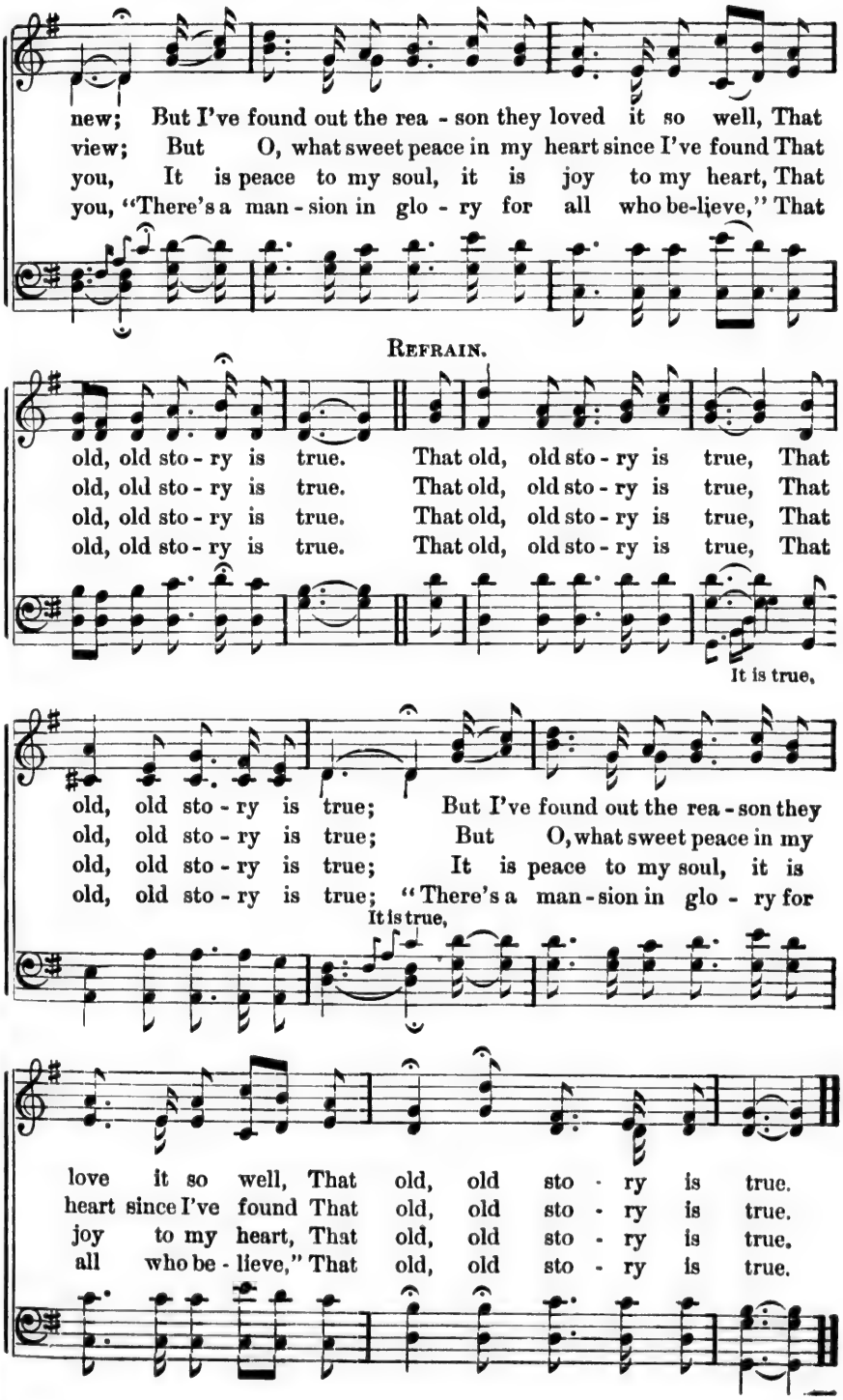
He will save you, He will keep you, Come, then, heed his lov-ing call,
He will save you, He will keep you,

No. 43. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins. E. O. Excell.

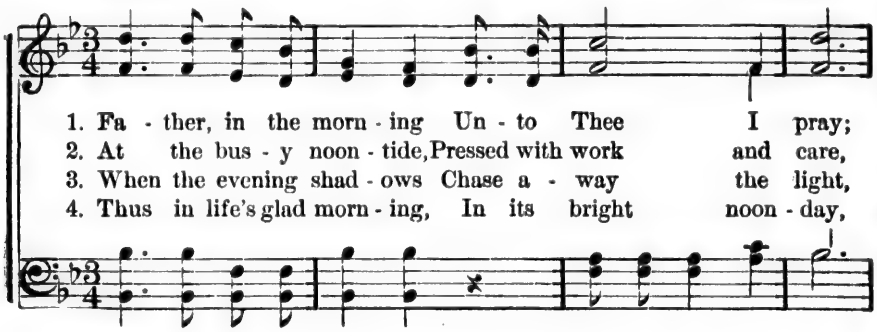


That Old, Old Story is True.—Concluded.

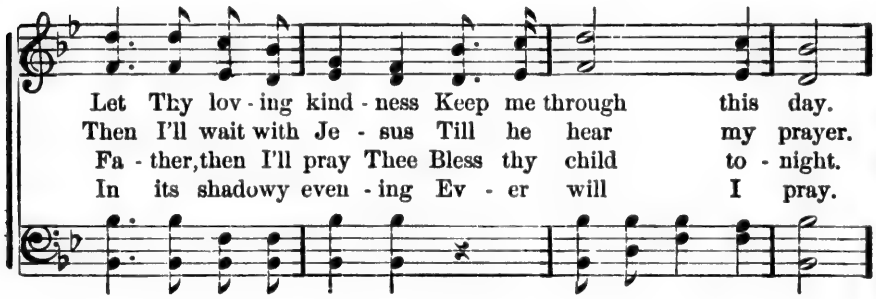


No. 44. Ever will I Pray.

A. Cummings. J. H. Tenney.

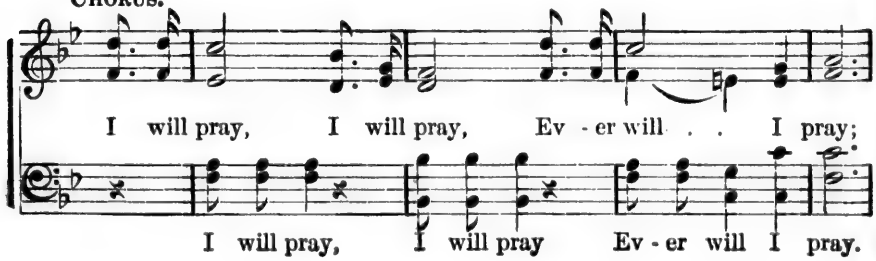


1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to Thee I pray;
2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Pressed with work and care,
3. When the evening shad - ows Chase a - way the light,
4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day,

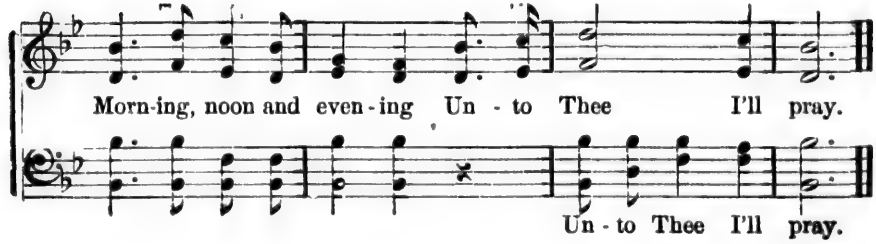


Let Thy lov - ing kind - ness Keep me through this day.
Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.
Fa - ther, then I'll pray Thee Bless thy child to - night.
In its shadowy even - ing Ev - er will I pray.

Chorus.



I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will . . I pray;
I will pray, I will pray Ev - er will I pray.



Morn-ing, noon and even - ing Un - to Thee I'll pray.
Un - to Thee I'll pray.

No. 45. For Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light— My glo-ry-cir-cled throne,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than my tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a-bove,

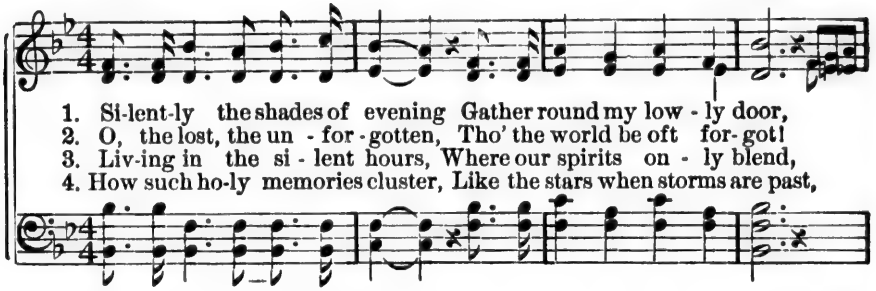
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth-ly night, For wandr'ings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and my love;

I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me?
I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring rich gifts for thee, What hast thou bro't for me?
for thee, for me?

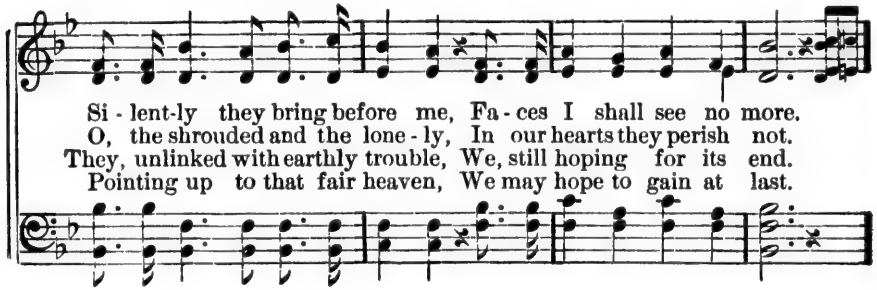
I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me?
I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring rich gifts for thee, What hast thou bro't for me?
for thee, for me?

No. 46. Silently the Shades of Evening.

C. C. Cox. CAREY BOGGESS.

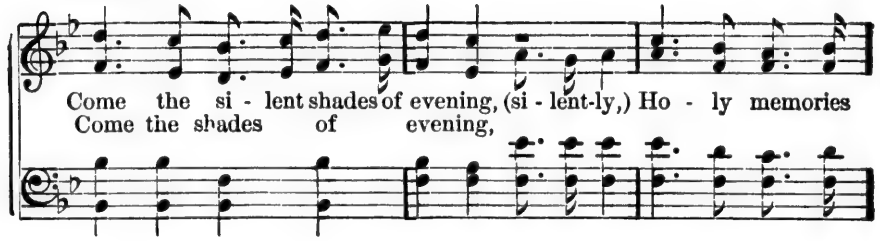


1. Si-lent-ly the shades of evening Gather round my low - ly door,
2. O, the lost, the un - for - gotten, Tho' the world be oft for- got!
3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spirits on - ly blend,
4. How such ho-ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,

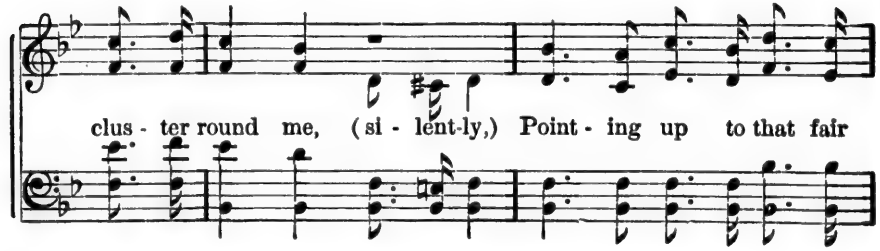


Si - lent-ly they bring before me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
O, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they perish not.
They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hoping for its end.
Pointing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.

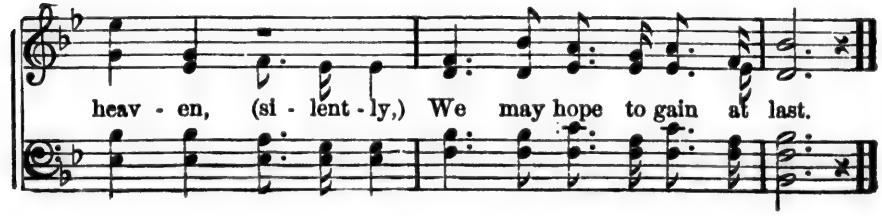
CHORUS.



Come the si - lent shades of evening, (si - lent-ly,) Ho - ly memories
Come the shades of evening,



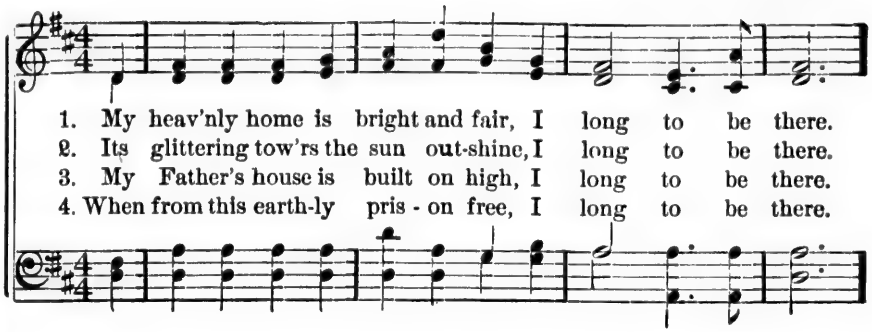
clus - ter round me, (si - lent-ly,) Point - ing up to that fair

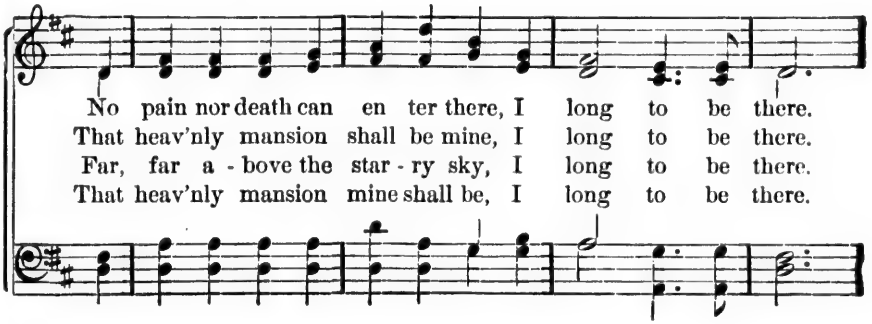


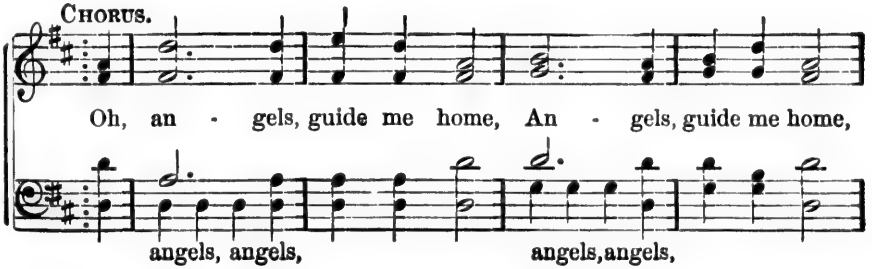
heav - en, (si - lent - ly,) We may hope to gain at last.

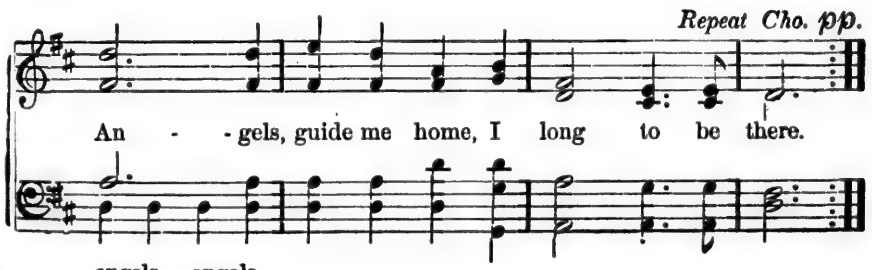
No. 47. I Long to be There.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.









No. 48. Whom, Having Not Seen, Ye Love.

Selected. J. M. Dungan.

1. Sav - ior, my feet have nev - er trod with thine, The
2. But, Lord, my res - cued feet are stead - fast set Up-
3. I know that thou art gone to beau - ti - fy A

sol - i - ta - ry place, My eyes have nev - er seen in
- on the King's high - way; And though, as yet, I may not
place in heav'n for me; And when thou com'st to take thy

hu - man form, Thy man - i - fest - ed grace; My
see thy face, I fol - low on each day. My
chil - dren home, I shall be like to thee. Then

hands have nev - er touched thy gar - ment's hem, With
wait - ing eyes are un - to thee, dear Lord, In
shall I wake and see thee, eye to eye, Whom

faith's un - ut - tered plea; Nor hast thou tar-ried when the
whom I live and move; Whose love, be-lieved in, is the
now, un - seen, I love; Faith's dark - ly - vis-ioned glass ex-

Whom, Having Not Seen, Ye Love. Concluded.

day was spent, And bro - ken bread with me.
full - est joy That earth or heav'n can prove.
- changed at last, For rapt - urous sight a - bove.

CHORUS.

Whom, hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love;) Whom,

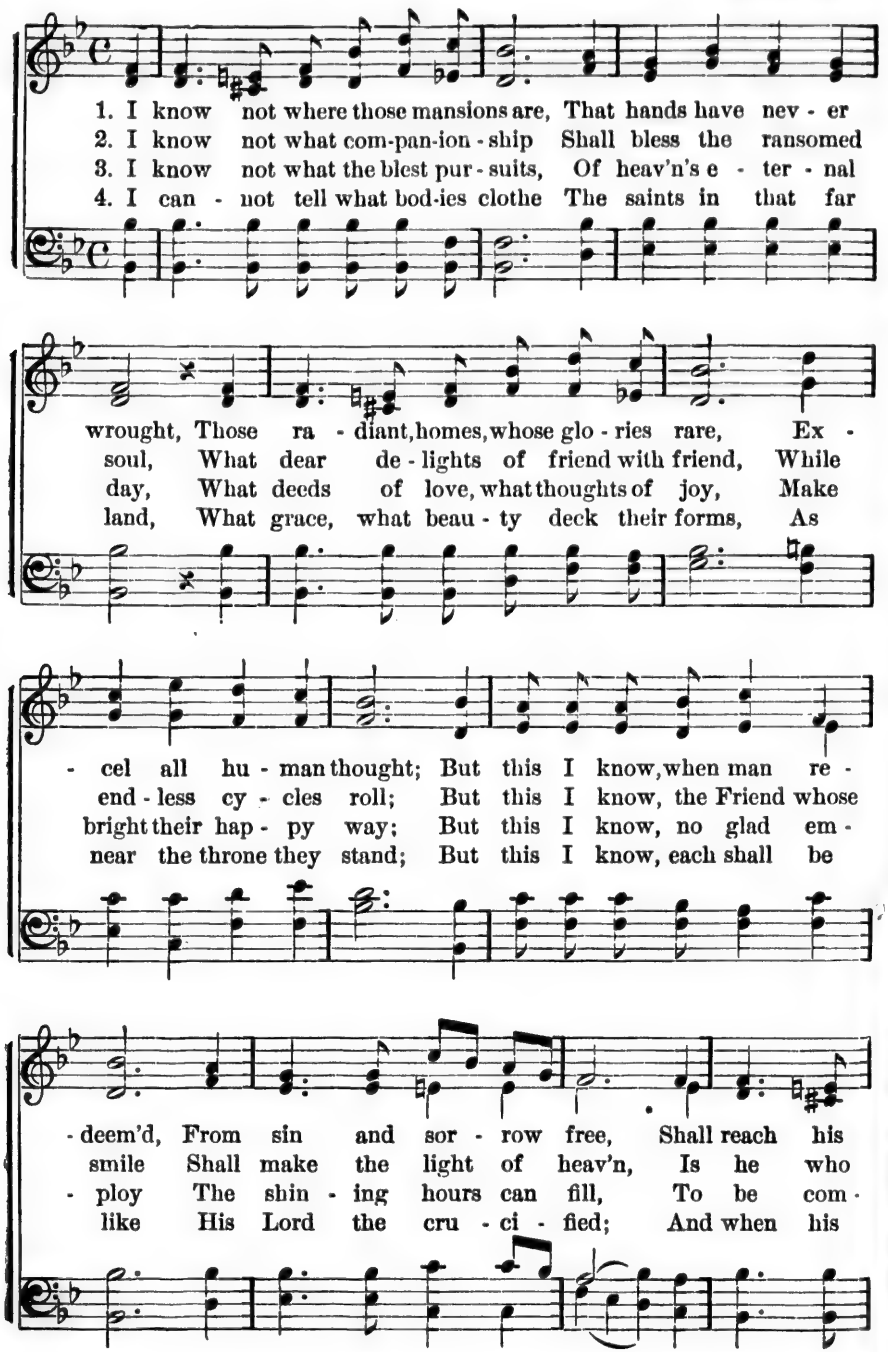
hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love;) 'Tis my

Sav - ior so dear, is guid - ing me here, Whom,

hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love.)

No. 49. I Shall Be Satisfied.

E. C. Hewett. Alfred Beirly.
Cho. E. O. E.



I Shall Be Satisfied. Concluded.

heav'n - ly dwell - ing - place, There shall the Mas - ter be.
bore our load of sin, That we might be for - giv'n.
- pared with prais - ing Christ, And do - ing his sweet will.
im - age I shall bear, I shall be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

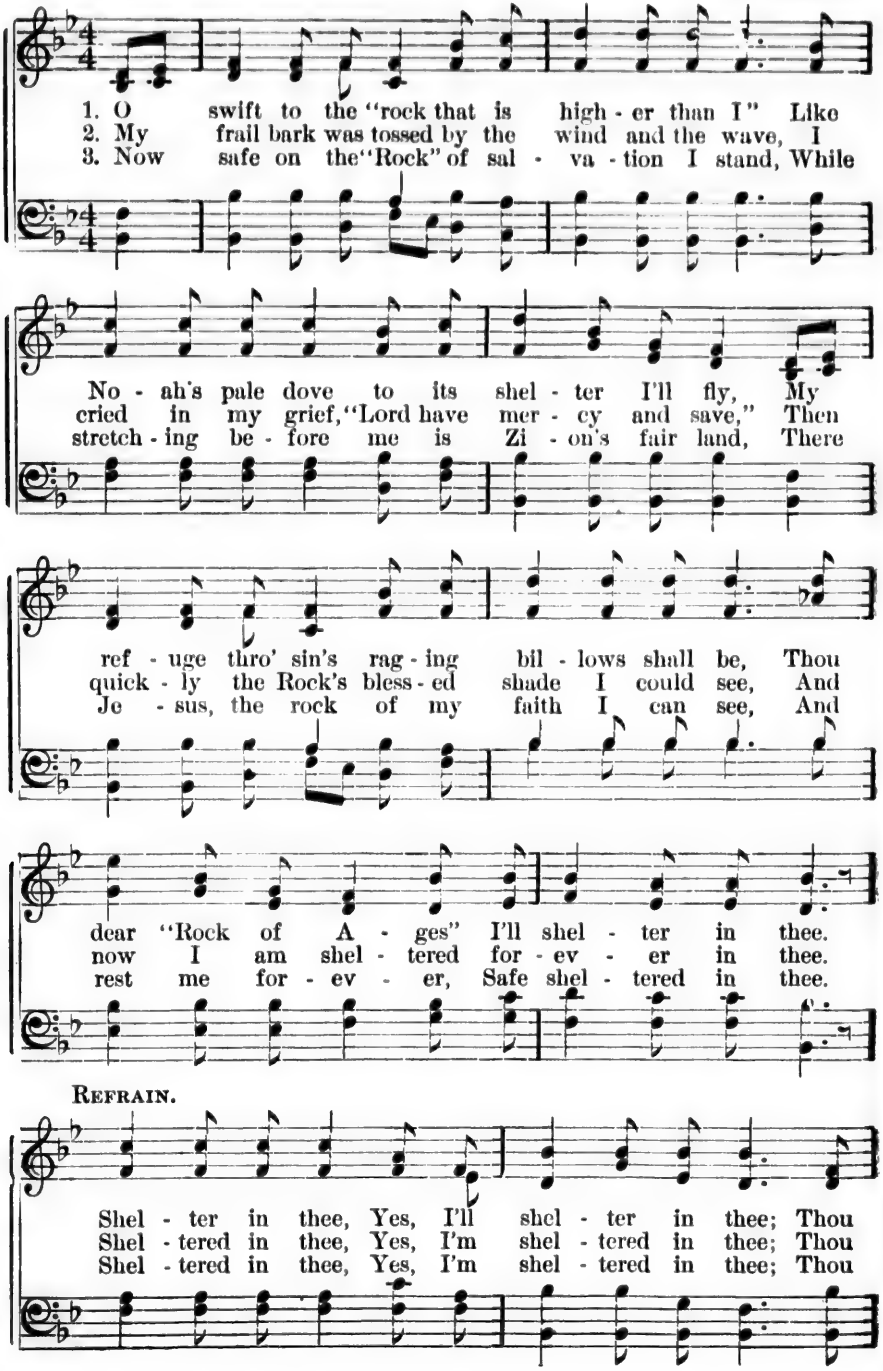
And I shall be sat - is - fied, yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, For

there shall the Mas - ter be; And I shall be sat - is - fied, yes,

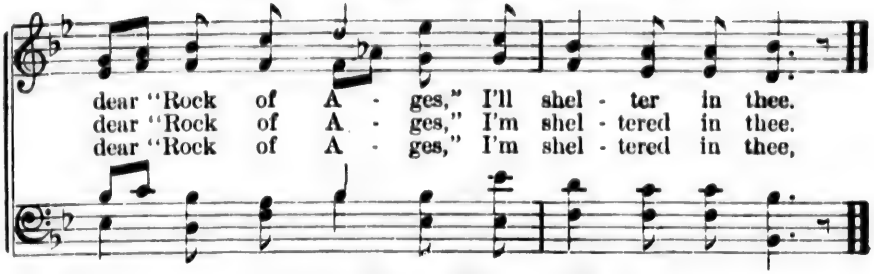
I shall be sat - is - fied, For there shall the Mas - ter be.

No. 50. I'll Shelter in Thee.

H. Reynolds. Arr. by W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

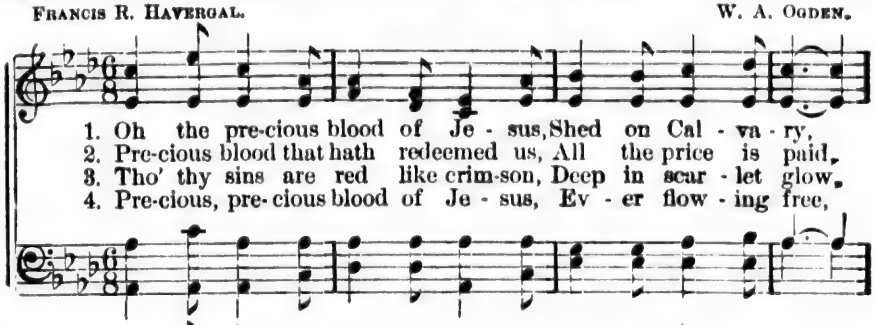


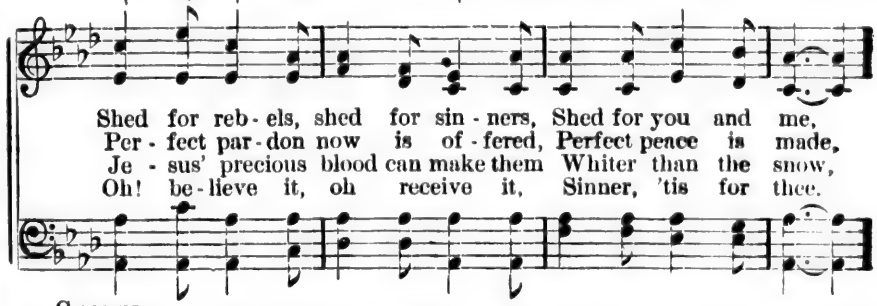
I'll Shelter in Thee. Concluded.



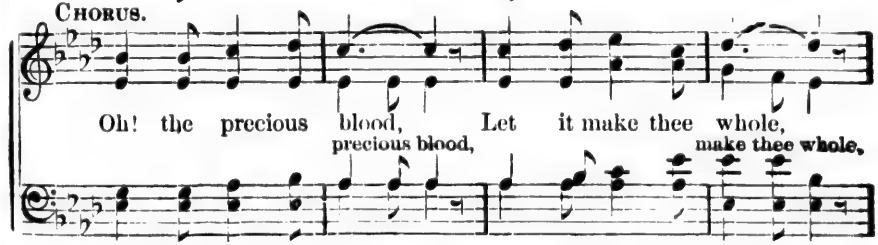
No. 51. Let it Make Thee Whole.

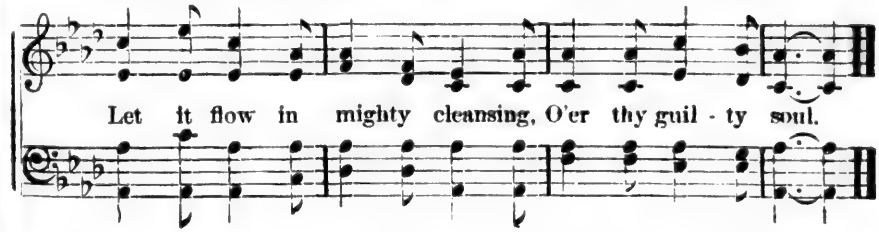
FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. W. A. OGDEN.





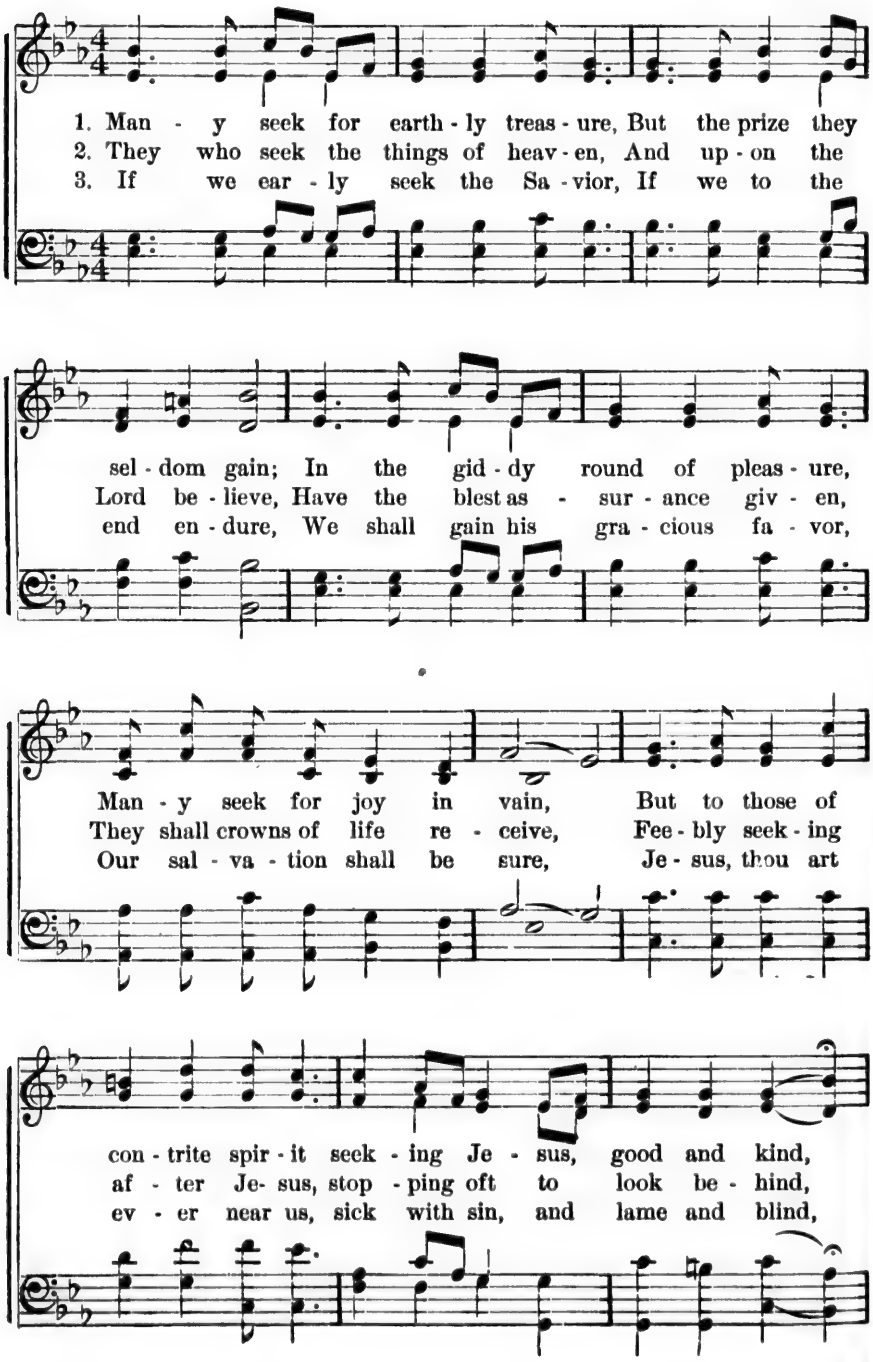
CHORUS.





No. 52. Seek and Find.

LATTA. J. M. DUNGAN.



Seek and Find. Concluded.

Is the cheer-ing prom-ise, hear it, "Seek, and ye shall find."
From our doubts the prom-ise frees us, "Seek, and ye shall find."
But thy prom-ise still doth cheer us, "Seek, and ye shall find."

CHORUS.

Seek and find . . . . the blessed Sa-vior,
Seek and find the blessed Sa-vior, bless-ed Sa-vior,

Who the pre-cious promise has giv-en,
Who the precious promise has giv-en, The promise has giv'n,

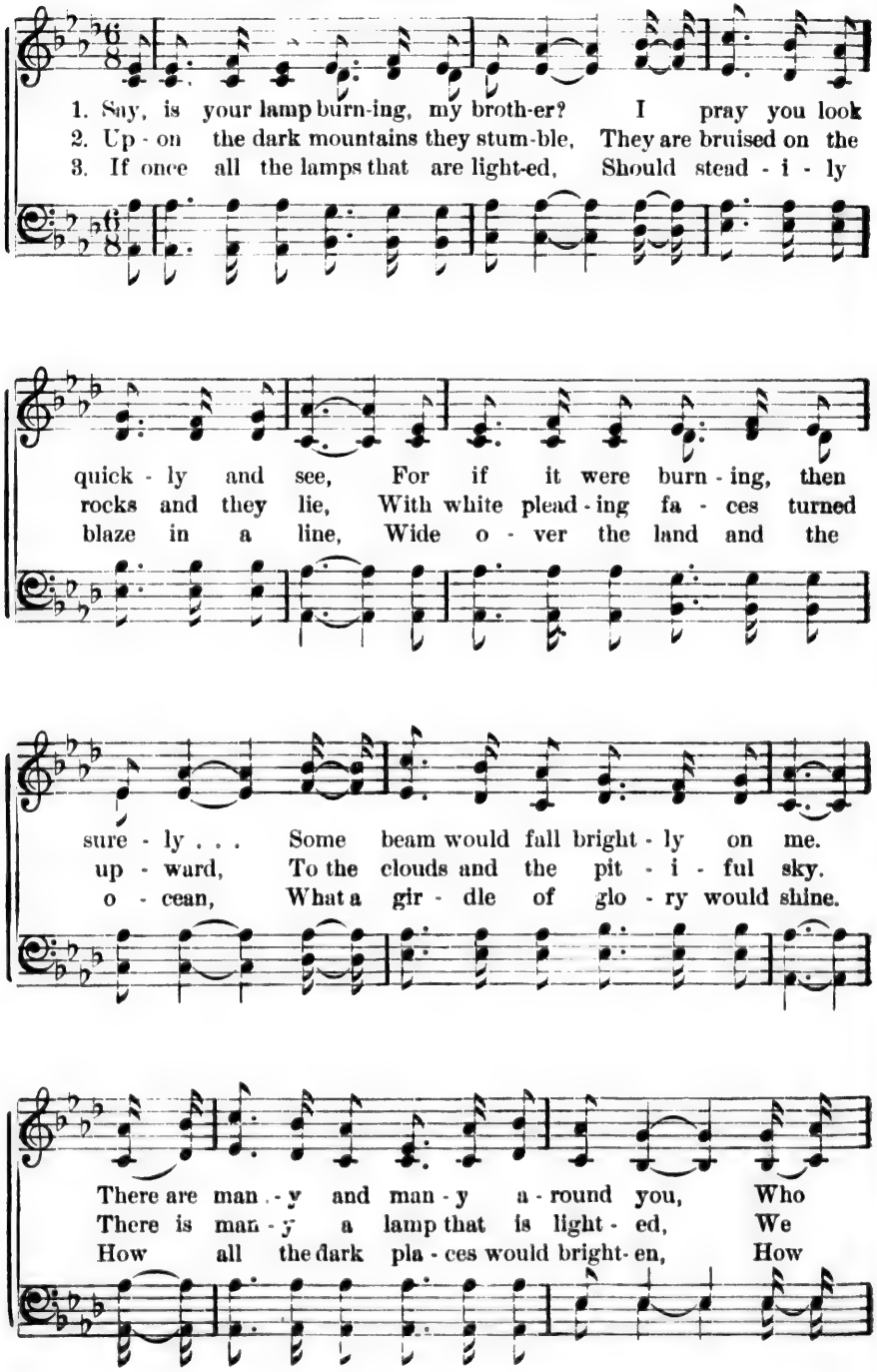
It is he . . . who offers you par-don,
It is he who offers you pardon, of-fers you par-don,

Rit.

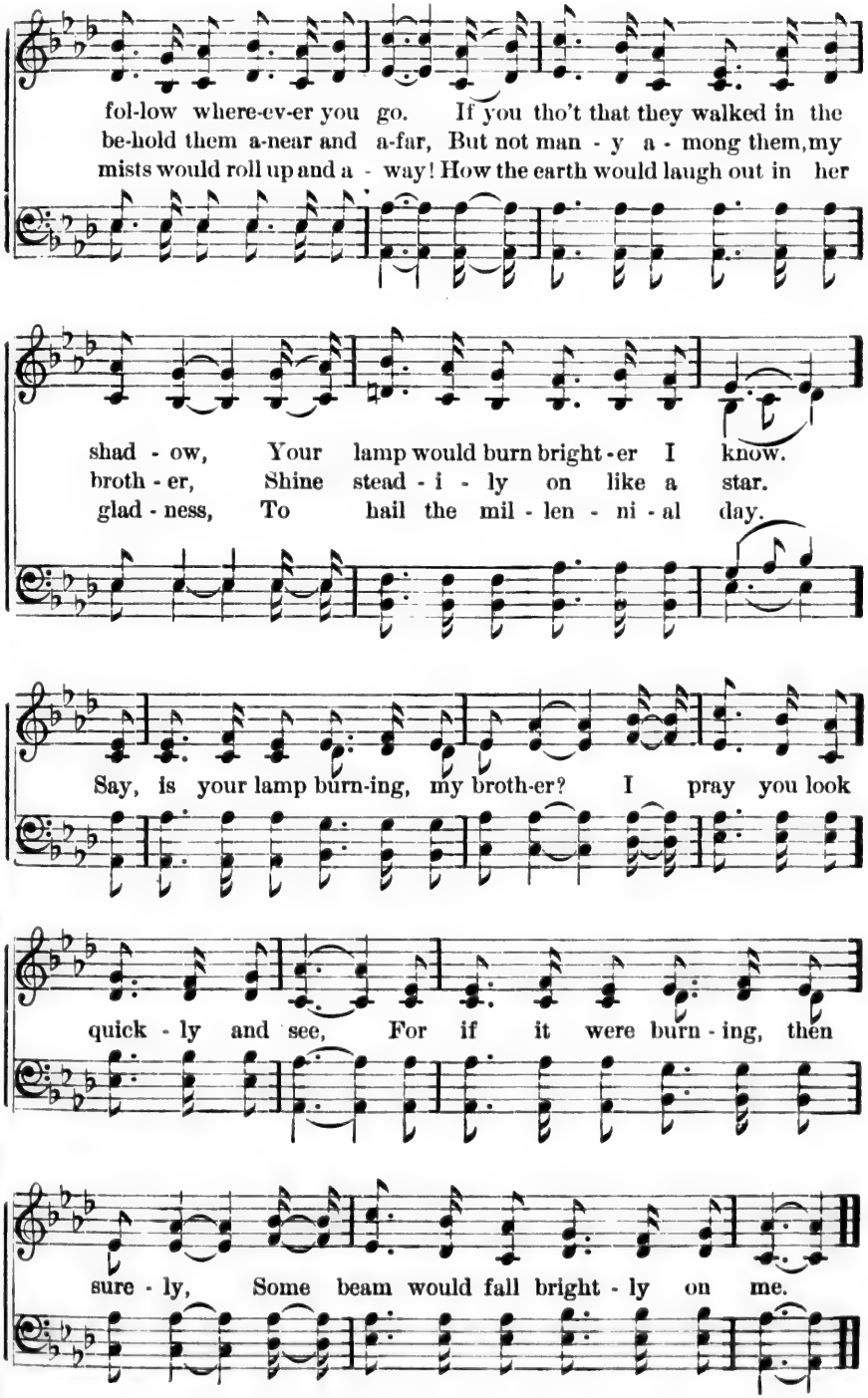
And to give . . . . you a home in heaven.
And to give you a home in heav'n, a home in heav'n.

No. 53. Say, is Your Lamp Burning?

(To my Co-worker, W. B. Jacobs.) E. O. Excell.



Say, is Your Lamp Burning? Concluded.



No. 54. Come to Jesus, Weary Soul.

E. A. H. ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.

1. Come to Je - sus, weary soul, He is wait - ing to for - give;
2. Come to Je - sus, and for sin There a per - fect cleansing find;
3. Come to Je - sus, burdened one, While he is so ve - ry nigh;

Do you doubt his love and grace? Can you not his word be - lieve?
He is full of truth and grace, He is mer - ci - ful and kind.
Cast a - way your doubts and fears, For he now is pass - ing by.

CHORUS.

Has he not promised your sins to for - give? Is he not

faith - ful and true? Christ nev - er turned a poor

sin - ner a - way; Lo! there is mer - cy for you.

No. 55. Come to Him Now.

L. A. Morrison. E. O. Excell.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing, Oh hear how he pleads, By the
2. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you not come? He
3. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you de - lay? Your

love which he bears for your soul, He asks you to fol - low wher -
saves by his won - der-ful grace, Your sins he will par - don, and
com - ing is sure - ly great gain, He of - fers you guidance, for

- ev - er he leads, That you may be ful - ly made whole.
give you a home, In the light and the smile of his face.
he is "The Way," His plead - ing for you, is it vain?

Chorus.

Come to him now, Come to him now, Come, re- pent and be - lieve.

Come to him now, oh, come to him now, Je-sus is waiting, your soul to re-ceive.

No. 56. Oh, I Long to be Like Jesus.

D. B. W.

Melody by D. B. Watkins.
Har. by E. O. Excell.

1. Man - y friends I have here, Whom my heart hold-eth dear, And to
2. In this world here be - low, There are man - y I know, Who are
3. There's a day roll - ing round, When the trum - pet shall sound, And the

be like them oft I'm in - clined, But there's one far a - bove,
more like the Sav - ior than I, But I've made him my choice,
dead from their graves will a - rise, Then his glo - ry we'll see,

All on earth that I love, For in him is all good - ness combined.
And my heart doth re- joice, For I'll see him I know by and by.
And like Je - sus we'll be, When we join that bright throng in the skies.

Chorus.

Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, Oh, I want to be like Je - sus,

Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, And dwell where Je - sus is.

No. 57. To the Rescue.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Death-bells toll - ing, toll - ing, toll - ing, Wrecks a - drift and
2. Voic - es cheering, life - boats steer- ing, See, the help - ing
3. Joy - bells ring- ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Friends a heart - y

break-ers roll - ing; Where the floods of in - tem - p'rance rave,
hands are near - ing, While the pledge; our glad sig - nal, flies
wel - come bring-ing; Heav'n bends down our joy a - near,

CHORUS.

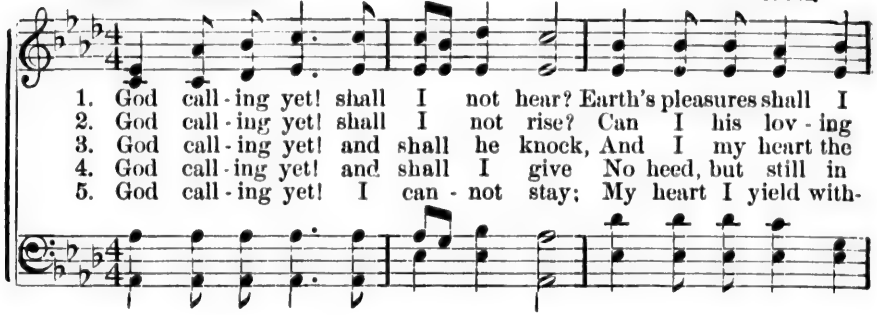
Light the bea - con, and speed to save. Sign . . . . our
Hope - ful mes-sage to wea - ry eyes.
Greets the res - cued with words of cheer. Sign our pledge, oh,

pledge, now sign, And strength di - vine shall yet be thine;
sign, now sign,

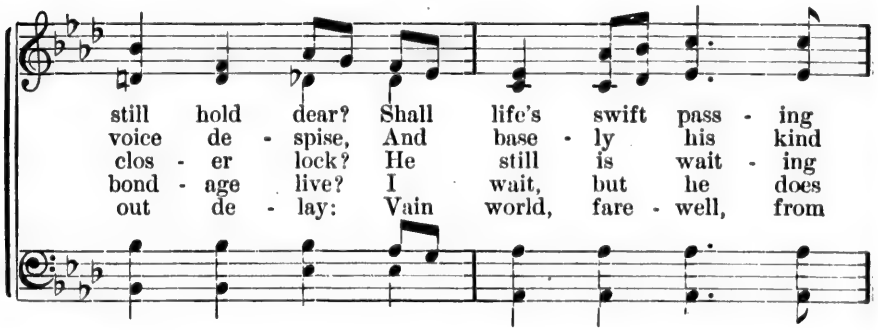
Sign . . . our pledge, now sign, Touch not, taste not the wine.
Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign,

No. 58. God is Calling Yet.

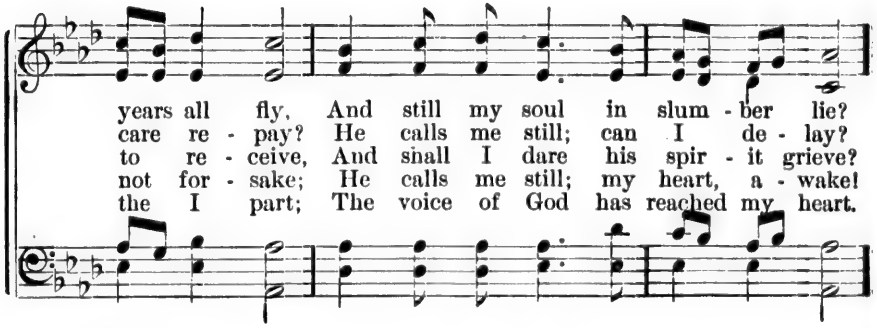
GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing
3. God call - ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the
4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in
5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-

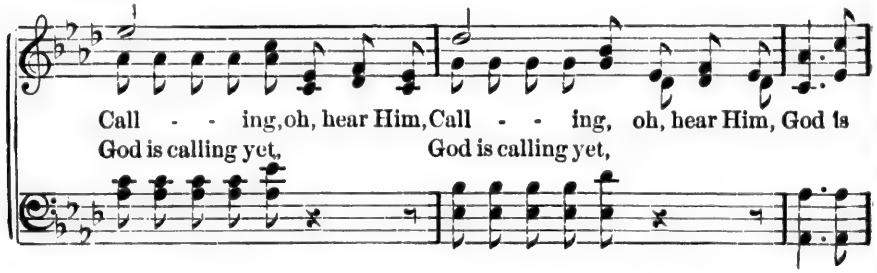


still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing
voice de - spise, And base - ly his kind
clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing
bond - age live? I wait, but he does
out de - lay: Vain world, fare - well, from



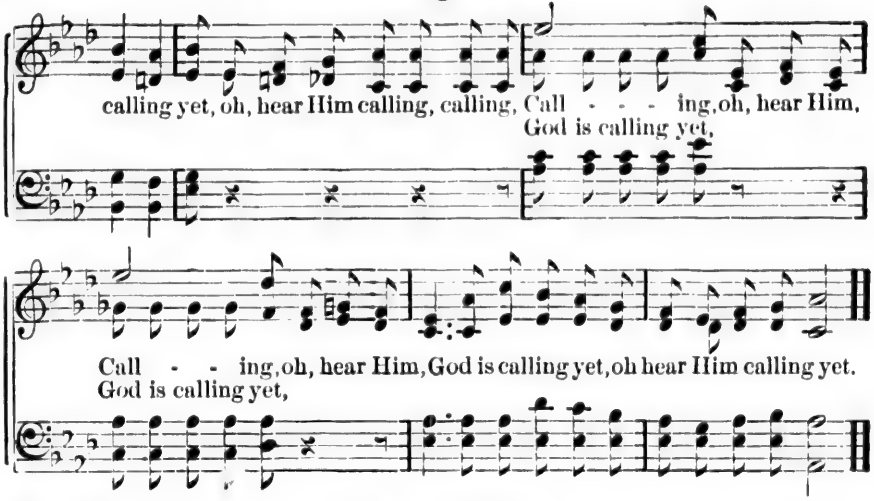
years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
to re - ceive, And shall I dare his spir - it grieve?
not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
the I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.



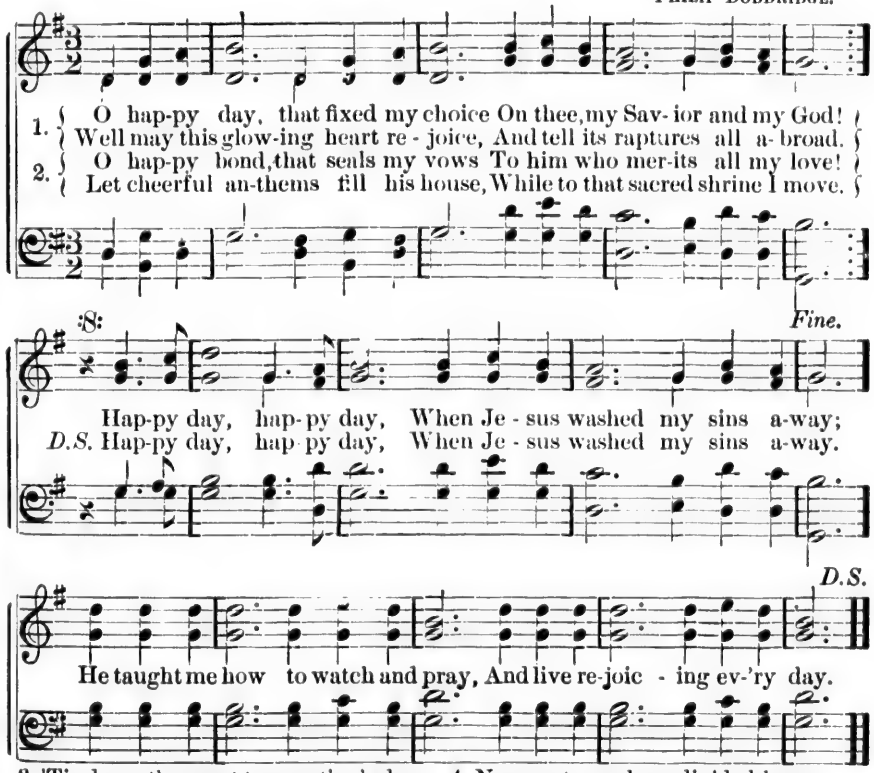
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
God is calling yet, God is calling yet,

God is Calling Yet. Concluded.



No. 59. Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on, [vine.
Charmed to confess the voice di-

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

No. 60. There is Room.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Weary spir - it, seeking rest, In the Sav - ior re - pose;
2. Art thou wand'ring from the fold, Take this prom-ise di - vine:
3. La - den soul, with sin oppress'd, Je - sus beck-ons thee home;
4. Weary spir - it, burden'd one, Seek the com-fort - er nigh;

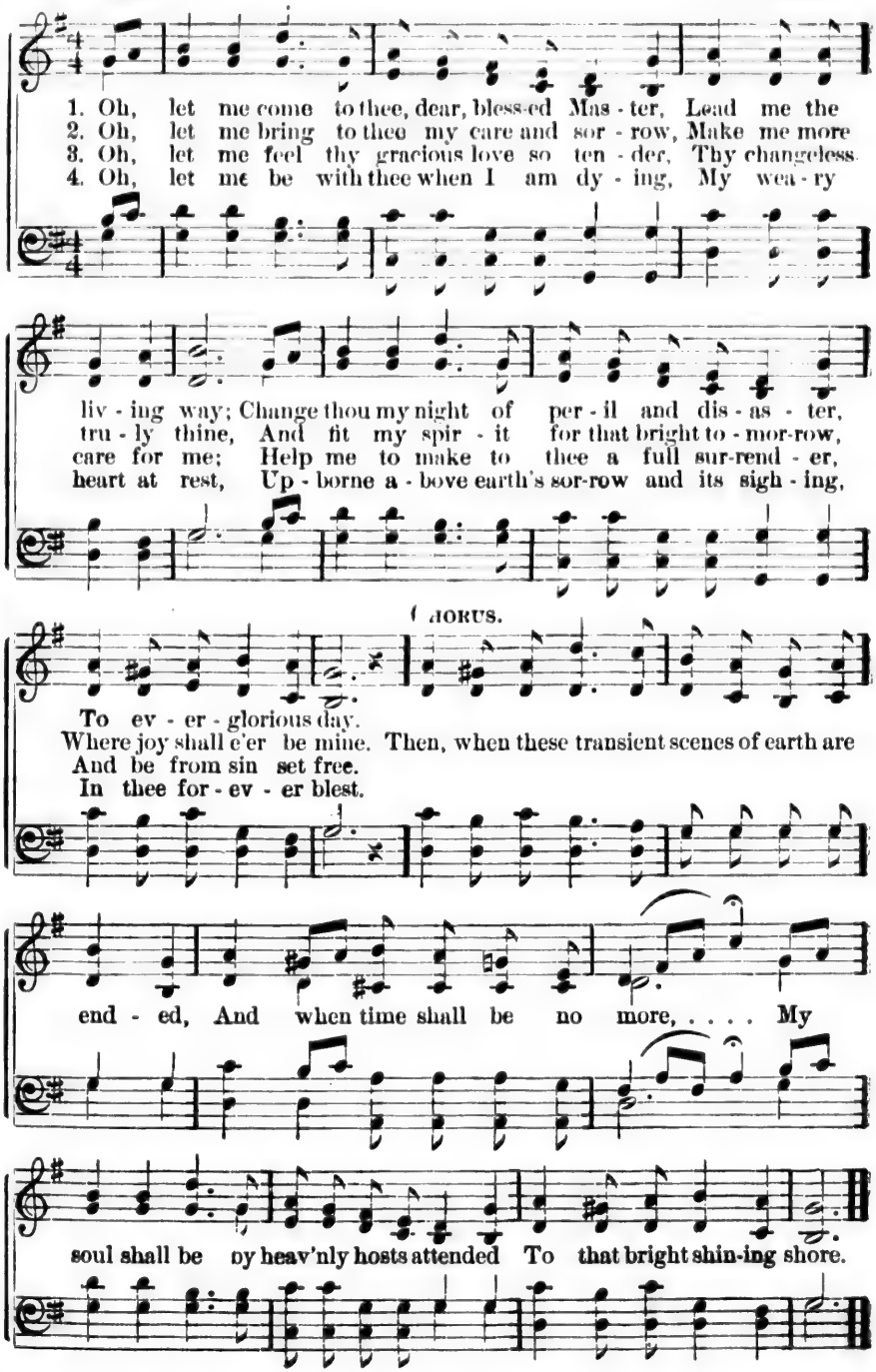
Lay thy bur - den at his feet, He will light - en thy woes.
If re - pent - ant thou wilt come, Je - sus' par - don is thine.
Wilt thou rest in his em - brace, Leave thy sor - row and come.
Rest con - fid - ing in his love, Je - sus hears ev' - ry sigh.

Come, come, believ - ing, Wholly trust - ing, be free; There is
Come, come, O come, believ - ing,

room in the presence of Je - sus for thee, Je - sus for thee,

No. 61. Coming to the Master.

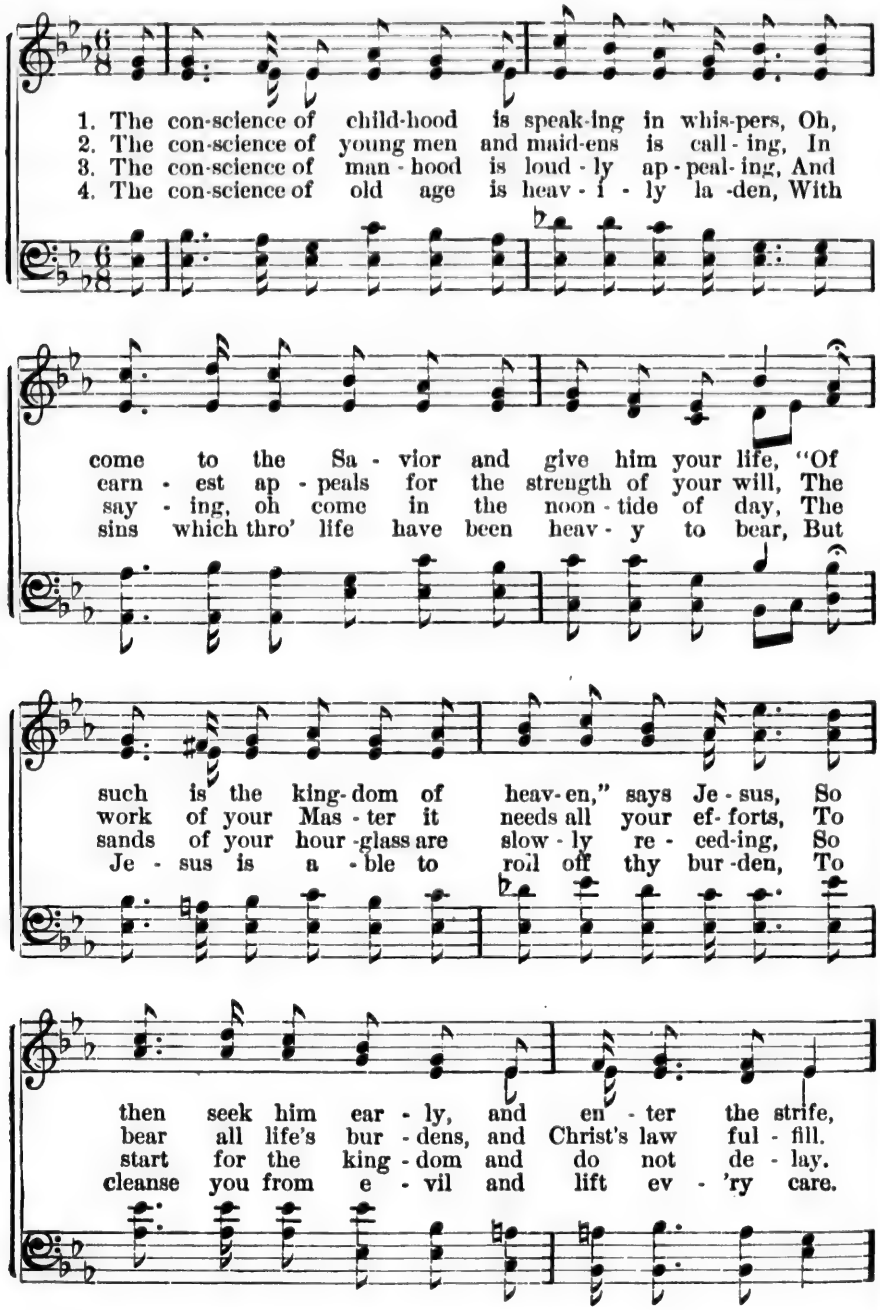
F. A. Simkins. E. O. Excell.



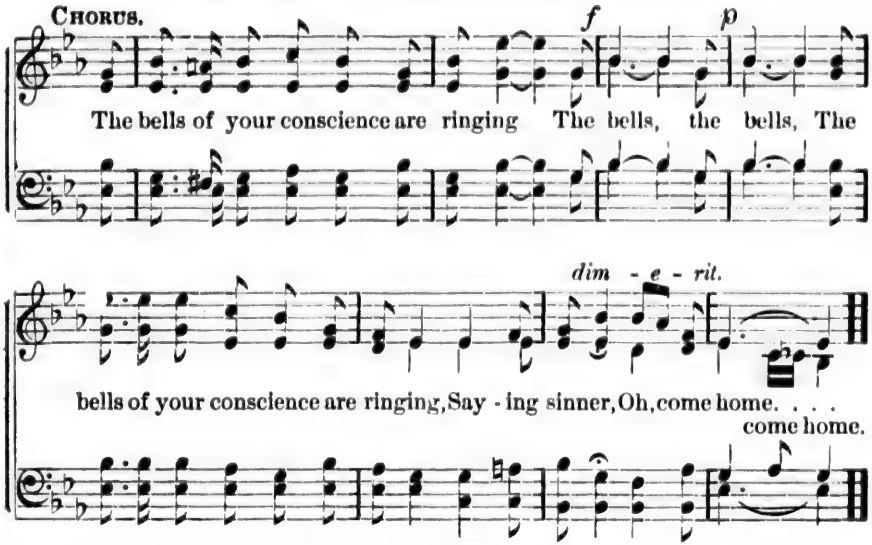
No. 62. The Bells of Conscience.

Words and music written expressly
for and dedicated to my friend, E. O. EXCELL.

J. M. D. J. M. DUNGAN.

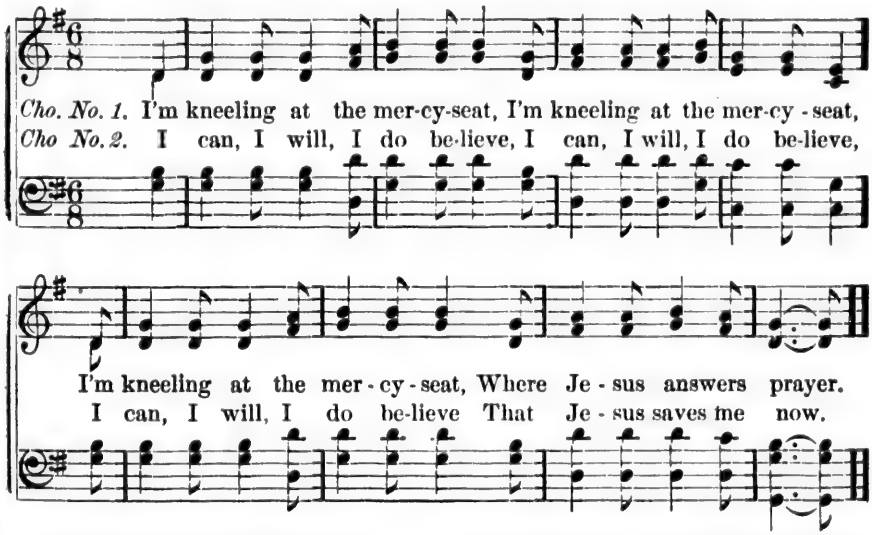


The Bells of Conscience. Concluded.



No. 63. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(*Use any Common Metre Hymn with either Chorus.*)



1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Spirit, to thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

No. 64. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the
2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tid - ings roll, To the

grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue. 'Tis the
grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the
guil - ty heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to

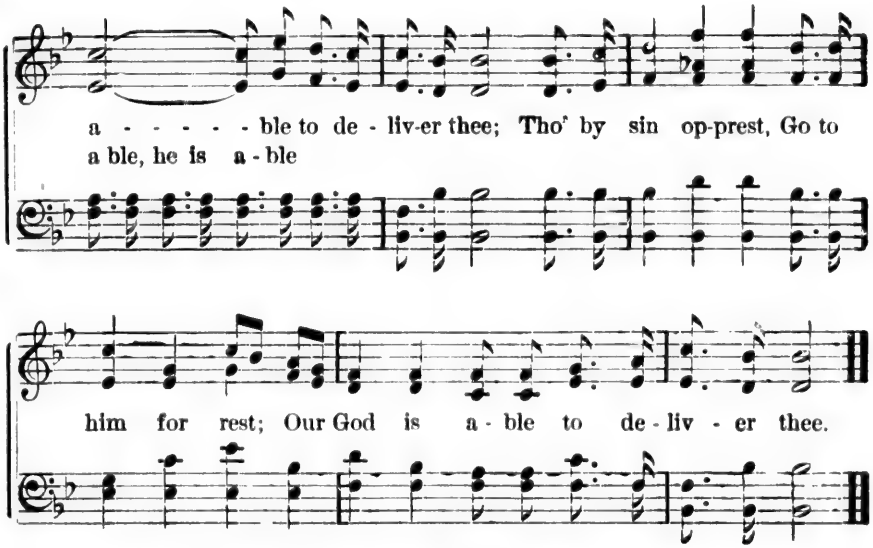
grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our
grand - est theme till the world a - gain, "Our
God in faith, he will make thee whole, "Our

God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

Chorus.

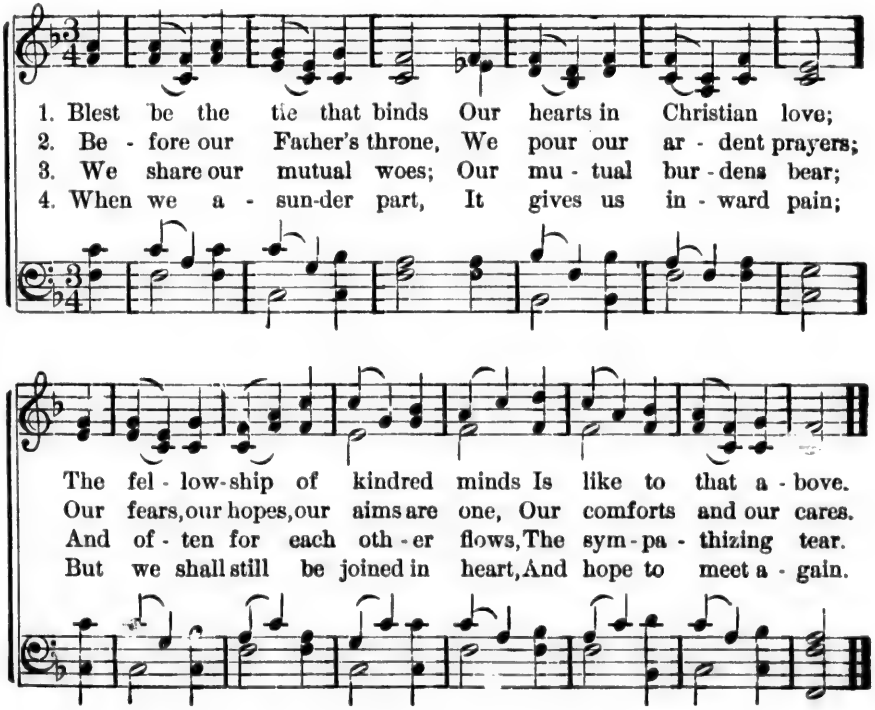
He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is
a - ble, he is a - ble,

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.



No. 65. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. GEO. NAEGELI.



No. 66. O, Can it Be?

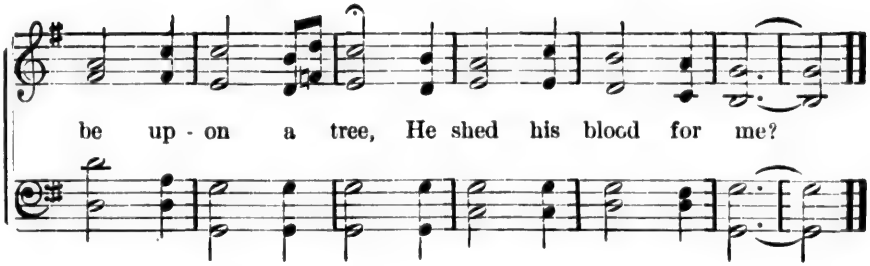
JOHN NEWTON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood, He fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As
2. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho'
3. My con - science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in des - pair; I saw my sins his blood had spilt, And
4. A - las! I knew not what I did, But now my tears are vain, Where shall my trem - bling soul be hid, For
5. A sec - ond look he gave, which said, "I free ly all for - give, This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I

CHORUS.

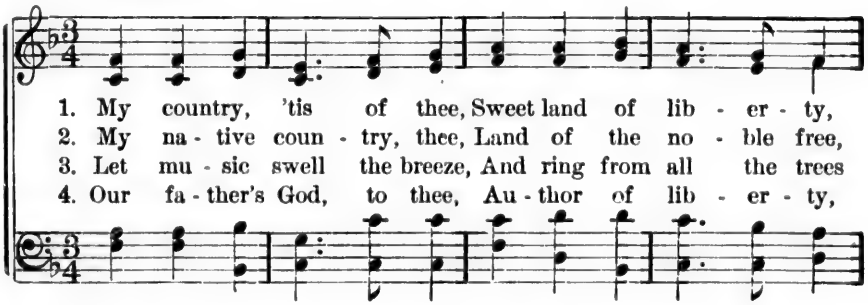
near the cross I stood.
not a word he spoke.
helped to nail him there. O can it be, up - on a tree, my Sa - vior died for me . . . . O can it
I the Lord have slain.
die, that thou may'st live."
For me,

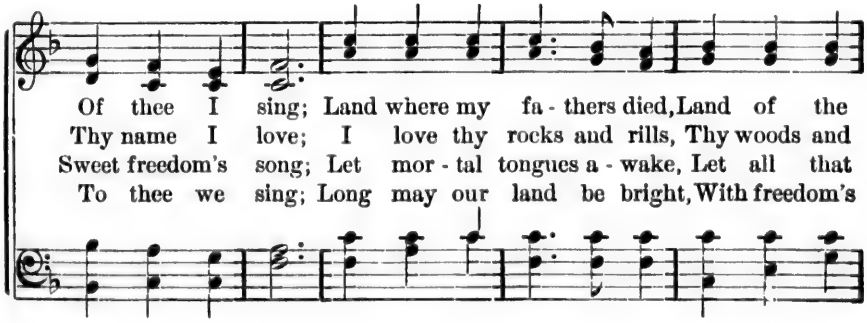
O, Can it Be? Concluded.

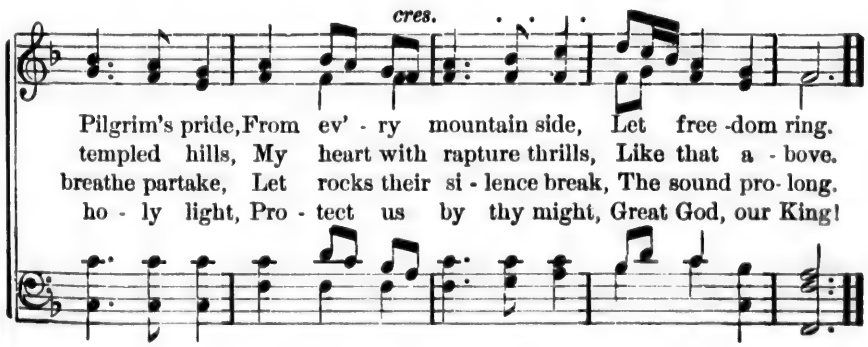


No. 67. America. (National Hymn.)

S. F. Smith.







No. 68. All, All for Thee.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. All, all for thee, O take me now en - tire - ly; Re-
2. I give my heart, I long to love thee be - ter Than
3. All, all for thee, my - self in all my weakness, Un-
4. Oh, Mas - ter, by thine own most ho - ly spir - it, Send

- tune each note with thine own gentle hand; I give myself a-
ev - er I have done in years be - fore; That all I do may
- fit, a - lone, the feeblest chord to raise; An in - stru-ment dis-
heavn'ly mu - sic o'er the earth thro' me; So true, so beau - ti-

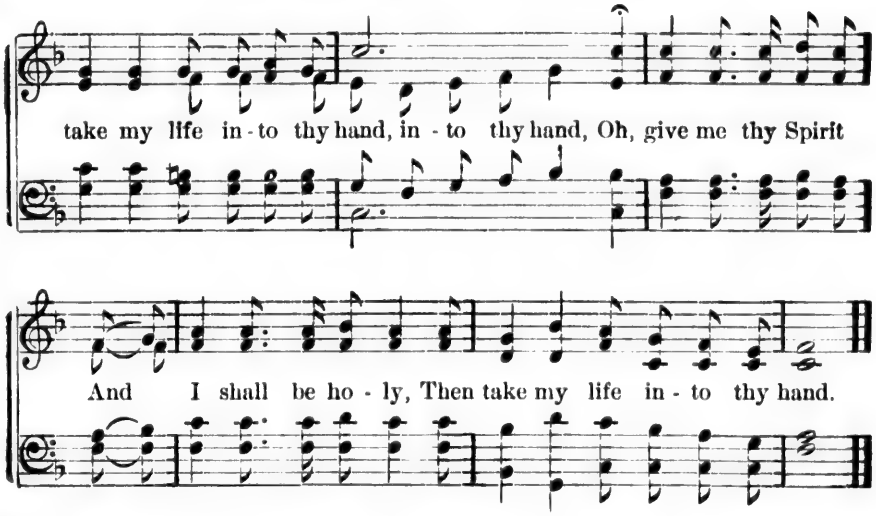
-fresh in - to thy keeping, To do, or suf - fer as thou
be a "joy not du - ty," Lord Je - sus grant it, may I
- cordant, worn and worthless, But rea - dy to be used to
-ful, so soul - re - fresh - ing, That those who hear it, may learn

CHORUS.

shalt command.
love thee more;
sound thy praise.
more of thee.

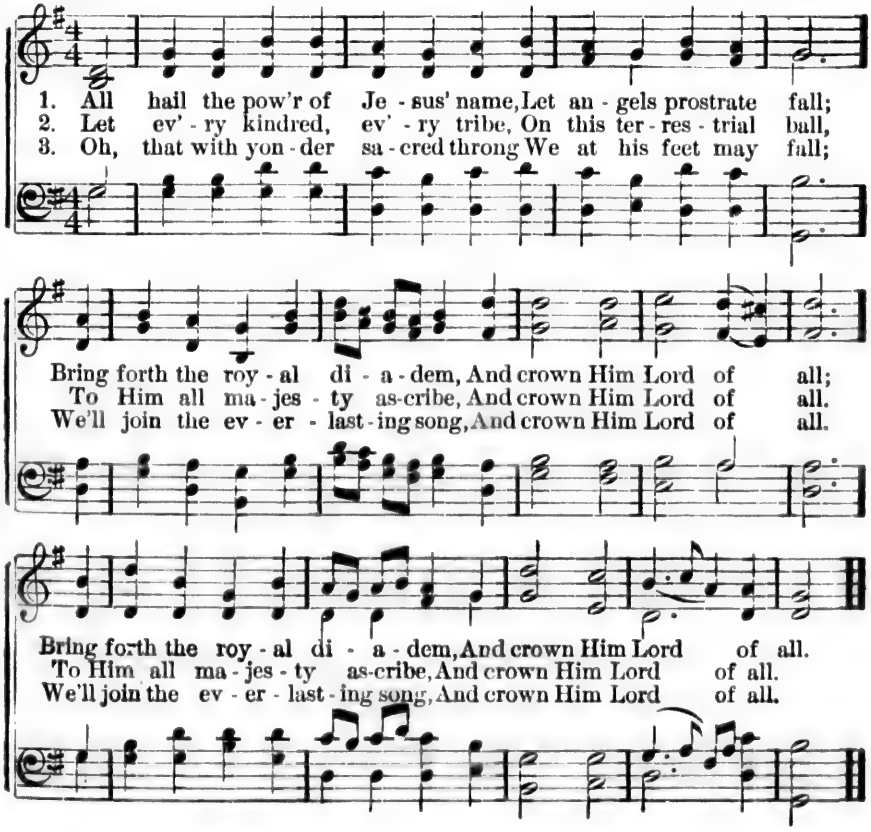
All, all for thee, Savior, All, all for thee, Oh,

All, All for Thee. Concluded.



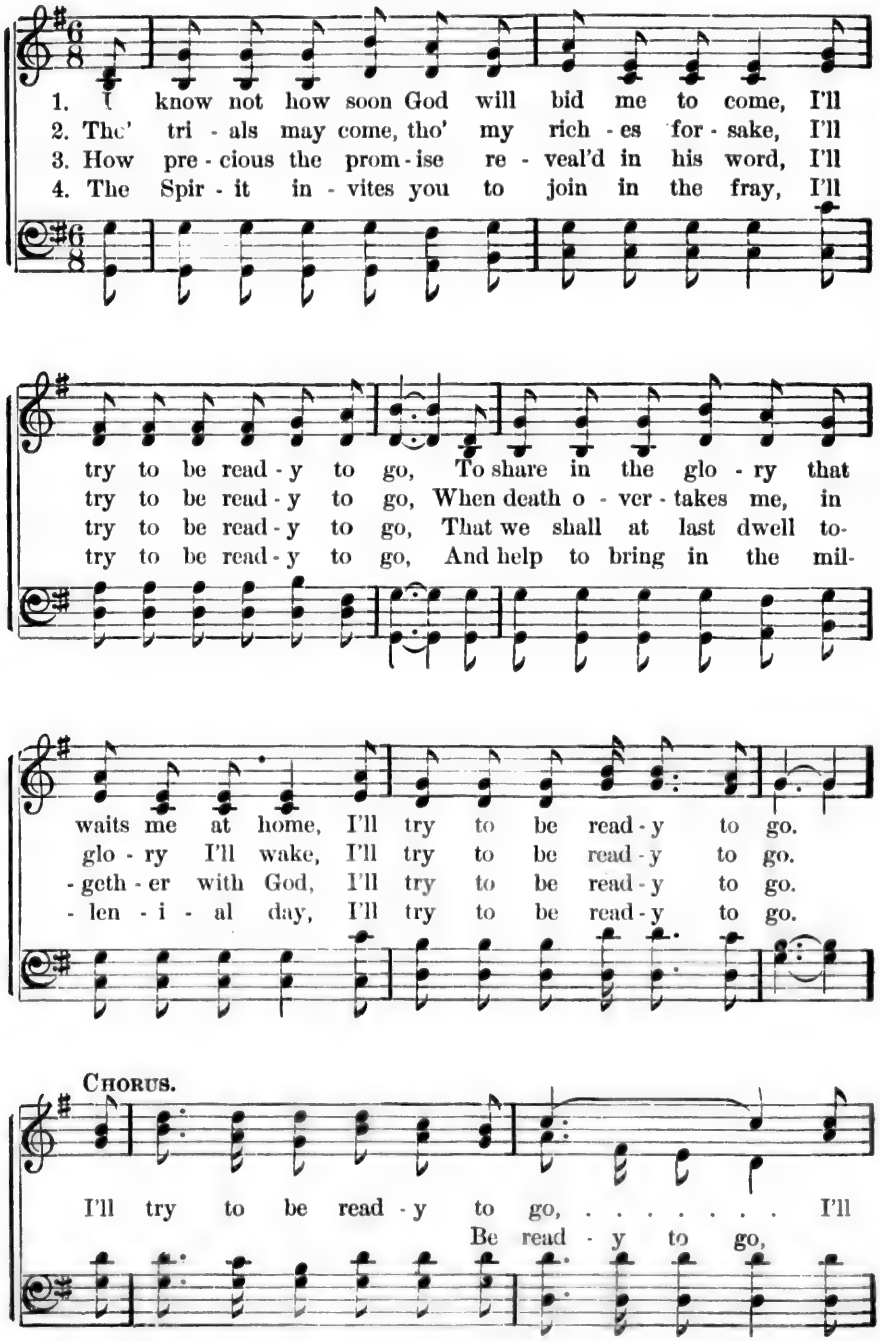
No. 69. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

PERONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

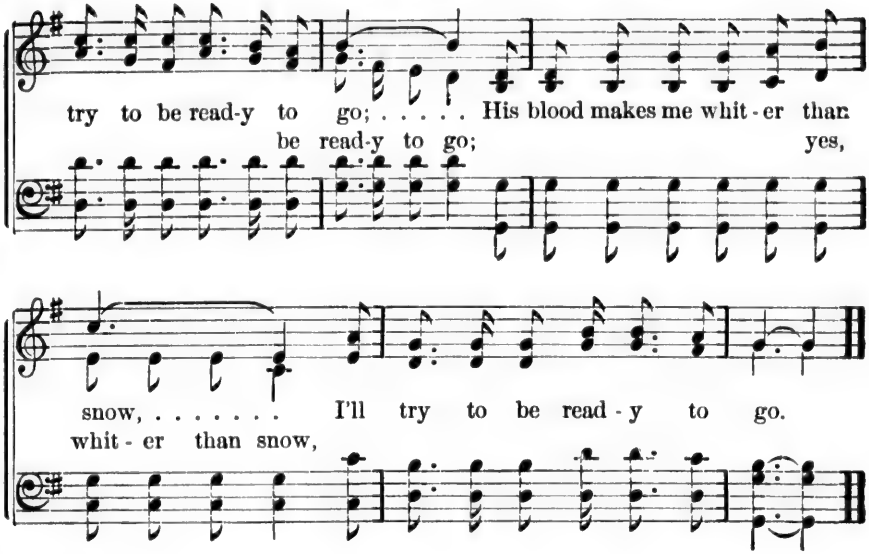


No. 70. I'll Try to be Ready to Go.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

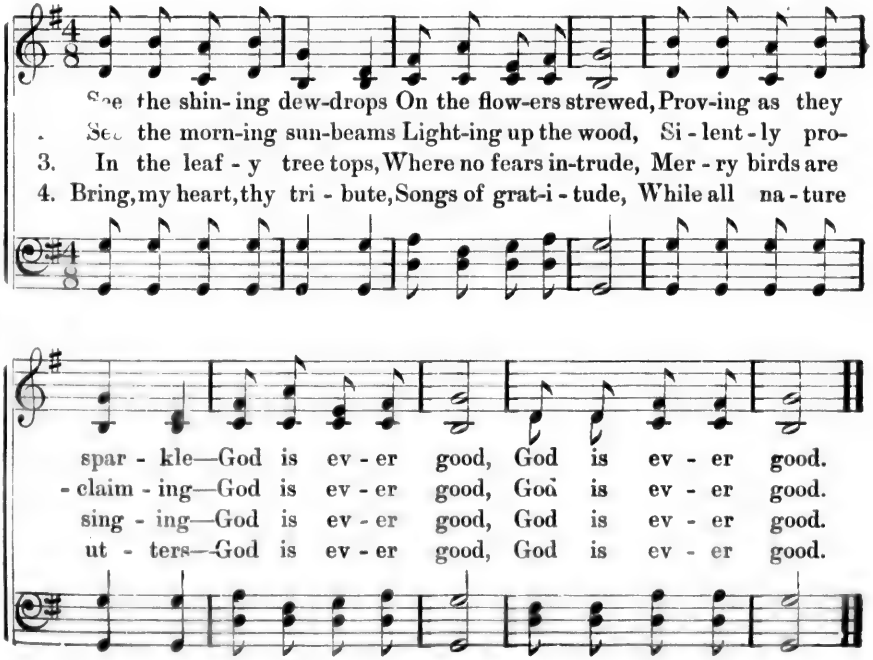


I'll Try to be Ready to Go. Concluded.



No. 71. God Is Ever Good.

E. O. Excell.



No. 72. Toiling for Jesus.

w A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Brightly, sweet-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with
2. Glad-ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto-ry, Of his love to
3. Meek-ly, meek-ly toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Walking faith-ful-

will-ing hands to do What-so-e'er to us he hath ap-point-ed,
mortals here be-low; Christ, the brightness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry,
-ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand'rers to the dear Re-deem-er;

Chorus.

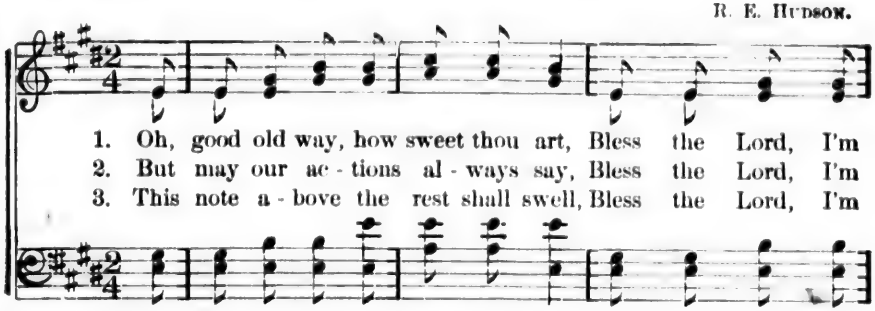
Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. Toil-ing for
Free-ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.
Pointing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil-ing

Je-sus, Joy-ful-ly we go; yes, joy-ful-ly we go;
for the Master,

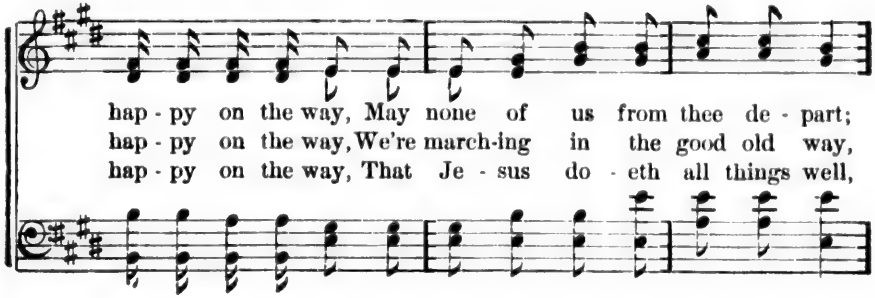
Toil-ing for Je-sus, In his vineyard here be-low.
Toiling, toil-ing for the Master.

No. 73. Happy on the Way.

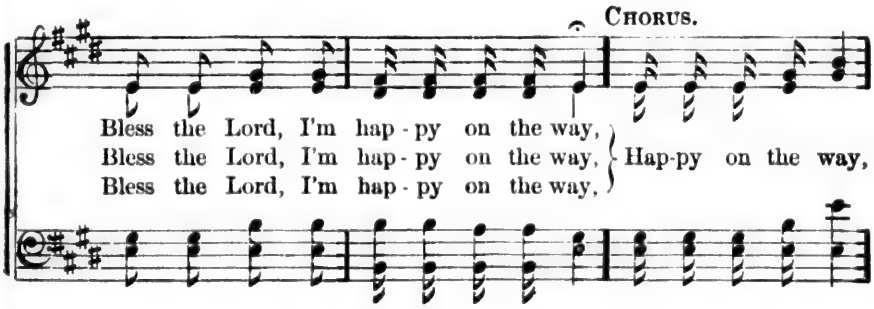
R. E. Hudson.



1. Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm
2. But may our ac - tions al - ways say, Bless the Lord, I'm
3. This note a - bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm

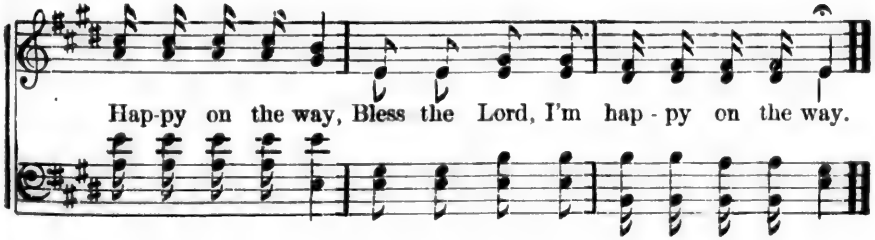


hap - py on the way, May none of us from thee de - part;
hap - py on the way, We're march-ing in the good old way,
hap - py on the way, That Je - sus do - eth all things well,



Chorus.

Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way,
Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way,
Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way,
Hap-py on the way,



Hap-py on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way.

No. 74. "Christ Jesus Died for Sinners."

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. There's a won-der - ful theme in the gos - pel tongue, As
2. 'Tis a won-der - ful theme, and I oft have read How
3. 'Tis a won-der - ful theme, that the Lord should give His

e'er was heard, as e'er was sung, And thro' the world the
Je - sus bowed his wea - ry head; "'Tis fin - ished," to the
life, that I might life re - ceive; And now he bids me

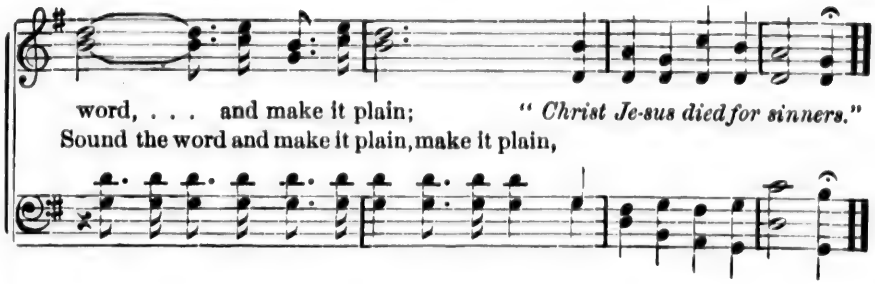
mes - sage rung, "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"
world he said: "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"
look and live: "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"

Chorus.

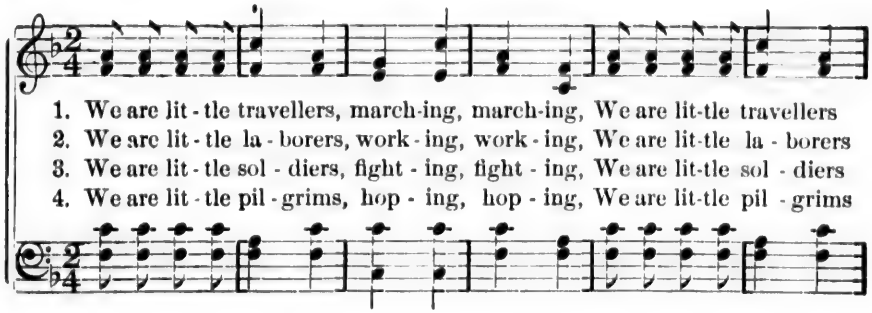
Tell the mes - - - - sage o'er a - gain, Je - sus
Tell the mes-sage o'er a - gain, o'er a gain,

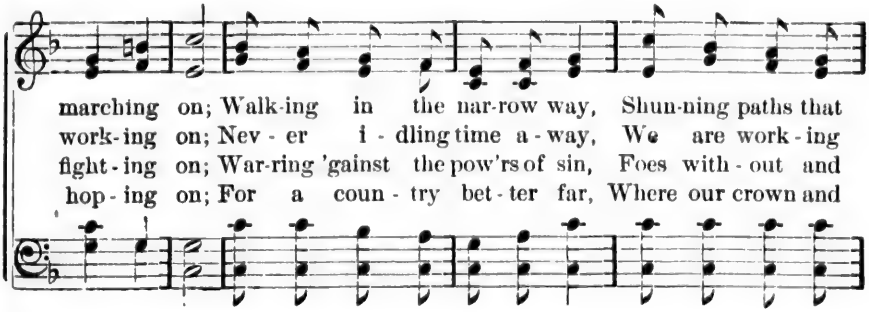
died . . . . for sin - ful men; Sound the
Je - sus died for sin - ful men, sin - ful men;

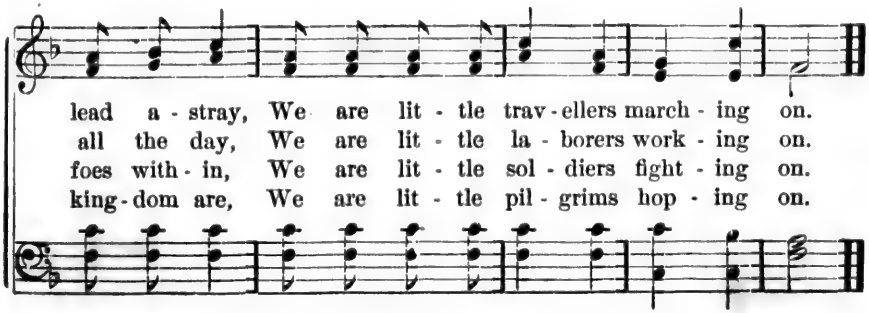
Christ Jesus Died for Sinners. Concluded.

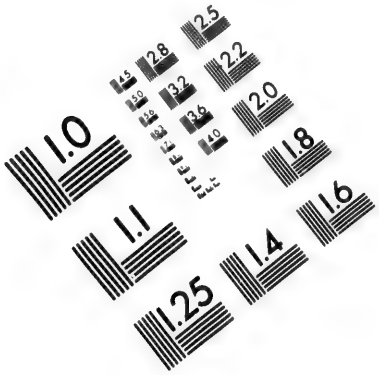


No. 75. We Are Little Travellers.









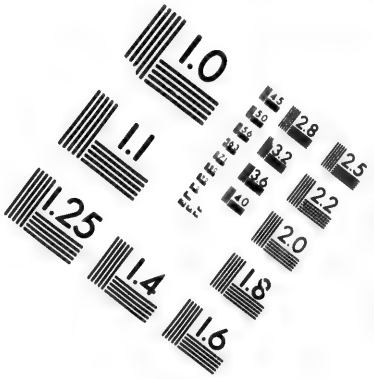
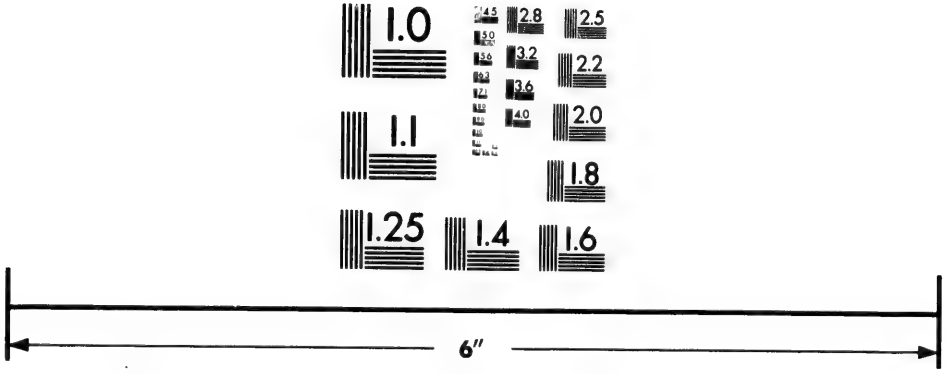
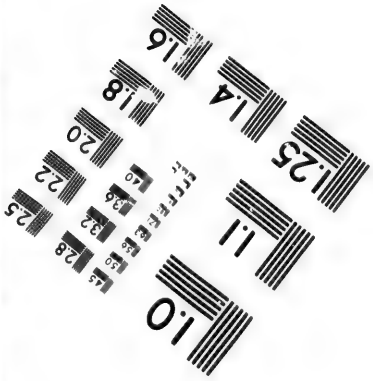
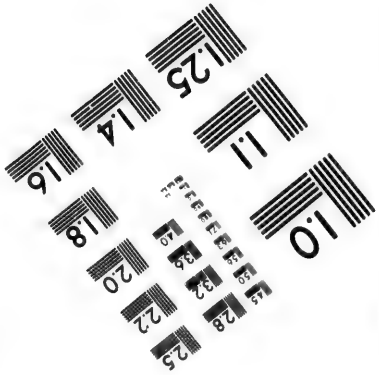


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







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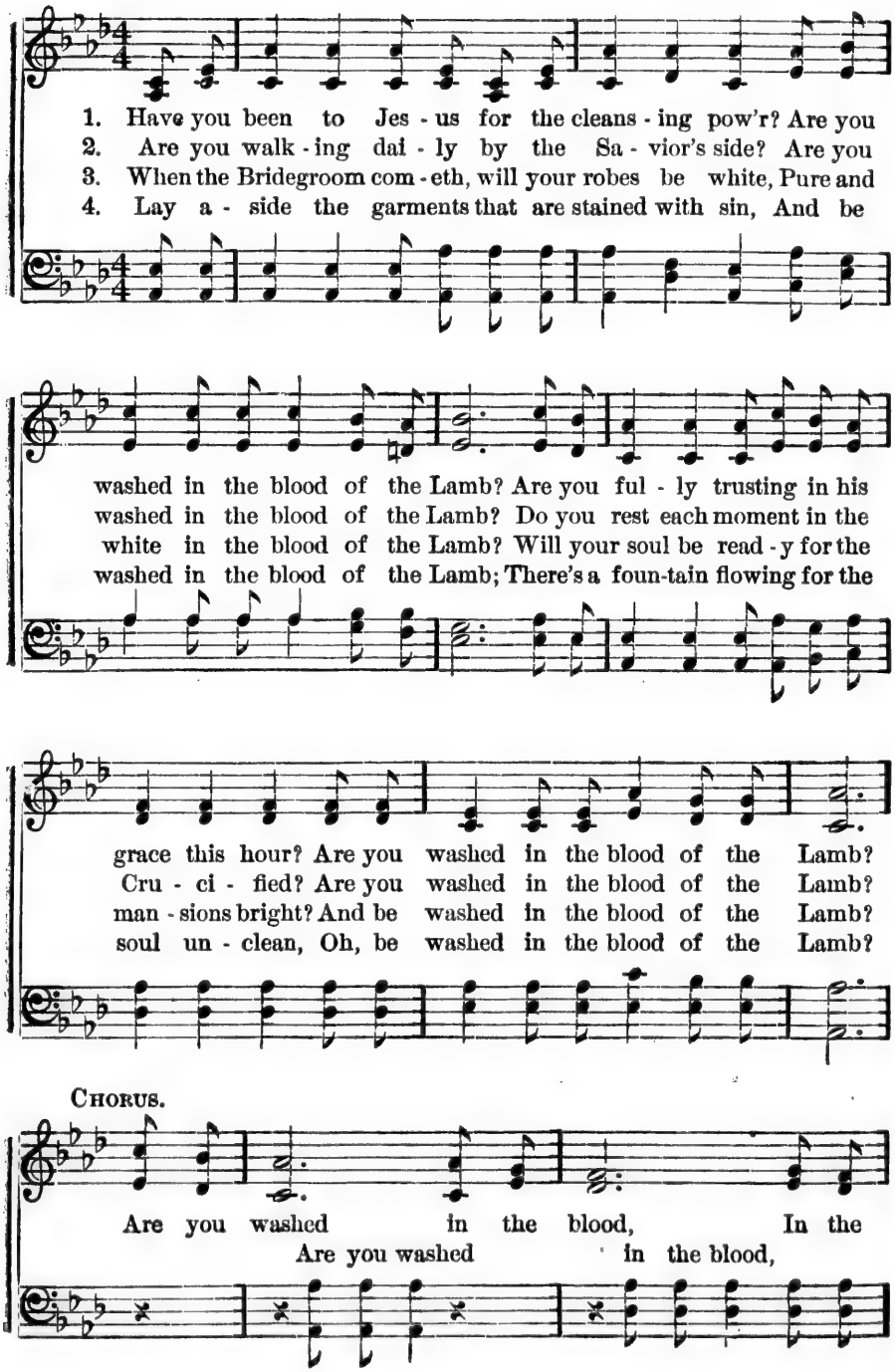
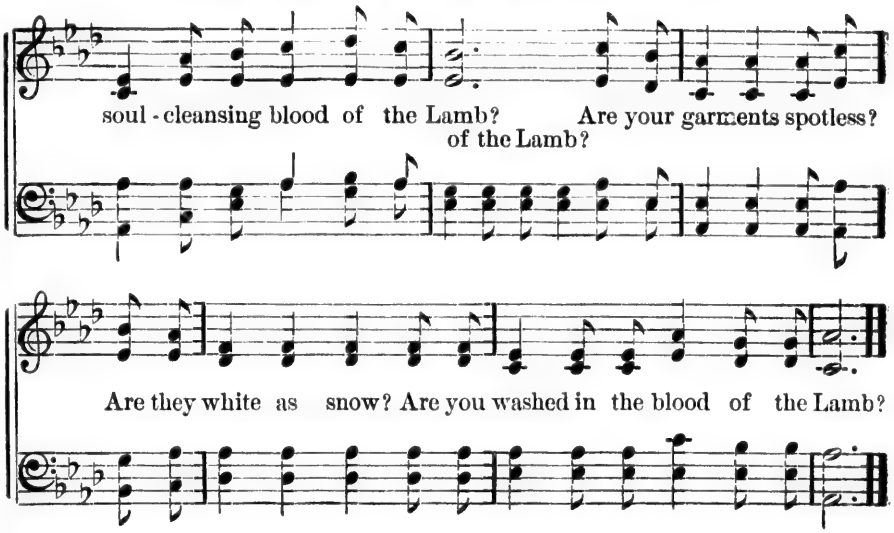
No. 76. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

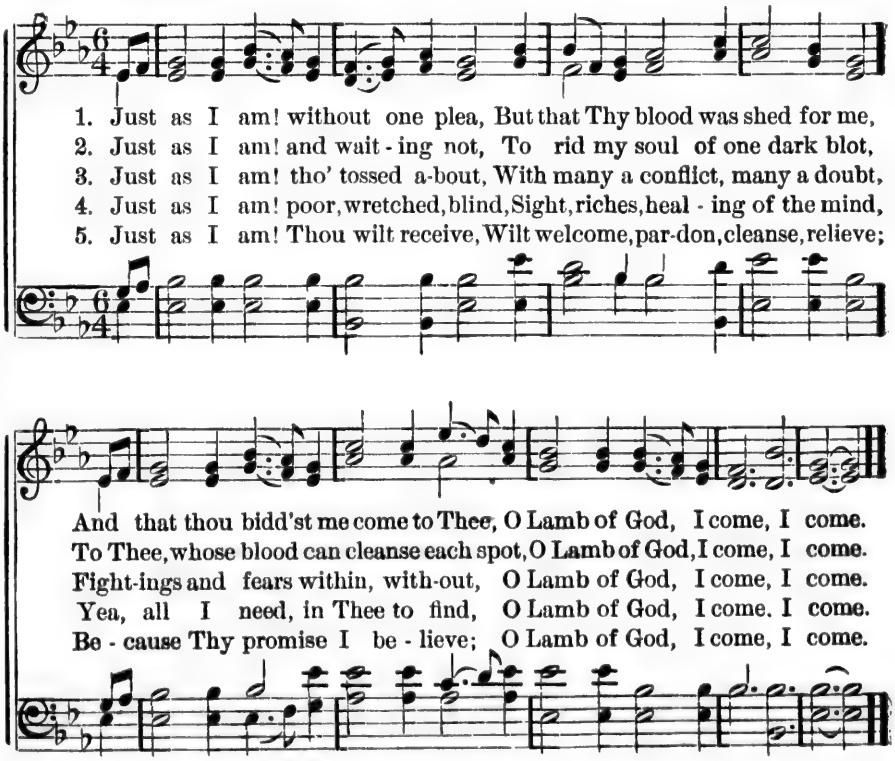


Are You Washed, Etc. Concluded.



No. 77. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. BRADBURY.



No. 78. Beautiful Stream.

R. Torbey. Geo. H. Rider.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which
3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That

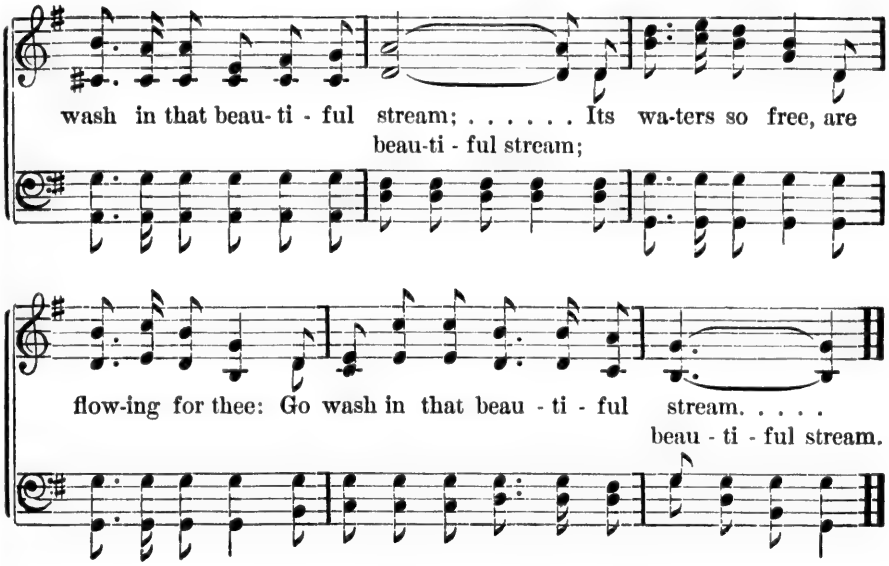
flows thro' the sweet Canaan land, Its waters gleam bright in their
gladdens the cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the
fount, God has o - pen'd for sin, That stream from his side, who for
fount that is flow - ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er sil - ver - y sands.
Fa - ther, a - lone; And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
sin - ners once died; He's healed, who but plunges with - in.
crimsoned with blood, From sin that has cleansed ev - en me.

Chorus.

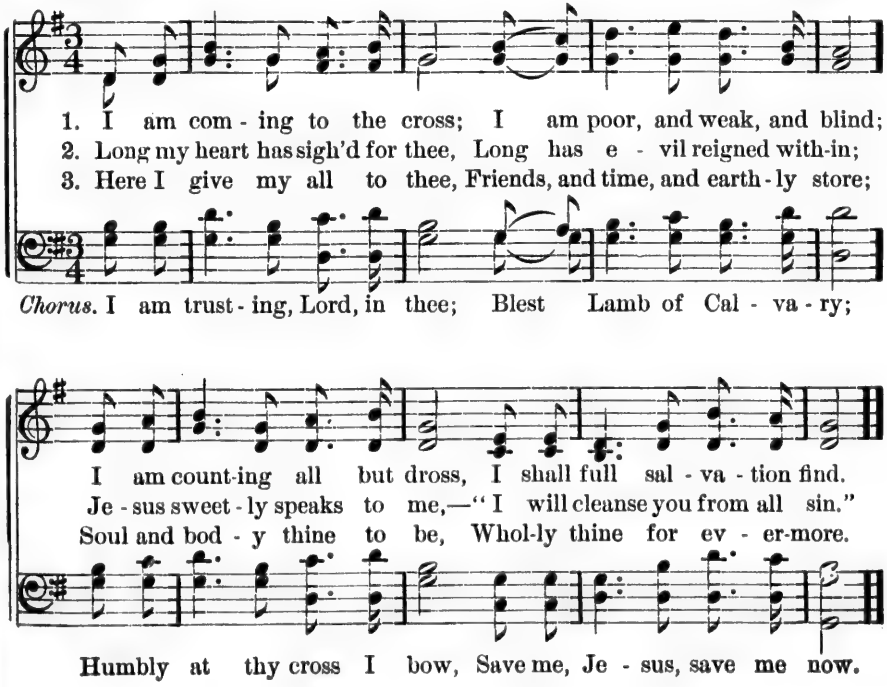
Go wash in that beau - ti - ful stream, ... Go
Beau - ti - ful stream,

Beautiful Stream. Concluded.



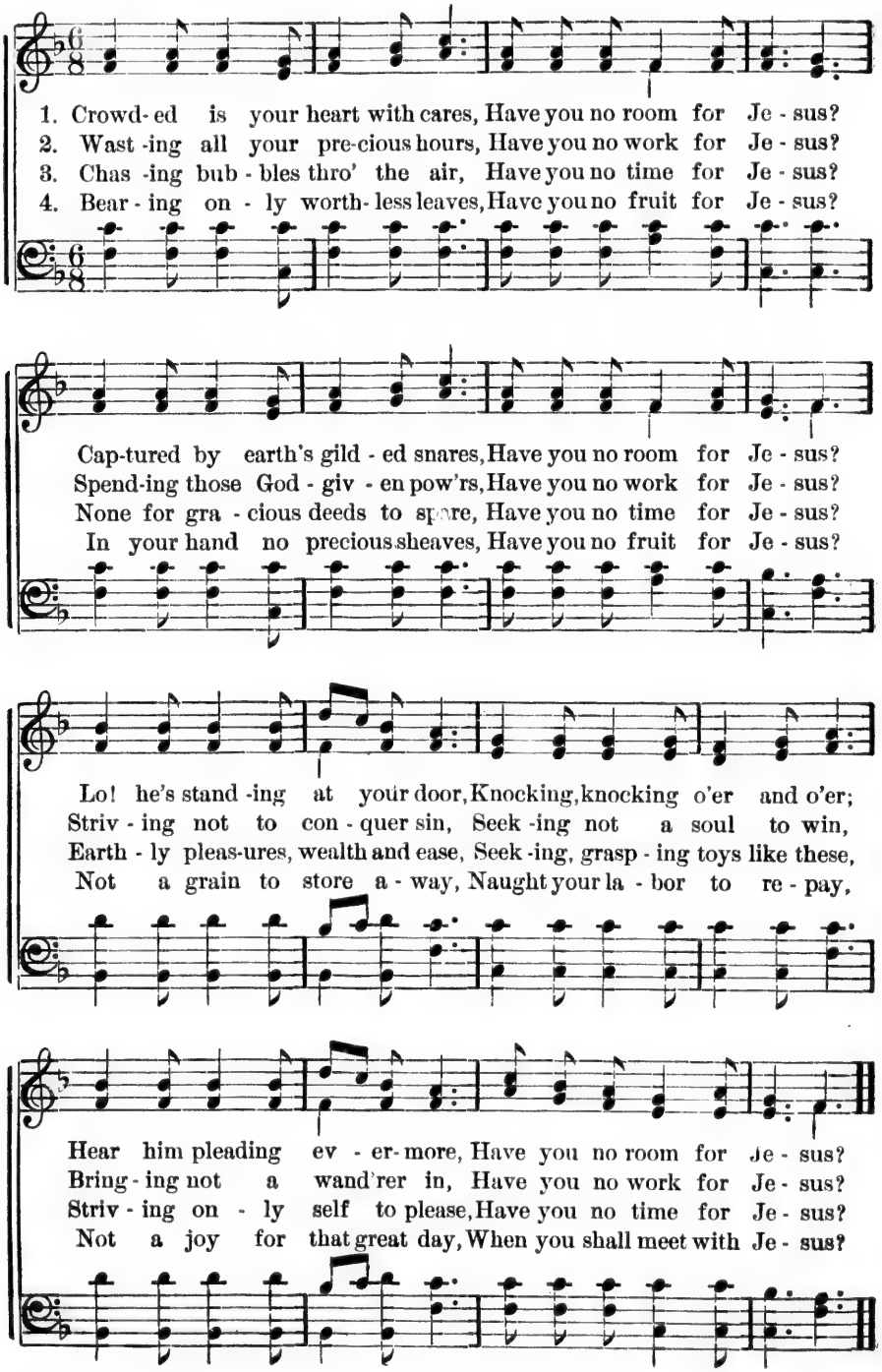
No. 79. I Am Coming to the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fisher.



No. 80. Nothing For Jesus.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



No. 81. How Shall I Come to Jesus?

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How shall I come to Je-sus? How can I now be-lieve,
2. How shall I come to Je-sus? Noth-ing have I to bring;
3. How shall I come to Je-sus? Noth-ing have I to plead;
4 Now will I come to Je-sus, Now will I seek his face;

Since I at first re-fused him, Will he my heart re-ceive?
Dare I ap-proach his pres-ence? He is a roy-al King.
Say, will the great Phy-si-cian Deign my re-quest to head?
Plead-ing, in faith, his mer-it, Ask-ing, in faith, his grace.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, I look a-lone to thee, Je-sus, thy blood was shed for me;

Com-ing by faith, my pray'r shall be: Save, oh, save me Je-sus.

No. 82. Are you for the Promised Land?

G F. R. DR. GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. First in bond - age, then in the wil - der - ness, Is - real
2. Hard the bond - age, drea - ry the wil - der - ness, Long the
3. Friends in bond - age, friends in the wil - der - ness, Do you

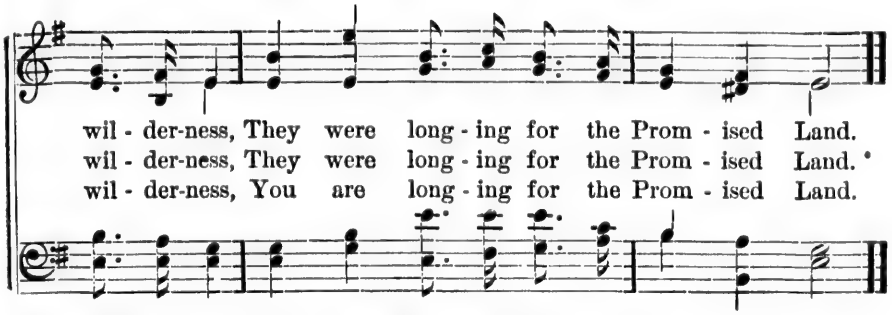
jour-neyed to the Prom-ised Land, And tho' long in grief and
jour - ney to the Prom-ised Land; Oft re - pin - ing, oft in
wish to reach the Prom-ised Land? Christ, in love and won - drous

bit - ter - ness, They were guid - ed by a Fath - er's hand.
wea - ri - ness, Still pro - tect - ed by a Fath - er's hand.
ten - der - ness, Waits to guide you by his might - y hand.

When they cried, then he de - liv - ered them; When they strayed,
When they cried, then he de - liv - ered them, When they strayed,
When you cry, he will de - liv - er you, When you stray,

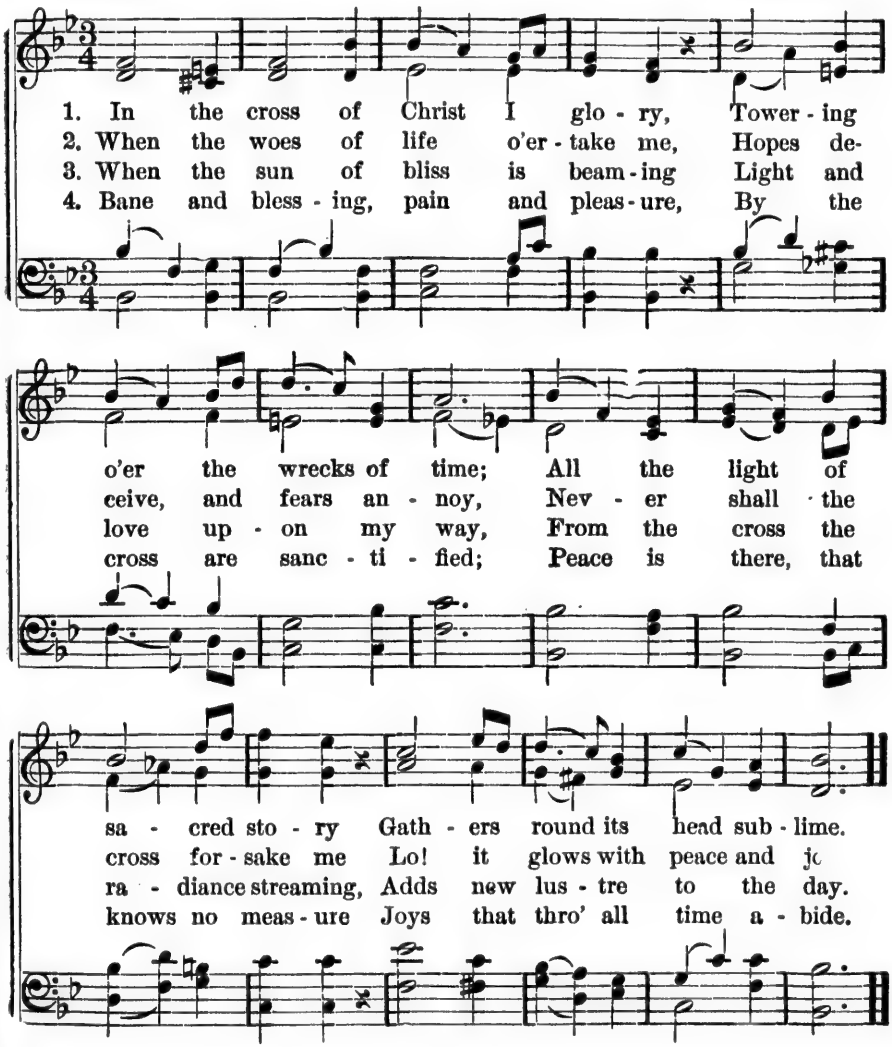
then they felt his hand: For in all their life in the
then they felt his hand, For in all their life in the
you will feel his hand; If in bond - age or in the

Are you for the Promised Land? Concluded.



No. 83. In the Cross of Christ.

J. Bowring. Alfred Beirly.



No. 84. A Worker's Prayer.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, In liv - ing ech - oes
2. O strengthen me, that while I stand, Firm on the rock, and
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach, The precious things thou
4. O give thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with
5. O fill me with thy full-ness Lord, Un - til my ver - y
6. O use me Lord, use e - ven me, Just as thou wilt, and

of thy tone; As thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy
strong in thee, I may stretch out a lov - ing hand, To
dost im - part; And wing my words, that they may reach The
sooth - ing power, A word in sea - son, as from thee, To
heart o'er flow, In kind - ling tho't, and glow - ing word, Thy
when and where; Un - til thy bless - ed face I see, Thy

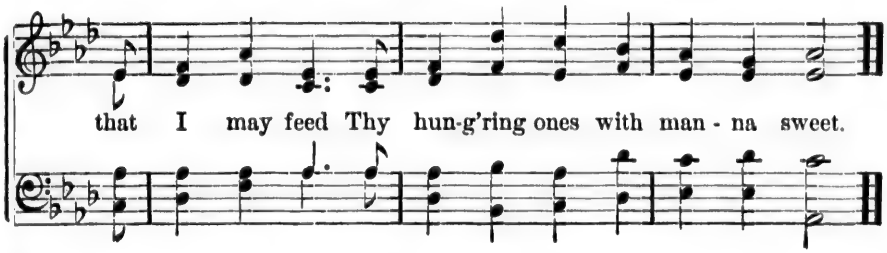
CHORUS.

err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.
wrest - lers in the troub - led sea.
hid - den depths of many a heart.
wea - ry ones in need - ful hour.
love to tell, thy praise to show.
rest, thy joy thy glo - ry share.

O lead me, Lord, that

I may lead The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet; O feed me, Lord,

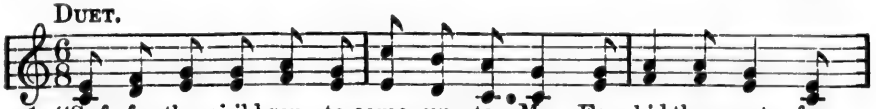
A Worker's Prayer. Concluded.

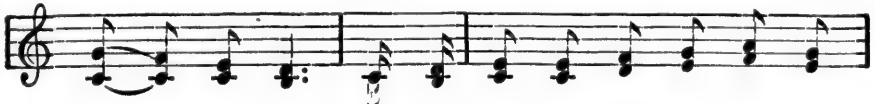


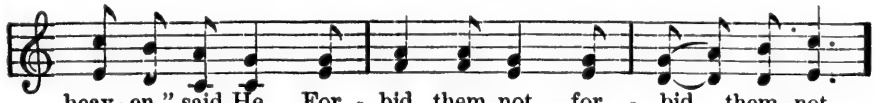
No. 85. Suffer the Children to Come.

L. H. B. L. H. BARKER.

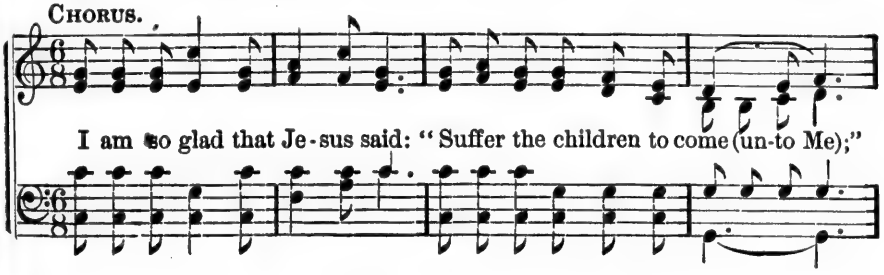
DUET.

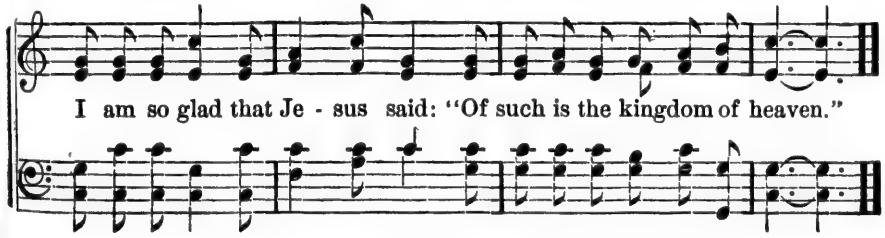






CHORUS.

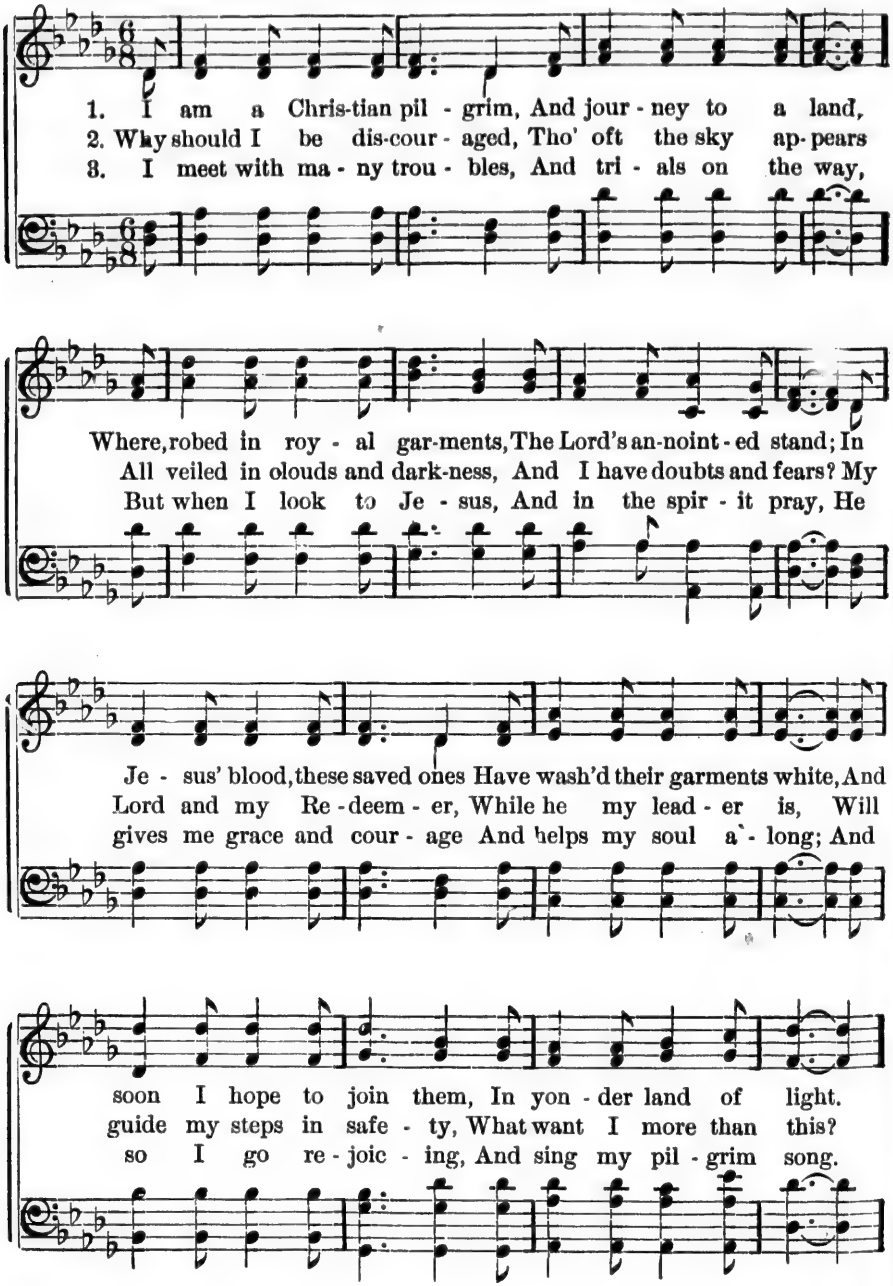




No. 86. I Feel Like Going On.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly down-cast. Following him, an old grey-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.



I Feel Like Going On. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I feel like go - ing on, broth-er, I feel like go - ing on,

I'm on my way to Zi - on, And I feel like go - ing on.

No. 87. Let Them Come to Me.

A, H, ADAMS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Hear the gen - tle Shep - herd Call - ing lambs like me,
In his sweet - est ac - cents, "Let them come to me."

2. He will bid us en - ter, When our tir - ed feet
Reach the gold - en cit - y, He'll be there to greet.

3. Thanks, dear bless - ed Je - sus. For thy words of love,
Bid - ding chil - dren en - ter Thy bright courts a - bove.

REFRAIN.

"Let them come to me, Oh, let them come to me,"

Hear him sweet - ly say - ing, "Let them come to me,

No. 88. Memories of Galilee.

"Jesus walked to Galilee."—John vii, 1.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove . . . and sigh-ing bough . . That makes the eve . . so blest to me, . . Has some-thing far . . di-viner now . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal-i-lee. . . .
2. Each flow-ery glen . . . and moss-y dell, . . Where hap-py birds . . in song a-gree . . Thro' sun-ny morn . . the praises tell . . . Of sights and sounds . . in Gal-i-lee. . . .
3. And when I read . . . the thrill-ing lore, . . Of him who walked . up-on the sea, . . I long, oh, how . . I long once more . . . To fol-low him . . . in Gal-i-lee. . .

CHORUS.

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

No. 89. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. xiii. 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing
3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the

in the noon-tide, and the dew - y eves; Wait - ing for the har-vest,
neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest,
loss sustain'd our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come re-joic- . . . . . -ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 90. Gathering Home.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

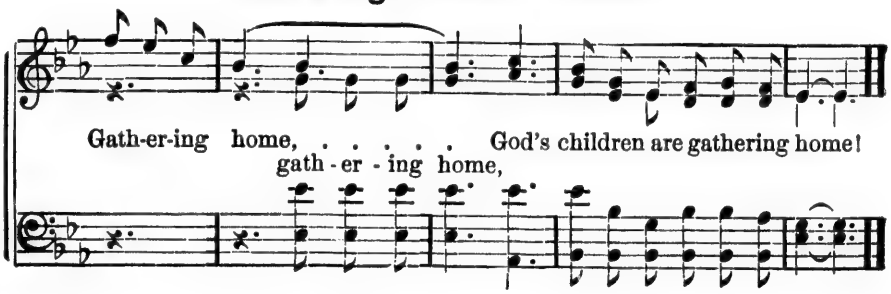
1. Up to the beau-ti-ful Giv-er, of life, Gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night, Gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! Up to the dwell-ing, where com-eth no strife, The
gath-er-ing home! Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The
gath-er-ing home! Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The

Chorus.

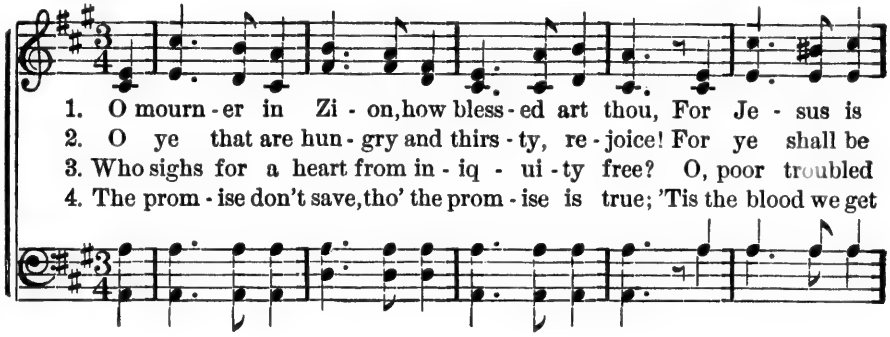
dear ones are gath-er-ing home. Gath-er-ing home. . . . . gath-er-ing
. . . . Gath-er-ing home, ... Nev-er-to home, gath-er-ing home!
sor-row more, nev-er to roam, Gath-er-ing home, ... gath-er-ing home!

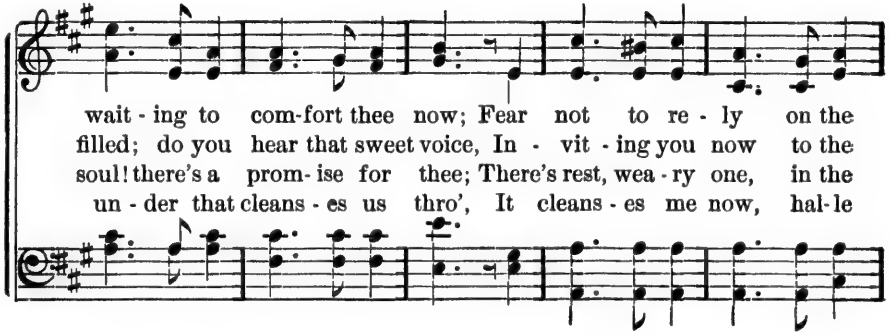
Gathering Home. Concluded.

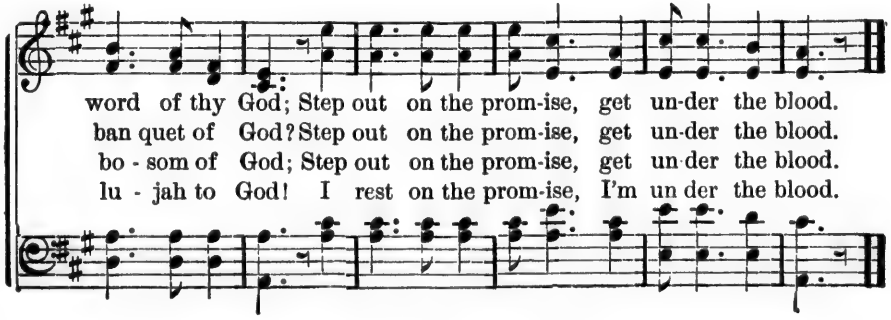


No. 91. Step Out on the Promise.

The Highway. E. F. Miller.

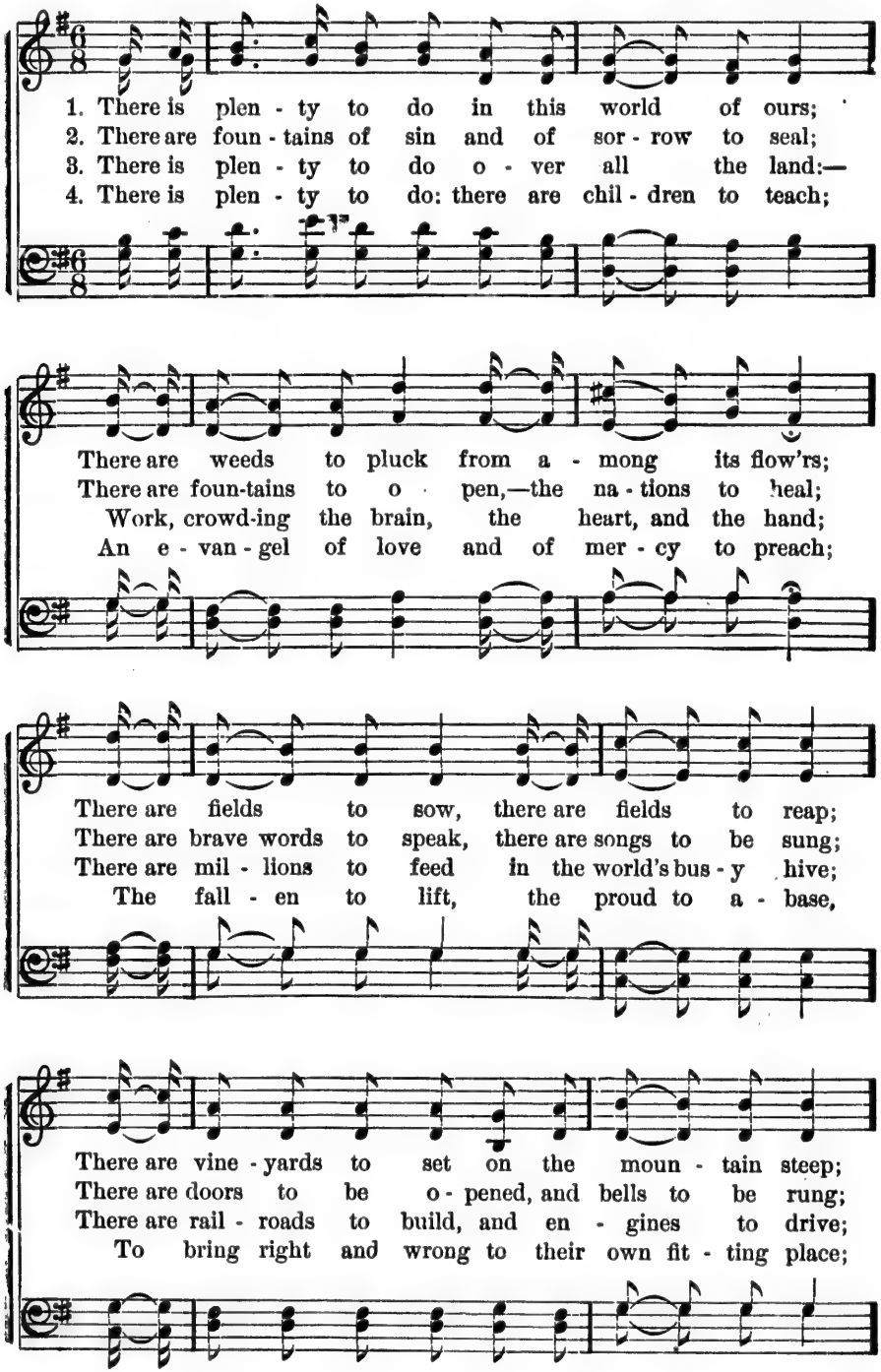




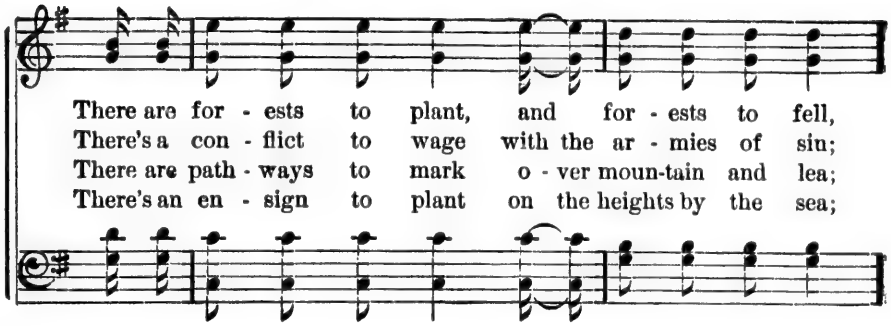


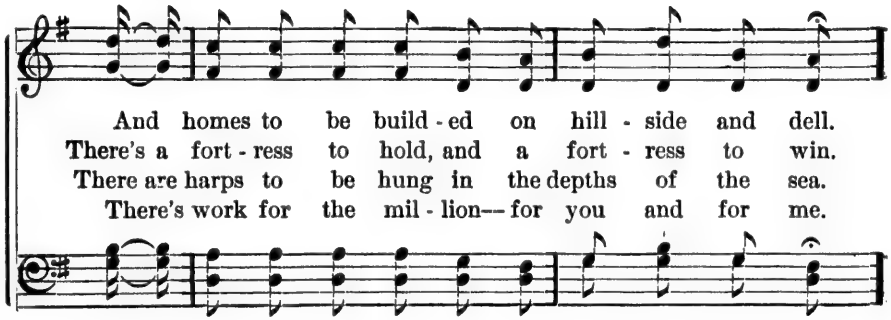
No. 92. Plenty to Do.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Plenty to Do. Concluded.





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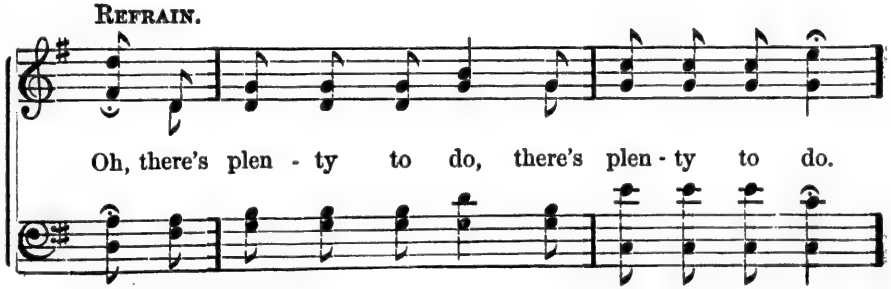
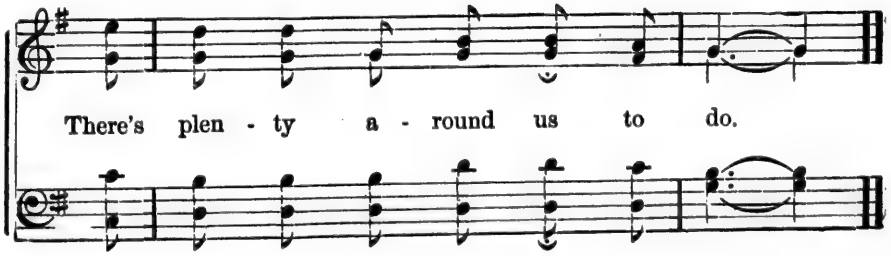




No. 93. What a Gathering That will be.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sound-ing of the trum - pet, When the
2. When the an - gel, of the Lord pro - claims that
3. At the great and fi - nal judg - ment, when the
4. When the gold - en harps are sound - ing, and the

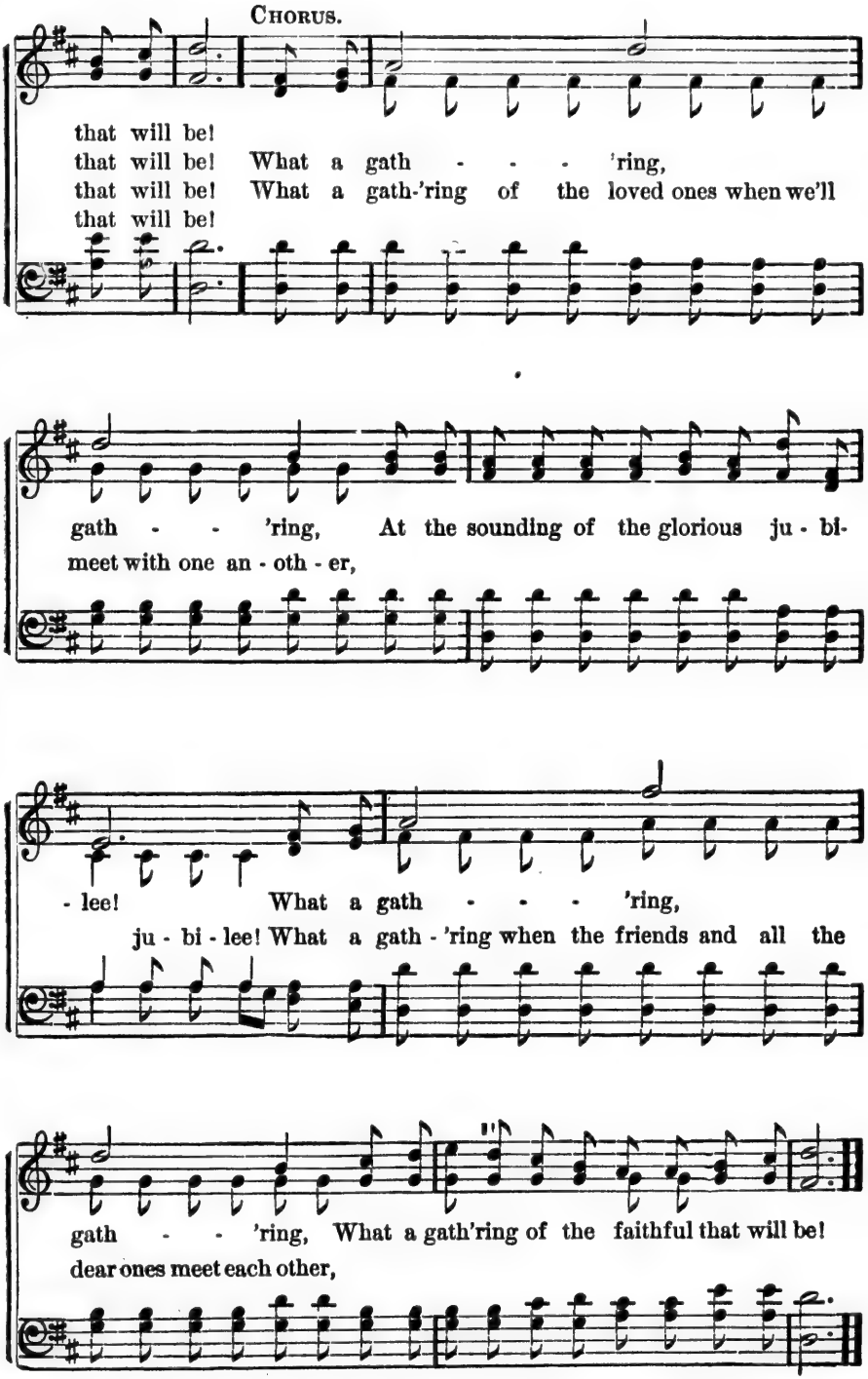
saints are gathered home, We will greet each oth - er by the
time shall be no more, We shall gath - er, and the saved and
hid - den comes to light, When the Lord in all his glo - ry
an - gel bands pro-claim, In tri-umph - ant strains the glo - rious

crys - tal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones, there a-
ransom'd see, Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the
we shall see; At the bid-ding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
ju - bi - lee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

crystal sea.

- wait - ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful
bright ce - les - tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful
bless - ed to my right," What a gath'ring of the faith - ful
Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful

What a Gathering, Etc. Concluded.



No. 94. It is I, Be Not Afraid.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.

DUET.

1. Pil - grim trav - elling on life's high - way, Tho' cast
2. Sail - or, tossed up - on the bil - lows, Dark and
3. When in tri - al, when in sor - row, Drear and

ORGAN.

down with doubt and fear, Sweet - ly o'er thy
gloom - y tho' it be. Hear a - bove the
lone - ly all a - round, Je - sus' cheer - ing

troub-led spir - it Comes the voice of hope and cheer.
roar - ing break - ers Je - sus' voice, he speaks to thee.
voice is speak - ing; List - en to the wel - come sound.

CHORUS.

It is I, ... be not a - fraid; It is
It is I, be not a - fraid;

I, . . . be not a - fraid; Hear the voice of Je - sus
It is I, be not a - fraid;

It is I, Be Not Afraid. Concluded.

Slow.

Say - ing, It is I, it is I, be not a - fraid.

No. 95. He Loved Me So.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me; He paid the might - y debt I owe:
2. For me the Fa-ther sent his Son; For me the vic - to- ry he won; To save my soul from end - less woe,
3. So glad I am that he is mine,—So glad that I with him shall shine: I'll trust in him, for this I know,
4. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to thee; My all, for this I sure - ly know,
5. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the loved ones round the throne, I'll sing, as through the gates I go,

Refrain.

He died be - cause he loved me so. He loved me so, he loved me so, He died be - cause he loved me so, He loved . . . .

No. 96. I'm Redeemed.

W. S. M. Eph. i. 7. W. S. Martin.

1. I'm redeemed, Lord help me tell it, Ov - er val - ley, hill and plain;
2. I'm redeemed, No con-dem-na - tion rests up - on my soul to - day;
3. I'm redeemed, Shall be my sto - ry when I reach my home a - bove;
4. Wea - ry sin - ner I would tell thee what a Sa - vior I have found.

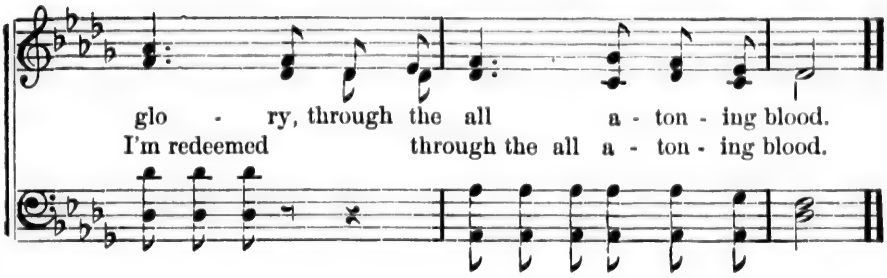
Thro' the blood of Christ, my Sa-vior, I am cleans-ed from my stain.
Christ has purchased my sal-va-tion, He has borne my sin a-way.
Mill - ions now in realms of glo - ry, Sing the won-ders of his love.
I am *liv - ing* in his sunshine, *walking* on redemption ground.

Chorus.

I'm redeemed O wondrous sto - ry, sanc - ti -
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

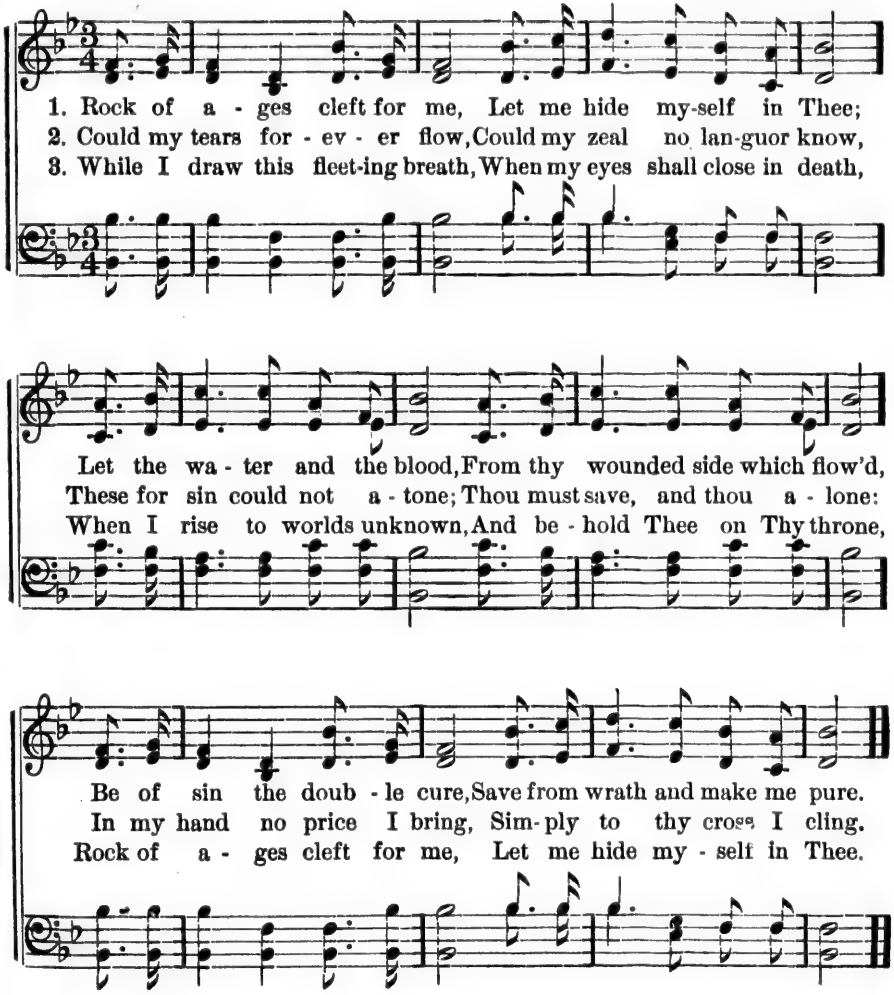
fied by God's own word; Made an heir of heav'n and
Sanctified by God's own word, I'm redeemed,

I'm Redeemed. Concluded.



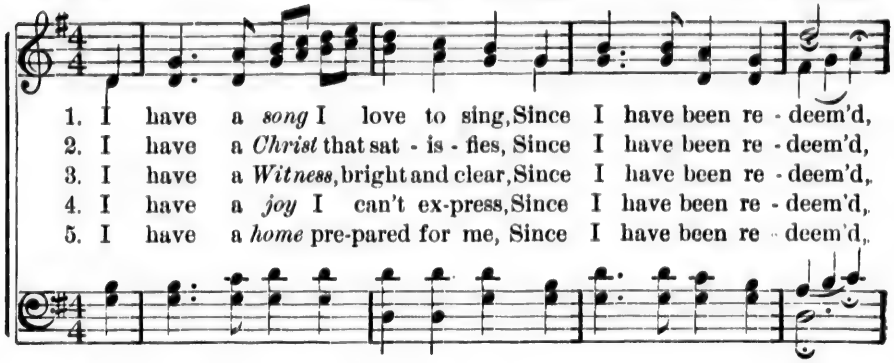
No. 97. Rock of Ages.

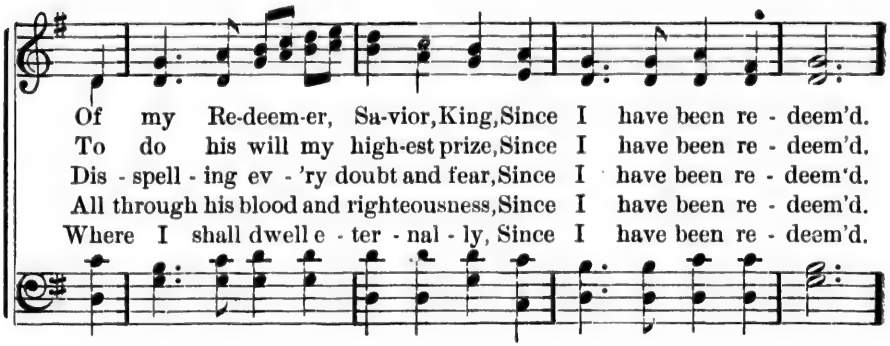
A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.



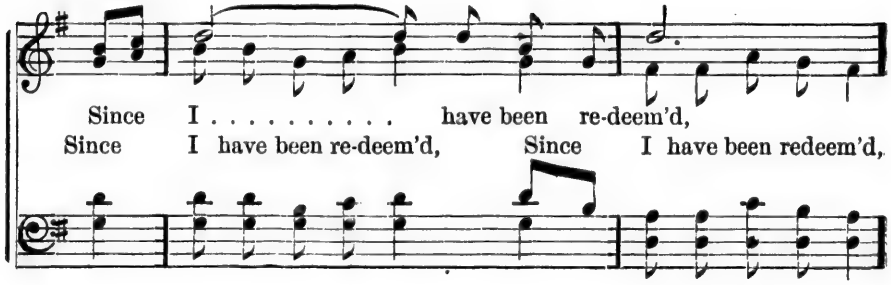
No. 98. Since I Have Been Redeemed

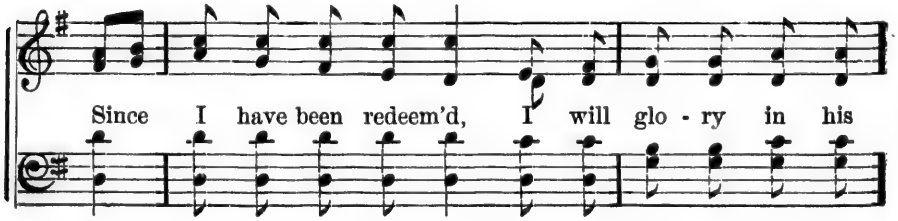
E. O. E. To Geo. T. Howser. E. O. Excell.



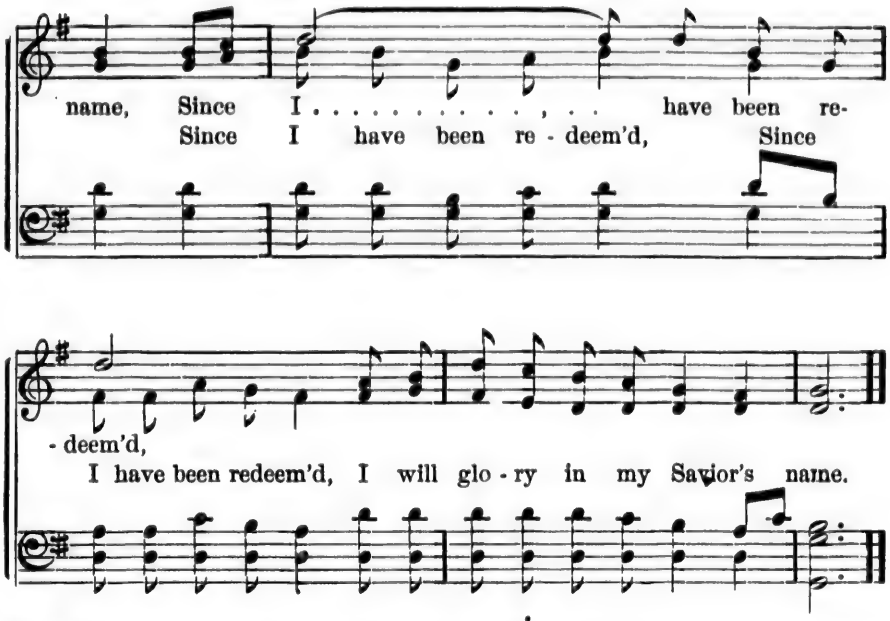


Chorus.



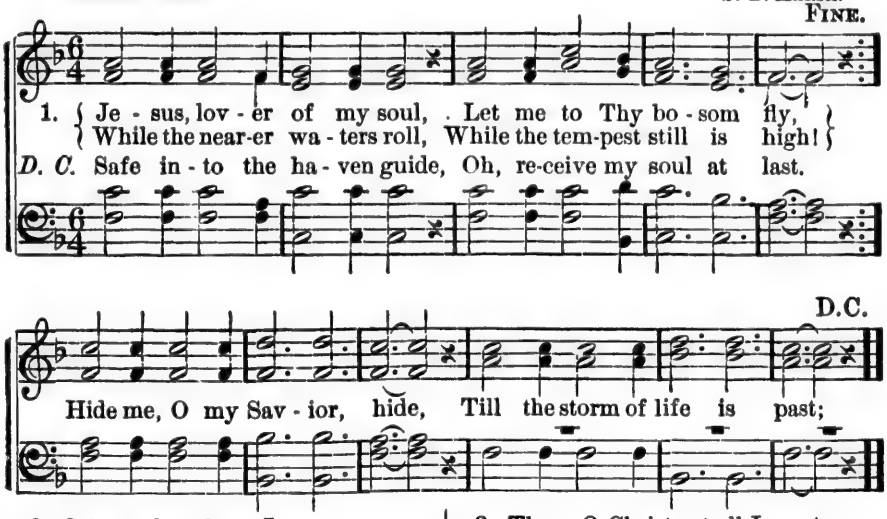


Since I Have Been Redeemed. Concluded.



No. 99. Jesus Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



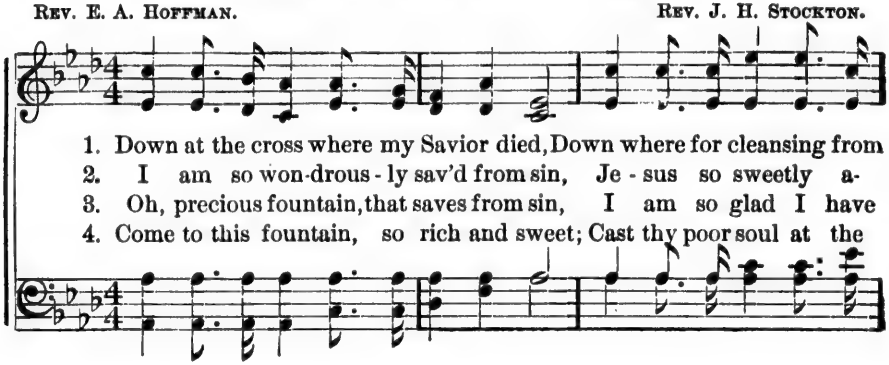
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on the is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

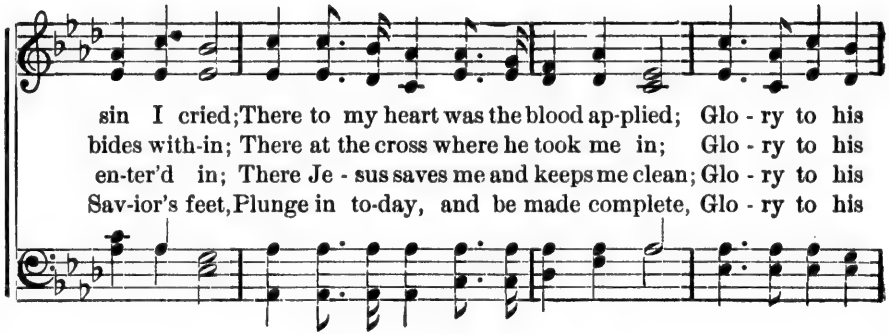
No. 100. Glory to His Name.

"I will glorify thy name forever." Ps. lxiii. 4.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

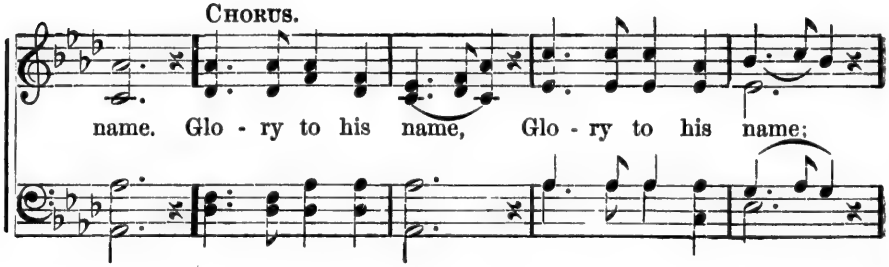


1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

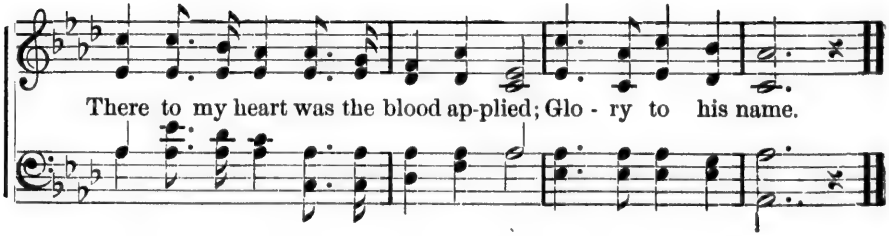


sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
en-ter'd in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his
Sav-ior's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glo - ry to his

CHORUS.



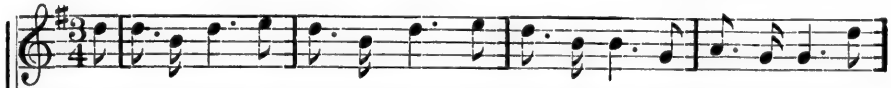
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;



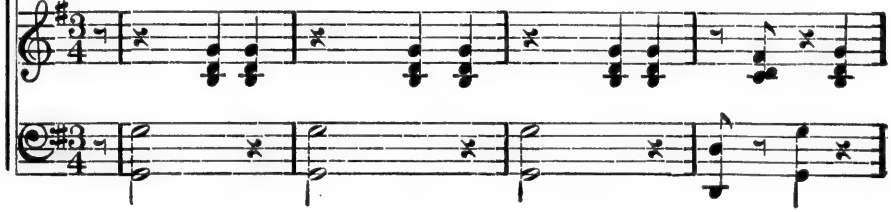
There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his name.

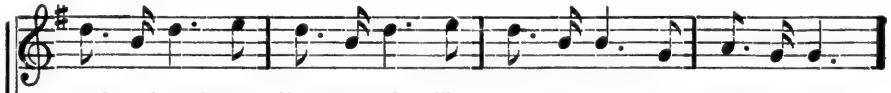
No. 101. The Road to Heaven.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

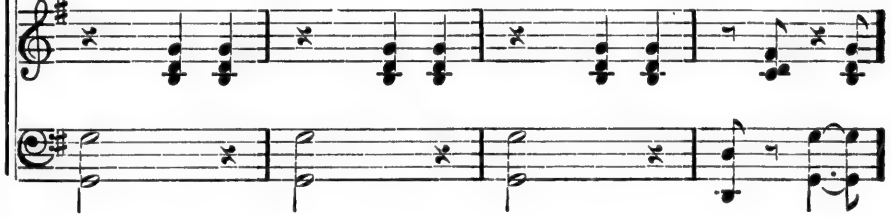


1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails are laid, From
2. Repentance is the sta - tion, then, Where passengers are tak - en in; No
3. The Bi - ble is the en - gi - neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear, Thro'
4. God's love the fire, his truth the steam Which drives the engine and the train; All
5. Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time, At an - y sta - tion on the line; If
6. And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow, So

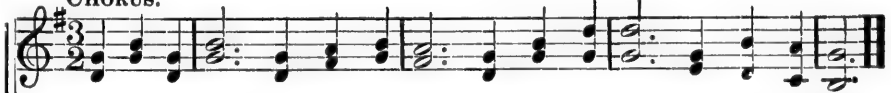




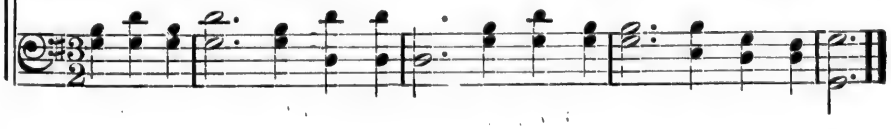
earth to heav'n the line extends To life e - ter - nal where it ends.
fee for them is there to pay, For Je - sus is him - self the way.
tunnels dark and drea - ry here, It does the way to glo - ry steer.
you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in him a - bide.
you re - pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.
ring the bell and start the train, And run it thro' in Je - sus' name.



Chorus.



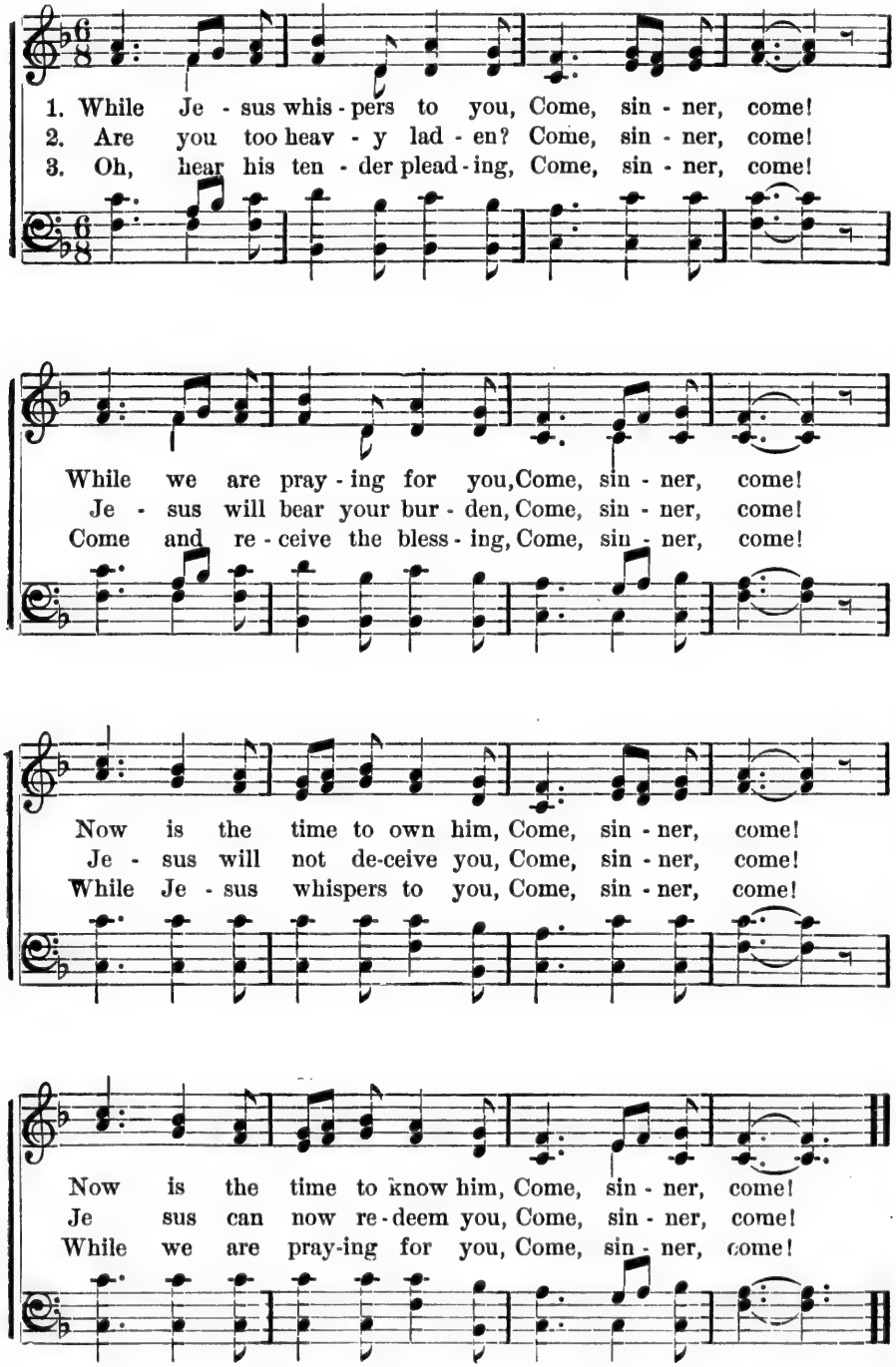
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home To die no more.



No. 102. Come, Sinner, Come.

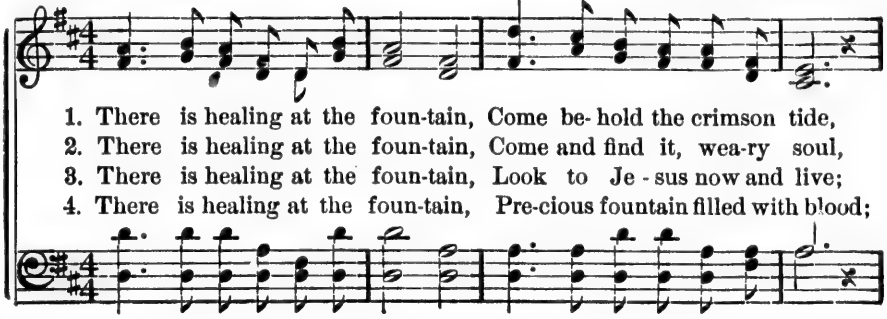
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Matt. xi. 28.

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER. By per.

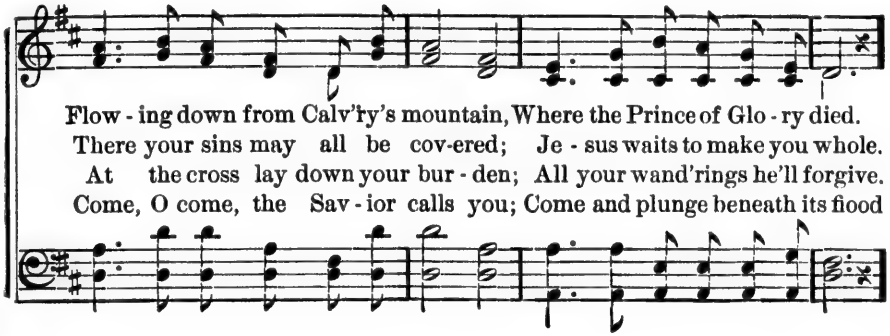


No. 103. Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

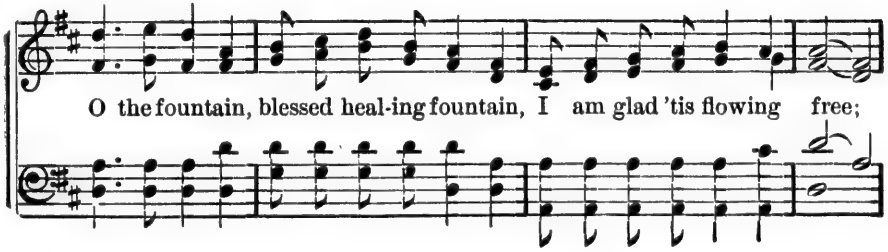


1. There is healing at the foun-tain, Come be- hold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the foun-tain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is healing at the foun-tain, Look to Je - sus now and live;
4. There is healing at the foun-tain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood;

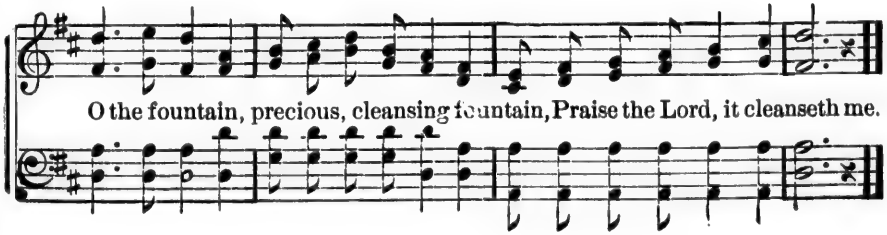


Flow - ing down from Calv'ry's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo - ry died.
There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur - den; All your wand'rings he'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav - ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood

CHORUS.



O the fountain, blessed heal-ing fountain, I am glad 'tis flowing free;



O the fountain, precious, cleansing fountain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

No. 104. An Heir to a Throne.

E. A. H. E. A. Hoffman.

1. An heir to a throne am I, . . . In the
2. For joy let my spir - it sing! I'm a
3. How can I ex - press my joy? O my
4. Let me live as be - comes a son Of the

king - dom of God on high; For we shall be kings and be
child of a roy - al King, And soon shall in - her - it a
soul, all thy pow'rs em - ploy, The won - der - ful love of the
high and the ho - ly One! My life— be it such that to

priests, we are told, In his pal - ace, on thrones of
king - dom a - bove, In the land of e - ter - nal
Lord to make known, Thro' whose soul - cleans - ing blood a -
all may be known, I'm the child of a King, his

Gold, In his pal - ace, on thrones of Gold.
love, In the land of e - ter - nal love.
- lone, I'm an heir to a roy - al throne.
own, and an heir to a heav'n - ly throne.

No. 105. The Master's Call.

Mrs. J. P. Bixby. W. S. Martin.

1. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for me, Oh, precious the message and
2. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, Yes, Je-sus, the Mas ter, has
3. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, A-way with thy earth-ly

true; With haste, Lord, I rise and come un-to thee, All.
come; Be-lieve in his word, and trust in his grace, Why
care; He of-fers sweet rest, O sin-ner to thee; Thy

Chorus.

praise for the glad in-ter-view. The Mas - - ter is come, He
long-er in sin shouldst thou roam?
bur-den he glad-ly will bear. The Master, the Master is come, He

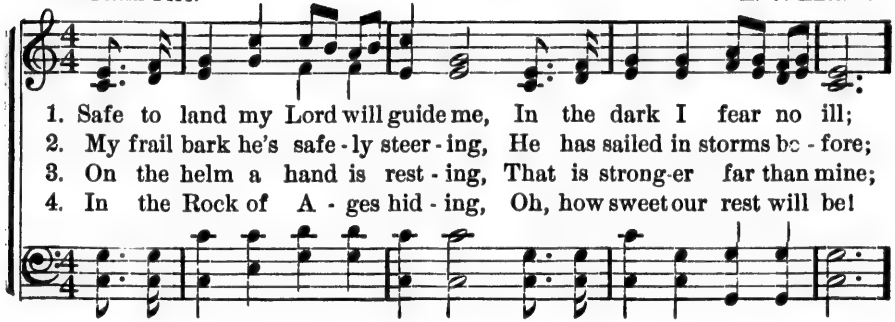
call - - - - eth for thee, He call-eth for thee, He
call-eth, he call-eth for thee,

Rit.

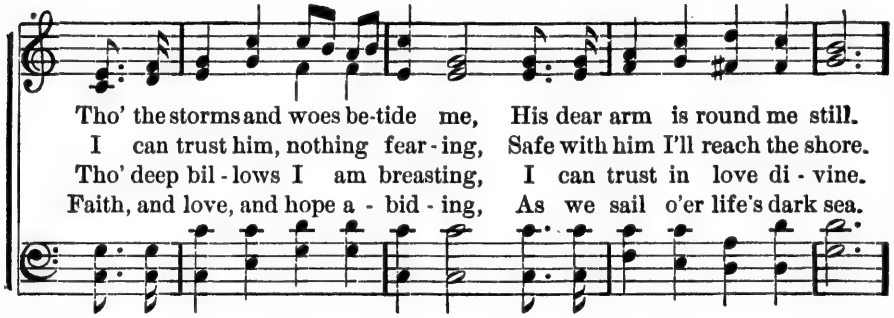
call-eth for me, He call-eth, he call-eth for thee and for me.

No. 106. Safe to Land.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. E. O. Excell.

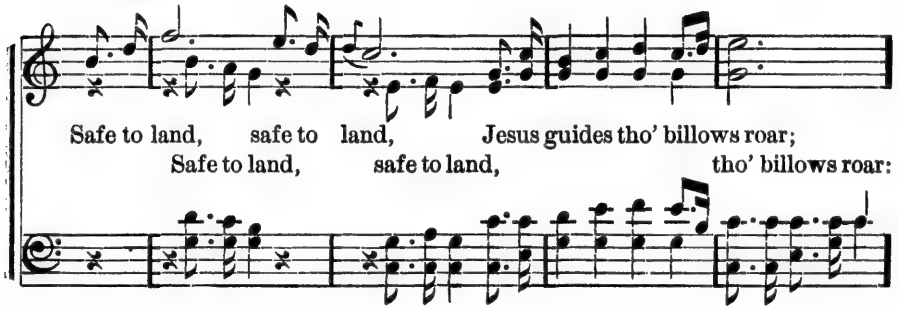


1. Safe to land my Lord will guide me, In the dark I fear no ill;
2. My frail bark he's safe - ly steer - ing, He has sailed in storms be - fore;
3. On the helm a hand is rest - ing, That is strong-er far than mine;
4. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, Oh, how sweet our rest will be!

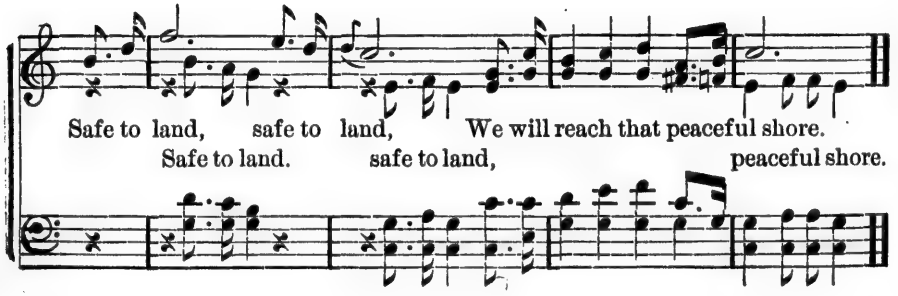


Tho' the storms and woes be-tide me, His dear arm is round me still.
I can trust him, nothing fear - ing, Safe with him I'll reach the shore.
Tho' deep bil - lows I am breasting, I can trust in love di - vine.
Faith, and love, and hope a - bid - ing, As we sail o'er life's dark sea.

Chorus.



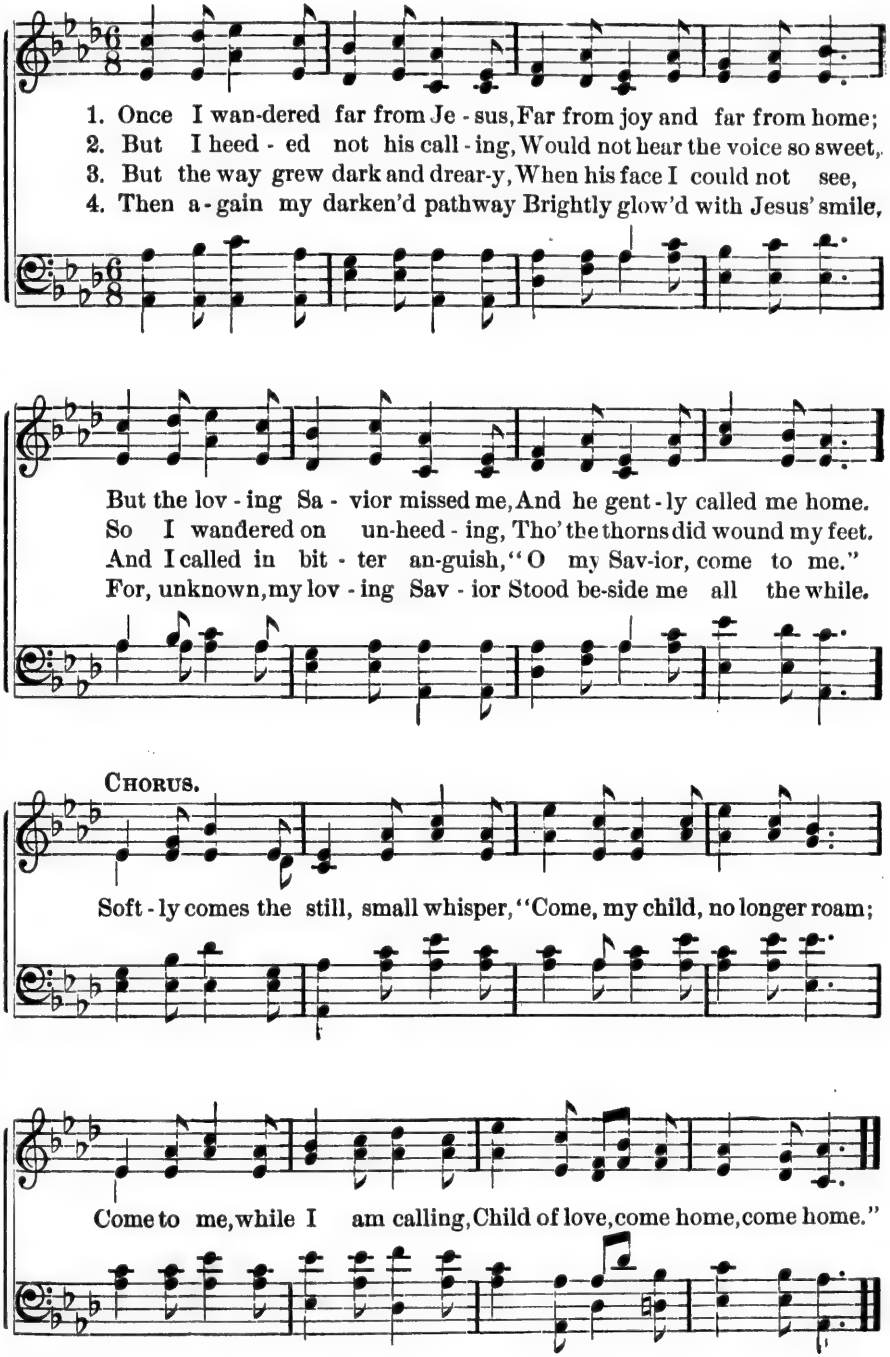
Safe to land, safe to land, Jesus guides tho' billows roar;
Safe to land, safe to land, tho' billows roar:



Safe to land, safe to land, We will reach that peaceful shore.
Safe to land. safe to land, peaceful shore.

No, 107, Come Home,

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. J. E. HALL.



No. 108. On the Sweet Other Side.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. E. O. Excell.

1. We're o - ver on the storm-y side, Dark clouds be - set our way;
2. There is an - oth - er bright-er side Of life be-yond the sky,
3. Our jour - ney here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest,
4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flow'rs immortal bloom,

But just a - cross the roll - ing tide, Beam shores of end-less day.
Where sin and sor - row ne'er be - tide, And loved ones nev - er die.
In yon - der clime that needs no sun,— Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
My dear Re-deem-er's face be - hold, And calm - ly rest at home.

Chorus.

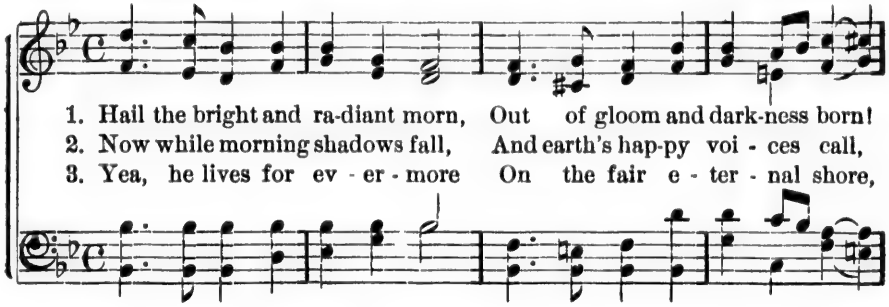
On the oth - er side, be - yond the roll - ing tide,
sweet oth - er side,

Je-sus is wait-ing for me, On the gold - en shore, In the
Je - sus waits for me, for me, bright golden shore,

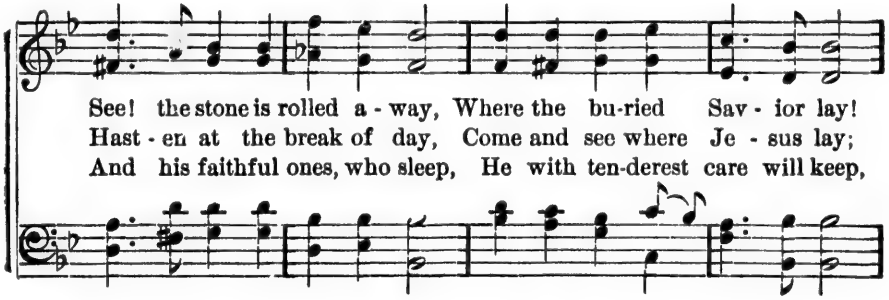
grand ev - er - more, Lov'd ones are watch-ing for me, for me.
Lov'd ones watch for me, for me.

No. 109. Hail the Bright and Radiant Morn.

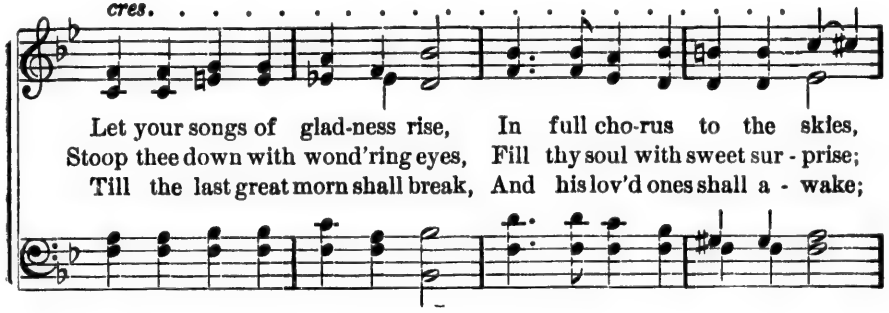
Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D. D. S. Carr Jr.



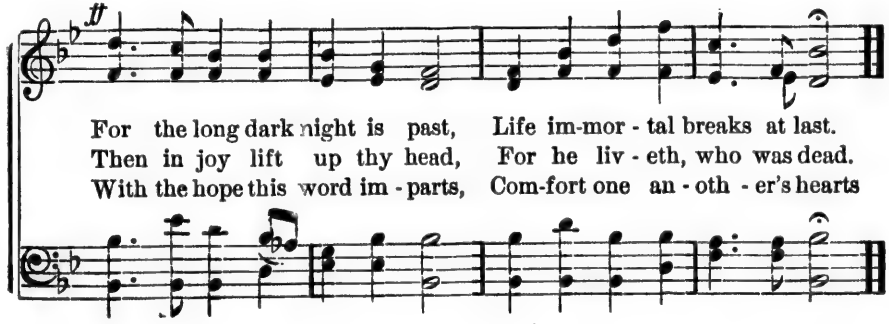
1. Hail the bright and ra-diant morn, Out of gloom and dark-ness born!
2. Now while morning shadows fall, And earth's hap-py voi - ces call,
3. Yea, he lives for ev - er - more On the fair e - ter - nal shore,



See! the stone is rolled a - way, Where the bu-ried Sav - ior lay!
Hast - en at the break of day, Come and see where Je - sus lay;
And his faithful ones, who sleep, He with ten-derest care will keep,



Let your songs of glad-ness rise, In full cho-rus to the skies,
Stoop thee down with wond'ring eyes, Fill thy soul with sweet sur - prise;
Till the last great morn shall break, And his lov'd ones shall a - wake;



For the long dark night is past, Life im-mor - tal breaks at last.
Then in joy lift up thy head, For he liv - eth, who was dead.
With the hope this word im - parts, Com-fort one an - oth - er's hearts

No. 110. Grace, Patience and Strength.

Mrs. M. E. B. Willson. Alfred Beirly.

1. *Thy Grace* all suf - fi - cient, to me let it be Like a
2. *Thy Pa- tience*, O Lord, to my soul free - ly give, That
3. *Thy Strength*, give me dai - ly and hour - ly, I pray, Up -

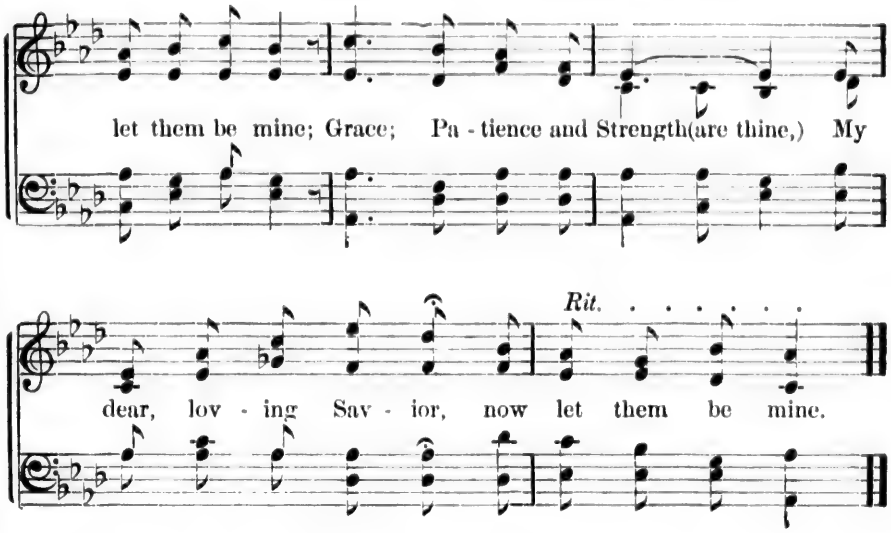
shield to pro - tect and from Sa - tan set free; In
I may not mur-mur, but con -stant - ly live In the
- hold me, for I am but weak- ness each day; Be -

ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion this prom - ise I claim, For
sun - shine of glad - ness, thine own lov - ing smile, In
- stow on me, Lord, from thy boun - ti - ful store, Thy

by it my en - e - mies oft have been slain.
joy or in sad - ness, in thee all the while.
grace and thy *pa - tience*, with *strength* ev - er - more.

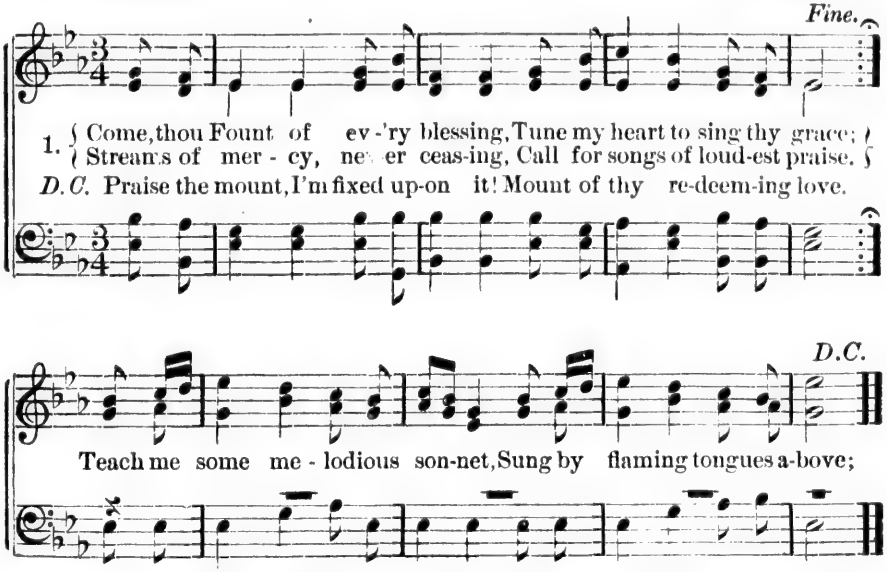
Grace, Patience and Strength (are thine,) My dear lov - ing Sav-ior, now

Grace, Patience and Strength. Concluded.



No. 111. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson. John Wyeth.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 112. What Are You Doing?

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. J. E. HALL.

1. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus, The Sav-ior who suf -fered for
2. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus? He was cru-ci - fied, sin - ners, for
3. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus, One thorn from his crown to re -

thee? His soft voice is call - ing the gen - tly, Oh, child of my
you. Oh, give him the life that he pur- chased, And take of his
- move? Oh, o - pen the door to your Sav - ior, And give him your

CHORUS.

love, come to me. He's call - ing, he's call - ing, he's
love, pure and true.
ten - der - est love- He's call-ing for thee, he's call- ing for thee, He's

call - ing thee, "come un - to me." He's call - ing, he's
He's call- ing for thee, he's

call - ing, He's call - ing thee, "come un - to me."
call - ing for thee,

No. 113. Mother is Praying For Me.

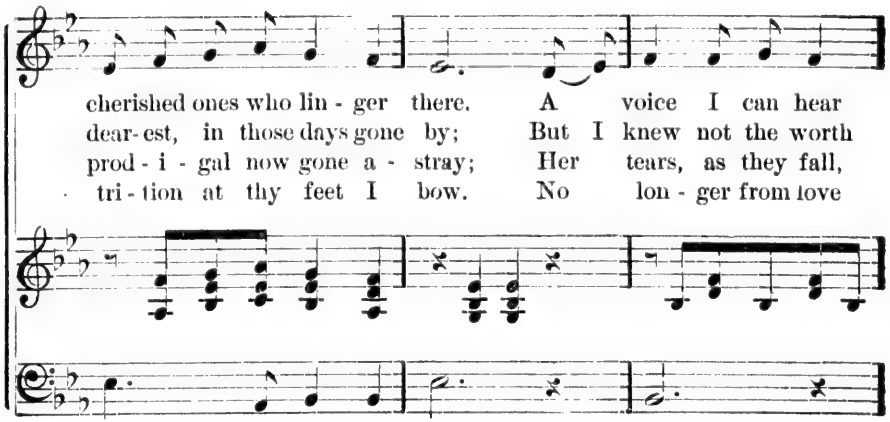
E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

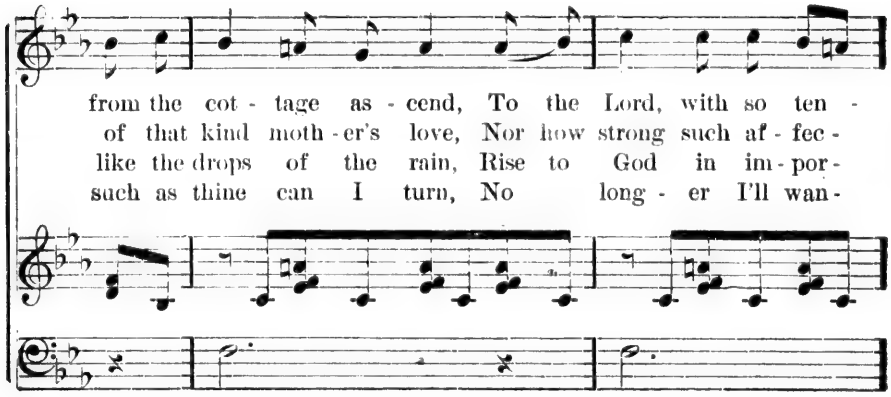
1. As the shad - ows of eve - ning are clos - ing me round,
2. There was once a fond place in that cir - cle for me—
3. That dear moth - er is now at the throne humbled low,
4. O thou Fa - ther of mer - cies, Dis - pens - er of grace,

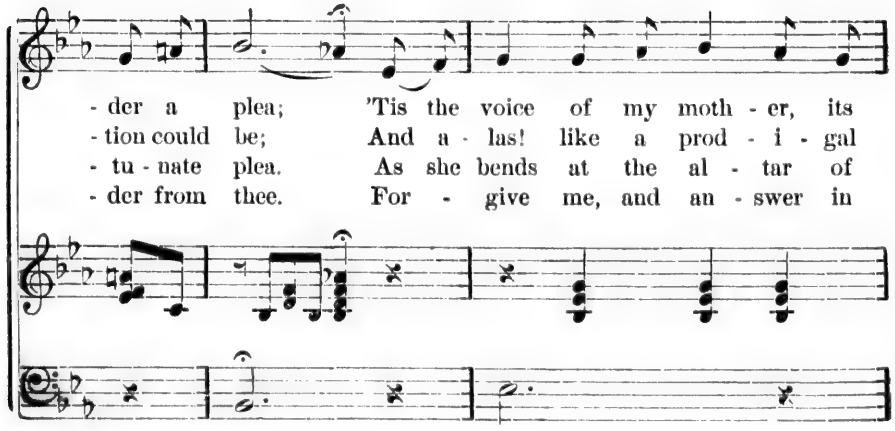
And I'm sit - ting so si - lent - ly here, Sad and
How the thought brings a tear to my eye! It was
And she weeps for her son far a - way; And she's
Hear the pray'r I am of - fer - ing now, And for -

lone, is my heart, for I'm think - ing of home, And the
next to my moth - er, who loved me so well, I was
plead - ing, as on - ly a fond moth - er can, For the
- give my heart-wand'rings, and par - don my sin: In con -

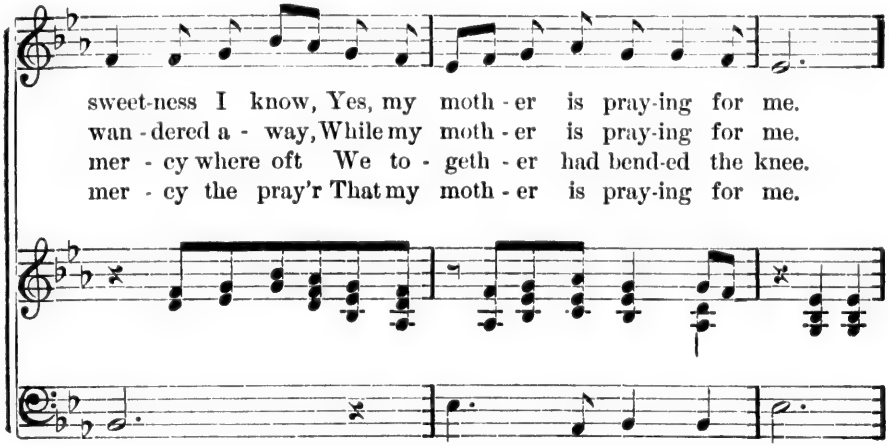
Mother is Praying For Me. Continued.



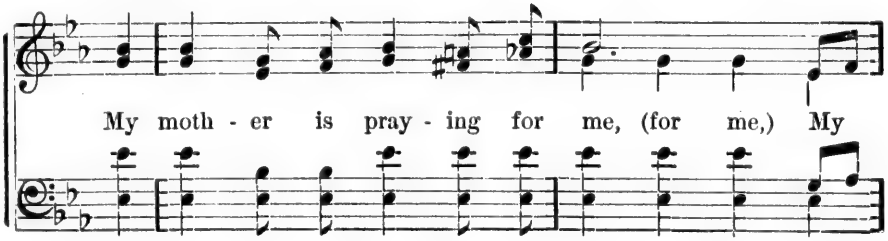


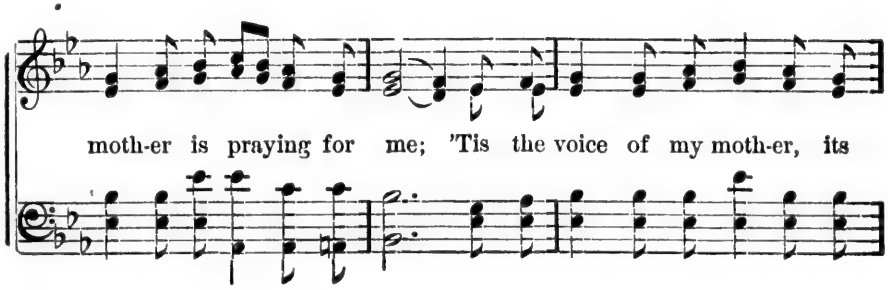


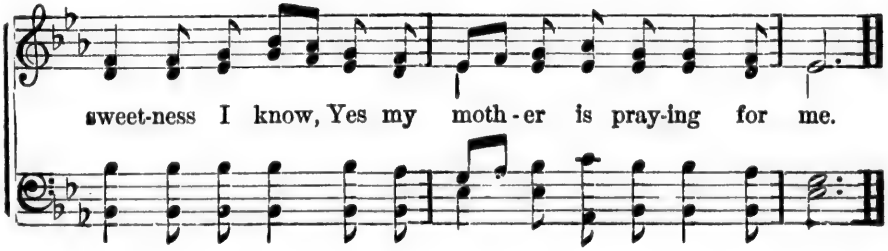
Mother is Praying For Me. Concluded.



CHORUS.

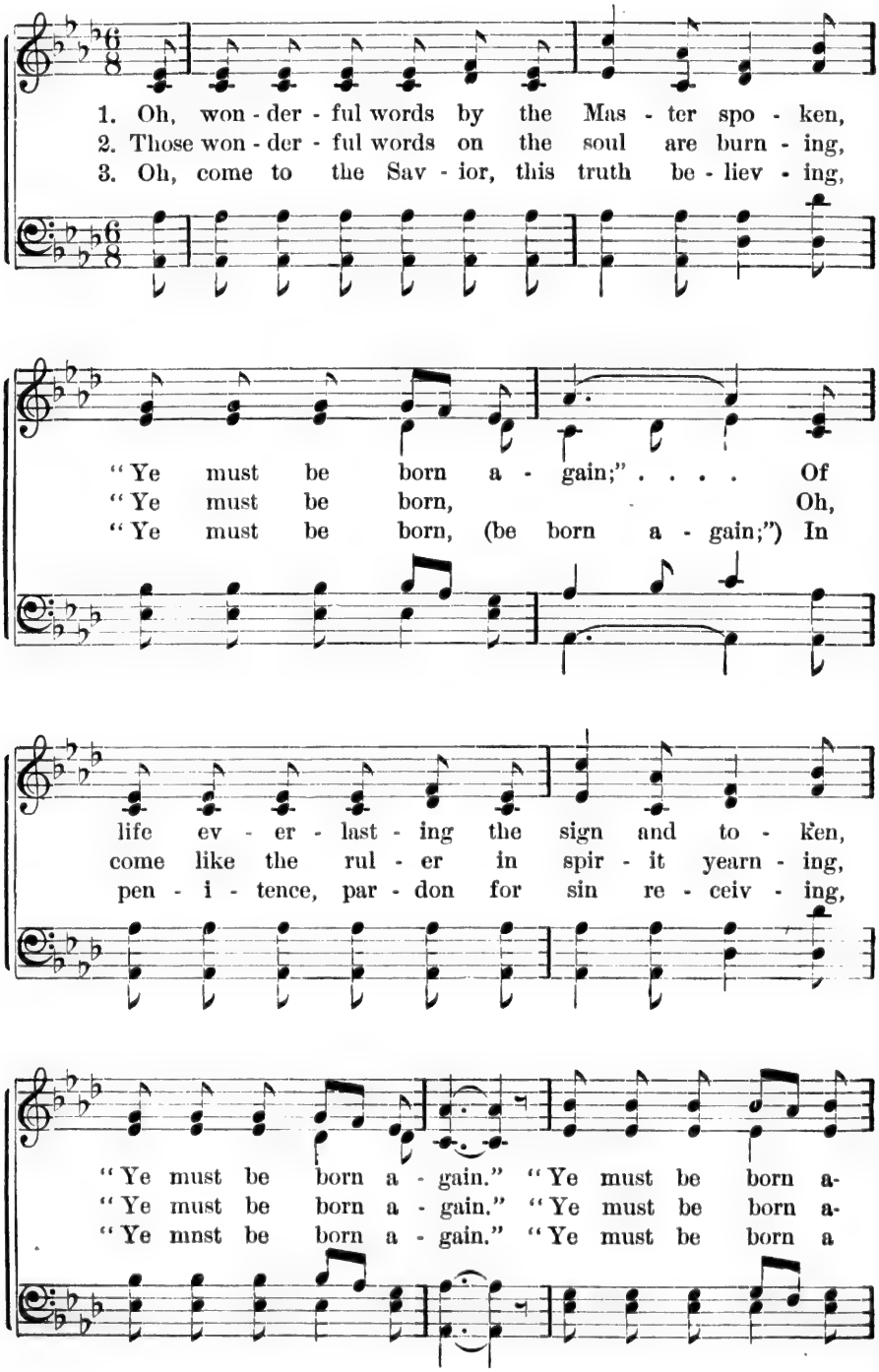






No. 114. "Ye Must be Born Again."

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.



"Ye Must be Born Again." Concluded.

gain," he said, Un - to the rul - er who came for aid;
gain," for lo! Je - sus, the Mas - ter, hath told you so;
gain," in love, And like the rul - er, your faith must prove;

Born of the Spir - it of God in - deed, Oh, "Ye must be
Born of the Spir - it while here be - low, Oh, "Ye must be
Born of the Spir - it of God a - bove, Oh, "Ye must be

REFRAIN.

born a - gain." "Ye . . . . . must be born a - gain,"
born a - gain."
born a - gain." "Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"

"Ye . . . . . must be born a - gain." Born of the
"Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"

Spir - it, an heir of God, Oh, "Ye must be born a - gain."

No. 115. The Cry of the Lost.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN. ALFRED BEIRLY.

SOLO. *With much expression.*

1. There are homes of want and sor-row, There are haunts of sin and
2. Can we not be do - ing something To re - claim the lost who
3. Oh, how sad their hearts, and wea-ry! Oh, how weak these souls, and

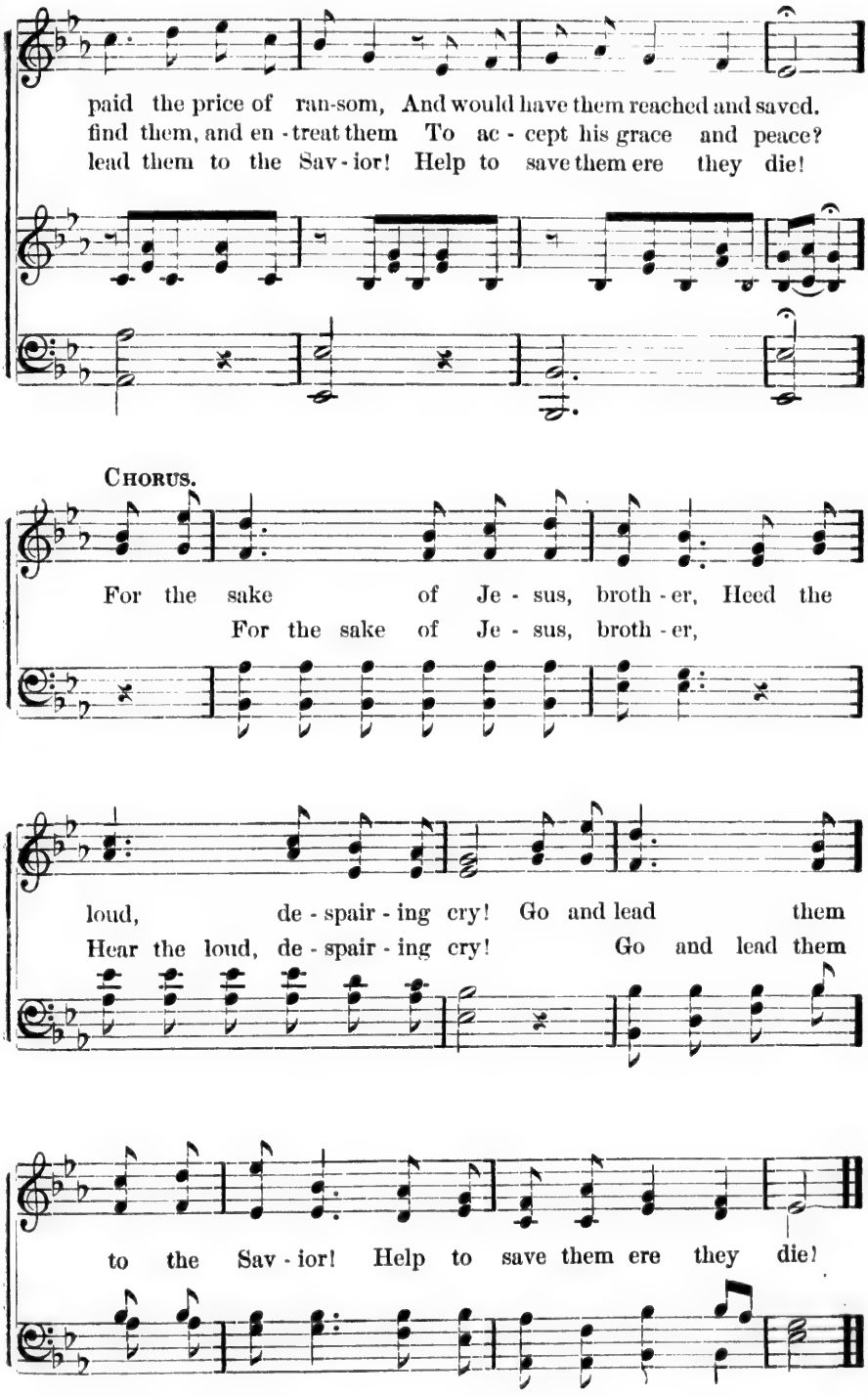
p

shame, Where no lov - ing voice and ten - der, Whis - pers
stray, And in blind - ness and in fol - ly, Walk in
faint! How they thirst for life's pure wa - ter! Hear you

the Re-deem - er's name; Yet for all these sor - row-
sin's de-struct - ive way? Can we not, with heart like
not their deep com- plaint? For the sake of Je - sus,

bur-dened, And for all these sin en - slaved, Je - sus
Je - sus, And with love as warm as his, Go and
broth - er, Heed their loud, de - spair ing, cry! Go and

The Cry of the Lost. Concluded.



No. 116. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. (To Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Nisbett.) E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, ... Let me to thy bo-som
1. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; . . . . . Hangs my help-less soul on
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, ... Grace to cov - er all my

* 1. Je - - - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy,
2. Oth - - - - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less,
3. Plen - - teous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er,

fly, ... While the near-er wa- ters roll, ... While the
thee; . . . . . Leave, O leave me not a - lone, ... Still sup-
sin; . . . . . Let the heal-ing stream a- bound; . . . . . Make and

to thy bo-som fly, While the near-er wa- ters roll, While the
help-less soul on thee: Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-
cov - er all my sin: Let the heal-ing stream a-bound: Make and

tem-pest still is high, ... Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the
port and com-fort me; . . . . . All my trust on thee is stayed, All my
keep me pure with-in, ... Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly

tem - pest, tem-pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sa-vior, hide, Till the
port, sup - port and com-fort me: All my trust on thee is stayed, All my
keep me, keep me pure with-in; Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly

* Tenor use small notes in duet with Soprano.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

storm of life is past, ... Safe in-to the ha-ven
help from thee I bring, ... Cov-er my de-fense-less
let me take of thee, ... Spring thou up with-in my

storm of, storm of life is past; Safe in-
help from, help from thee I bring; Cov - - er
let me, let me take of thee; Spring thou

guide, ... O re-ceive my soul at last, ...
head . . . . . With the shad-ow of thy wing, ...
heart; . . . . . Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty, ...

to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul, my soul at last!
my de-fense-less head, With the shad-ow shad-ow of thy wing!
up with-in my heart, Rise to all, to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, ... O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fense-less head . . . . . With the shad-ow of thy wing.
Spring thou up with-in my heart, ... Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing!
Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 117. All May Come to Jesus.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. H. A. Lewis.

1. Are your robes all stained with sin? Bring them now to Je - sus;
2. Hear that voice so sweet and low— 'Tis the voice of Je - sus;
3. Come, my broth - er, come to - day, Bring your sins to Je - sus;

He will make them white and clean, Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus;
He will wash you white as snow; Oh, the love of Je - sus!
He will wash them all a - way, Oh, be clean thro' Je - sus;

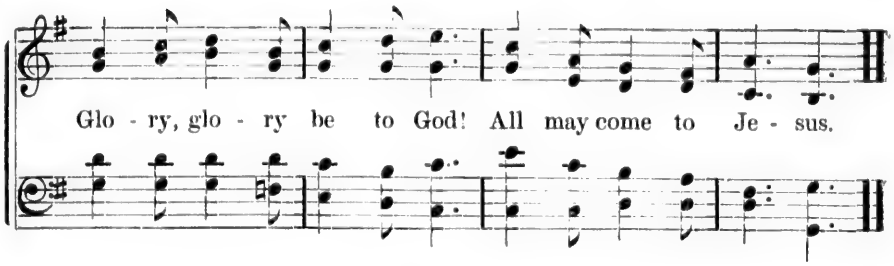
Oh, be-lieve the promise sweet, Come, and kneel at Je - sus feet;
Oh, ac-cept the Son of God, Tram - ple not up - on the blood;
He is wait - ing to re-ceive, Do not thus his Spir-it grieve;

Sin - ners at the mer - cy-seat, Find sweet rest in Je - sus.
'Tis for you the crim - son flood, Come, oh, come to Je - sus.
He will save if you be-lieve, Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus.

Chorus.

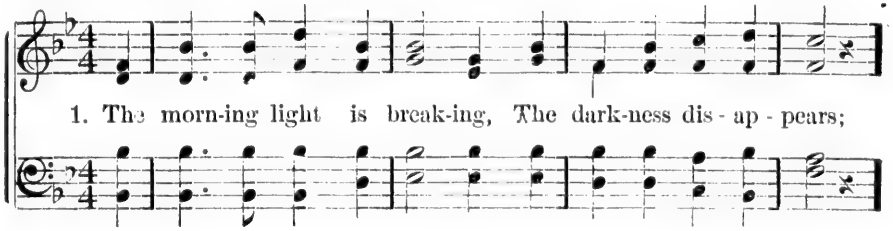
Oh, that deep and cleans - ing flood! Oh, the pow'r of Je - sus blood!

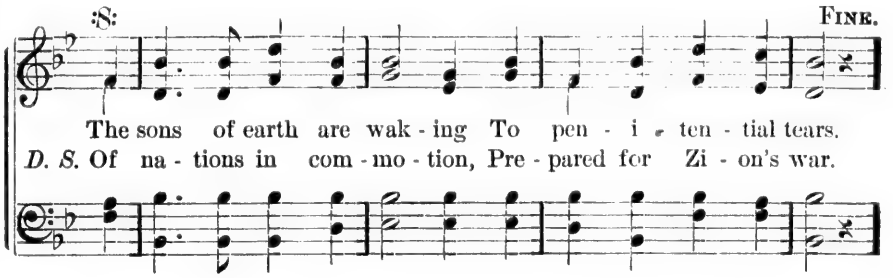
All May Come to Jesus. Concluded.

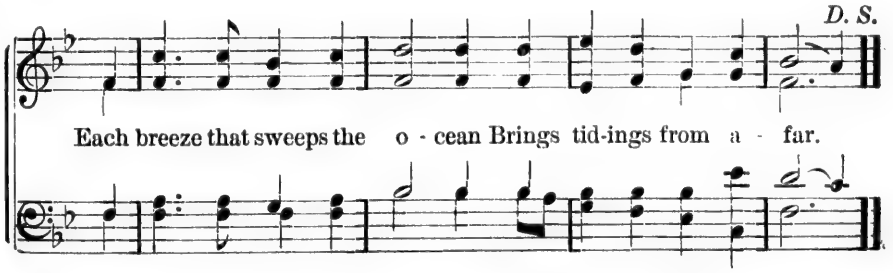


No. 118. The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEO. WEBB.







2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day,

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 119. Whiter Than The Snow.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. J. A. Dailey.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, says the Savior di - vine, The Fa - ther has
2. Far whit - er than snow, and as fair as the day,—For Christ is the
3. Yon sheep, that was lost in the val-ley of sin, Was found by the

willed that the king - dom be thine; O soil not your gar-ments with
fount - ain to wash guilt a - way; Oh, give him, poor sin - ner, that
shep - herd, who gath - ered him in; With songs of thanksgiv - ing the

sin here be - low,—My sheep and my lambs must be whit-er than snow
burden of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine - ty - and-nine.
hills did re-sound, My friends, and my neighbors, the lost sheep is found.

Chorus.

Whit - - - - - er than snow,
Whit - er than the snow, I long to be, dear Sav-ior,

Whit - - - - er than snow, Whit - - er than
Whiter than the snow, I long to be Whit-er than the snow,

Whiter Than The Snow. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus pp.

snow, Whit - - er than snow.
I long to be, dear Savior, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

No. 120. Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;

:S: FINE.

Naked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D.S. Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.

D.S.

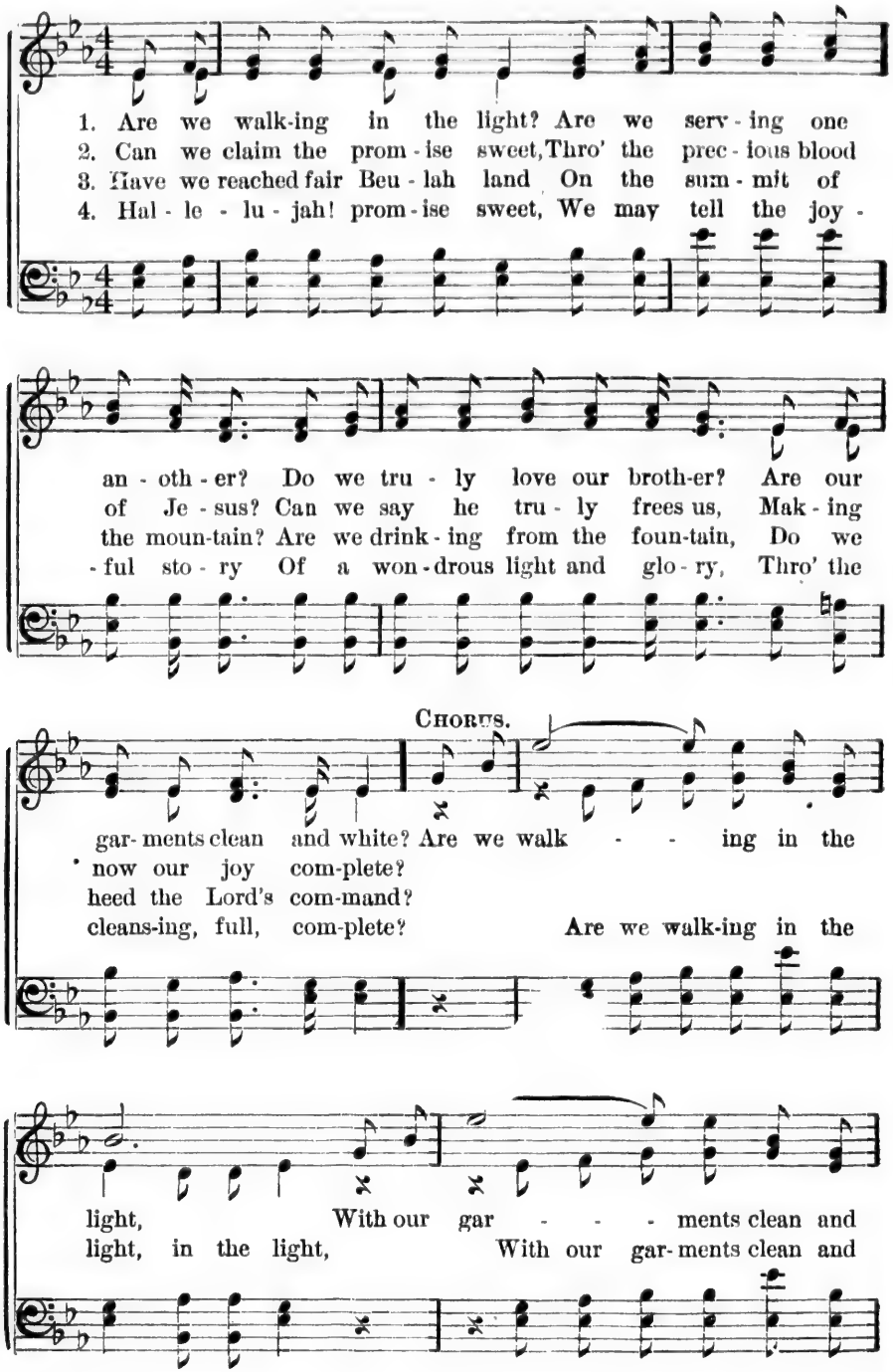
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am-bi - tion, All I've sought and hop'd and known.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show thy face, and all is bright. [me,

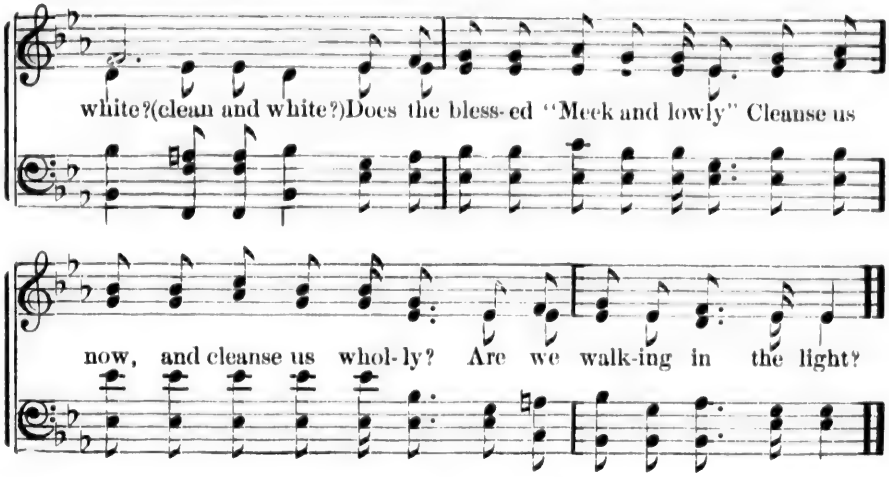
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-
All must work for good to me. [er.

No. 121. Are We Walking in the Light?

Mrs. Harriet Jones. H. A. Lewis.

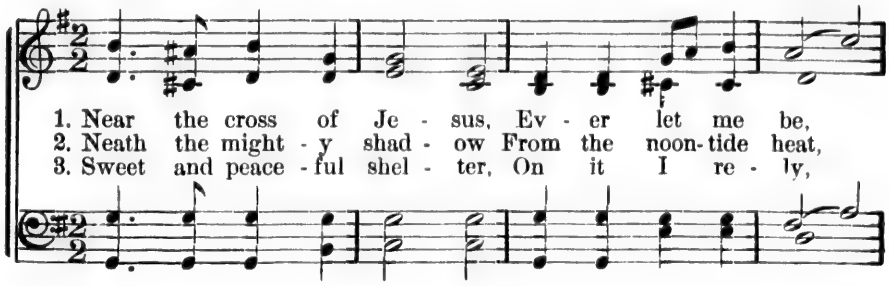


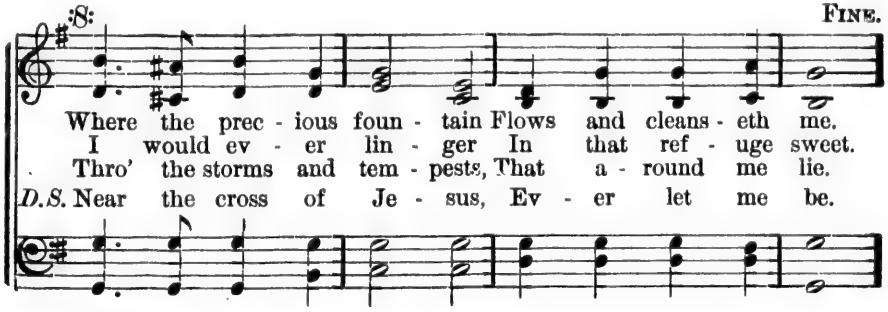
Are We Walking in the Light? Concluded.

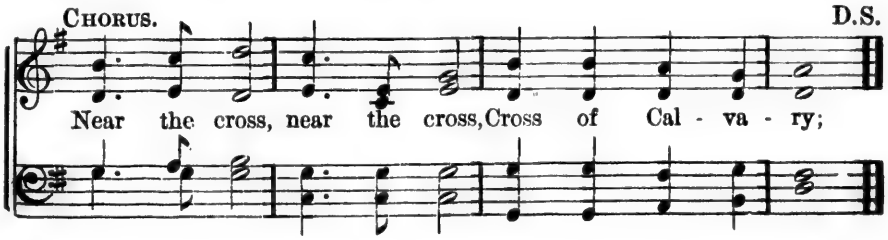


No. 122. Near the Cross.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. A. OGDEN.

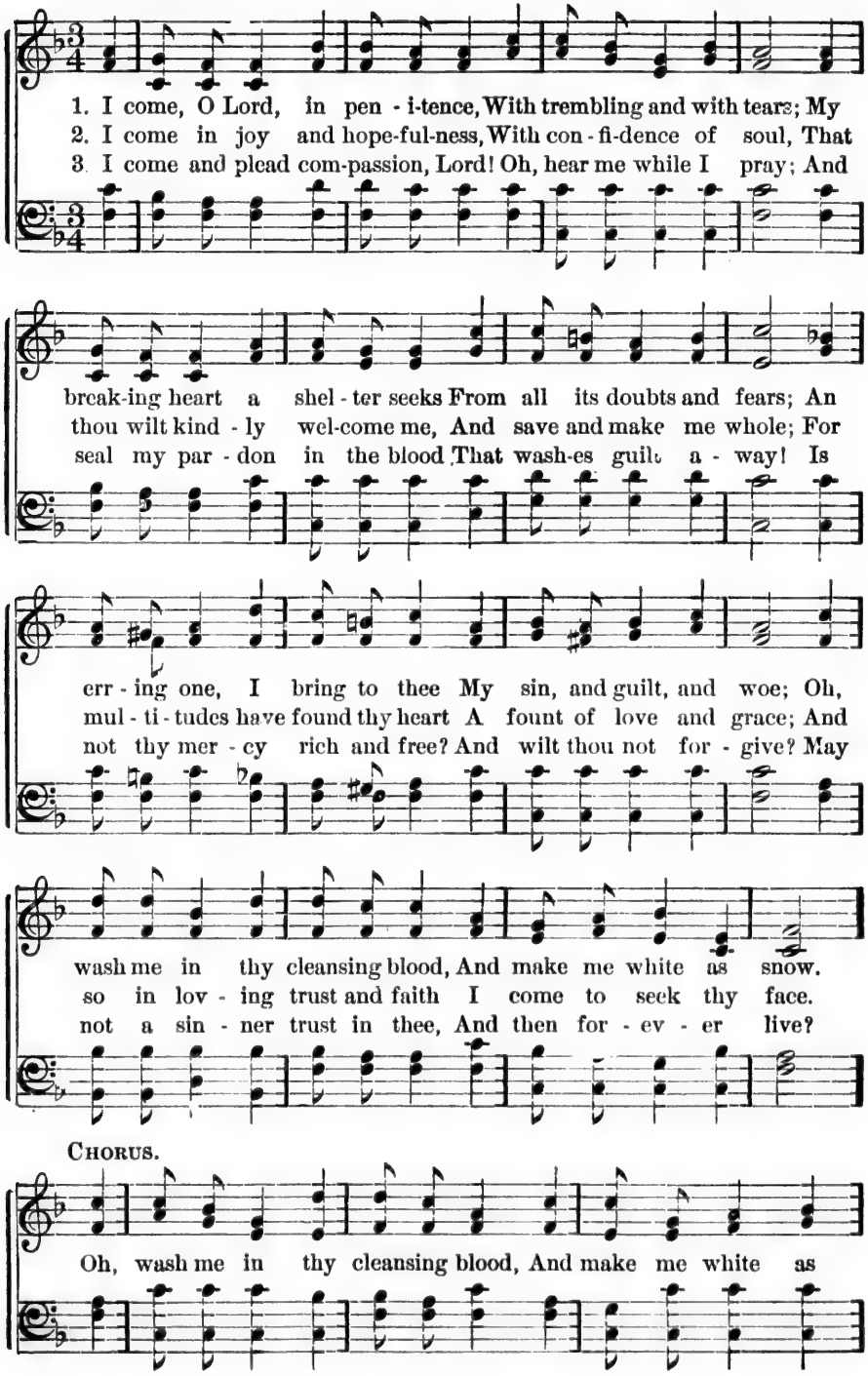




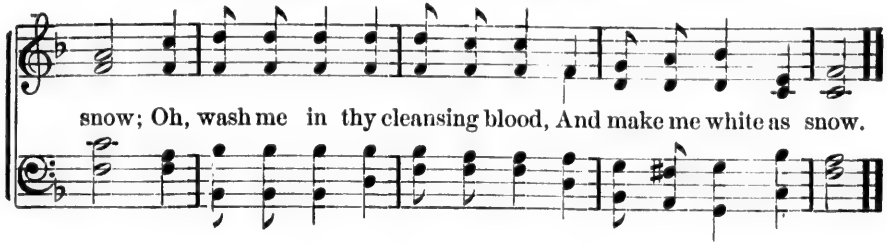


No. 123. Make me White as Snow.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN. ALFRED BEIRLY.

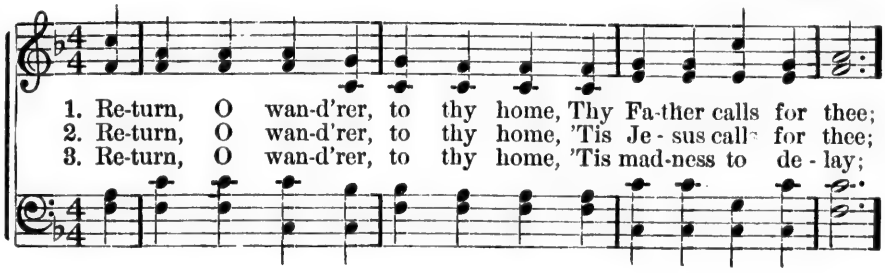


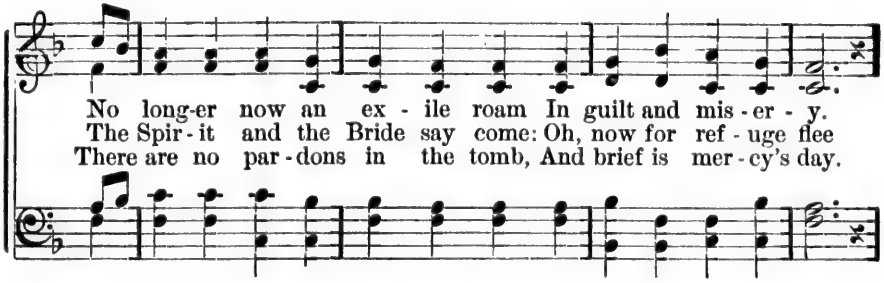
Make me White as Snow. Concluded.

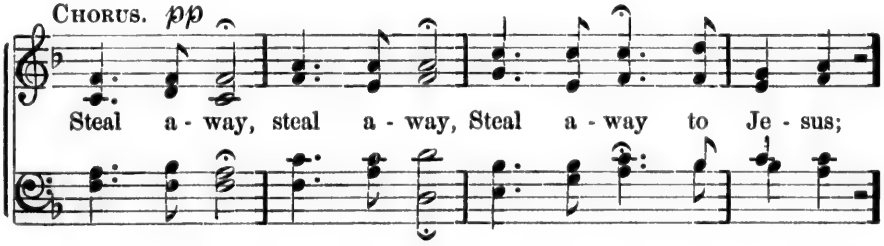


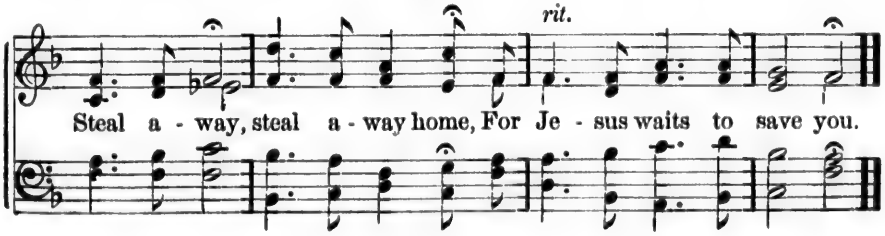
No. 124. Steal Away to Jesus.

E. O. Excell.



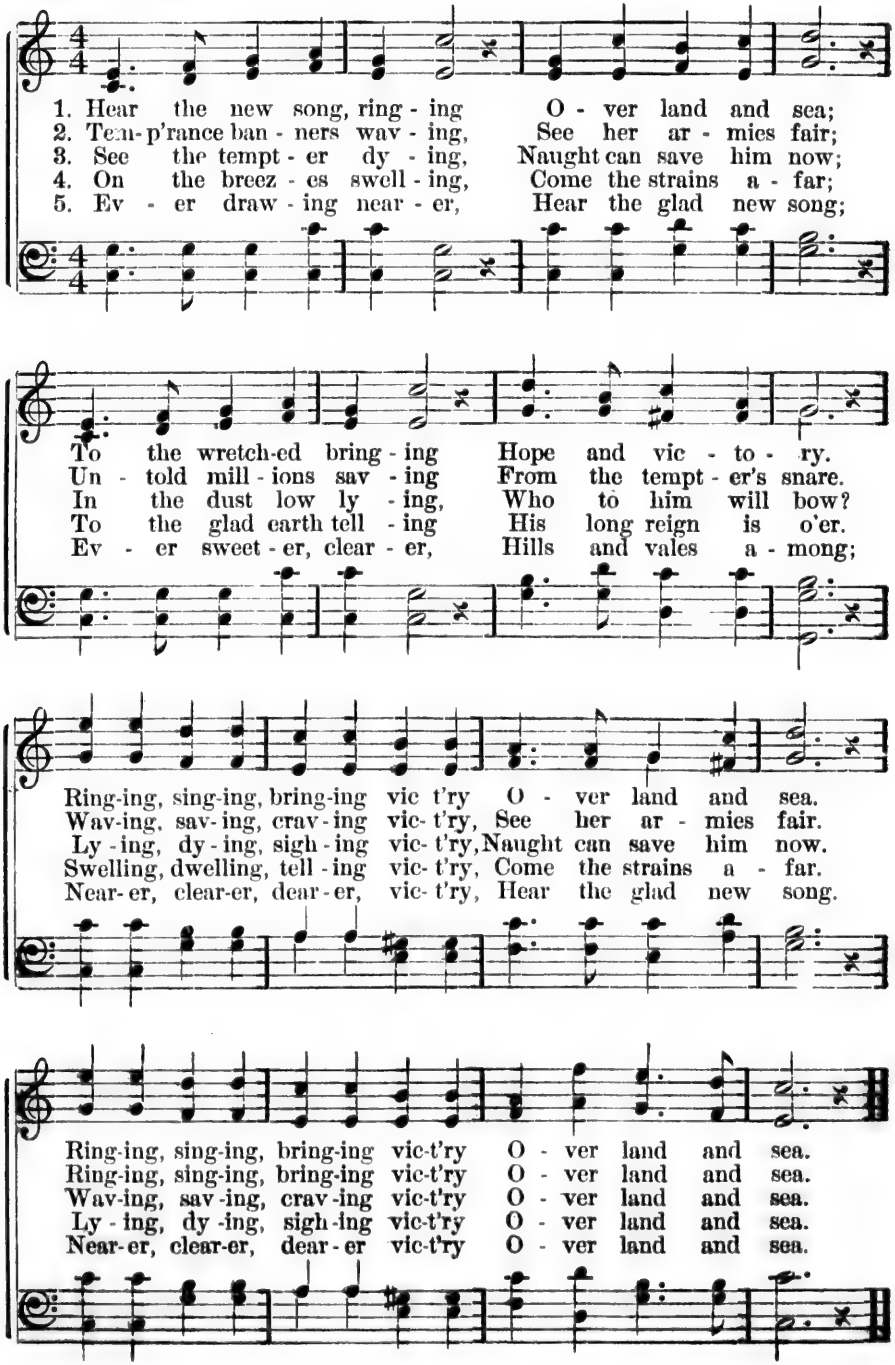






No. 125. The New Song.

Miss L. P. Higgins. Geo. H. Ryder.



No. 126. We Shall Meet Again.

FRANCIS A. SIMPKINS. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. O is it true, and shall we meet a - gain,— Life's
2. O God a - bove! shall we not meet a - gain? Is
3. O whis - per to me, we shall meet a - gain; Be
4. O praise his name! yes, we shall meet a - gain, Meet

toil - some jour - ney done; When earth's brief day is closed for
this sad world our all? May no sweet prom-ise still to
still, my wist - ful heart! Why should I rath - er in this
on the oth - er shore, Where heav'n - ly hosts shall ring the

aye, and when The new day is be - gun, Say, shall we, in that
us re - main, When thine own voice shall call? Shall we not know our
vale re - main, If when I shall de - part, And pass from earth- ly
glad re - frain Of joy, for ev - er - more; "He yet shall reign, the

high - er, ho - lier sphere, Know our dear lov'd ones, as we know them here?
own, and with them be To bide for ev - er - more, with them and thee?
scenes and mor-tal ken, I know, by faith, that we shall meet a - gain?
Lamb that once was slain!" The day draws nigh, when we shall meet a - gain.

No. 127. At The Beautiful Gate.

Rev. J. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful fate, If sor-row in heav-en can be,
If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, There waiting and watching for me.

2. How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en-ly state, If sad-ness in heav-en can be,
If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, Conduct-ed to glo-ry by me.

3. O Lord, I be-seech thee for wisdom and grace, In win-ning lost souls un-to thee;
That ma-ny may be in that beau-ti-ful place, A crown of re-joic-ing to me.

Chorus.

Yes, wait - - - - ing and watching for me, Yes, wait - - - - ing and watching for me; May ma-ny of those at the beau-ti-ful gate Be wait-ing and watching for me.

Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for me, Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for me;

No. 128. Send the Power.

L. A. Morrison. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er,
2. He gave his life to save me, He gave his life to save me, He gave his life to save me,
3. And by his grace I tri - umph, And by his grace I tri - umph, And by his grace I tri - umph,
4. I glo - ry in his fa - vor, I glo - ry in his fa - vor, I glo - ry in his fa - vor,
5. I shall live with him for - ev - er, I shall live with him for - ev - er, I shall live with him for - ev - er,

Chorus.

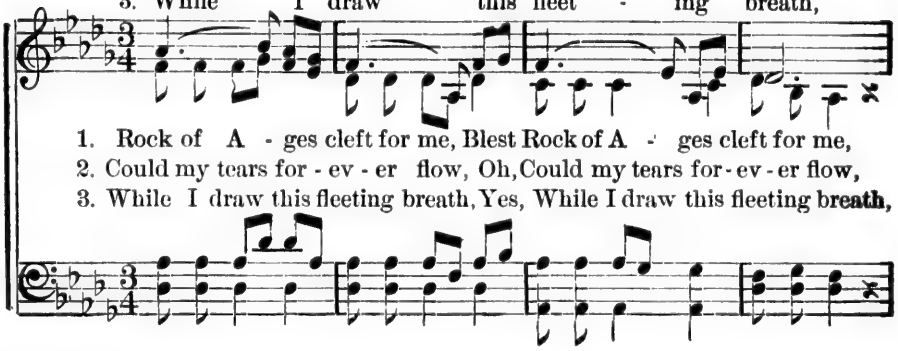
His dy - ing brought the pow'r. { Send the pow'r, pre - cious pow'r, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom - ised should come down; }
{ Send it now, send it now, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom - ised should come down. }

No. 129. Rock of Ages.

(Dedicated to Trinity Choir, Oil City, Pa.)

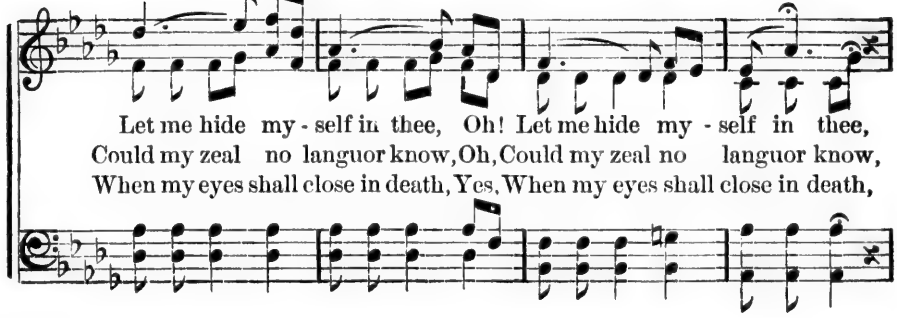
Soprano prominent. E. O. Excell.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,



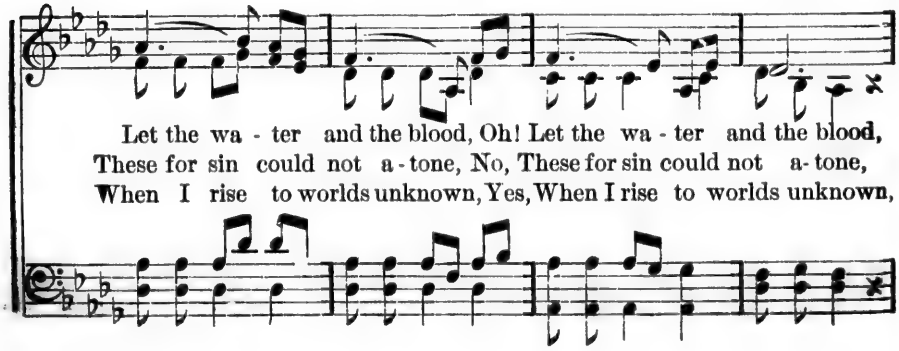
1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,

Let me hide my - self in thee,
Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,



Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in thee,
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh, Could my zeal no languor know,
When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, When my eyes shall close in death,

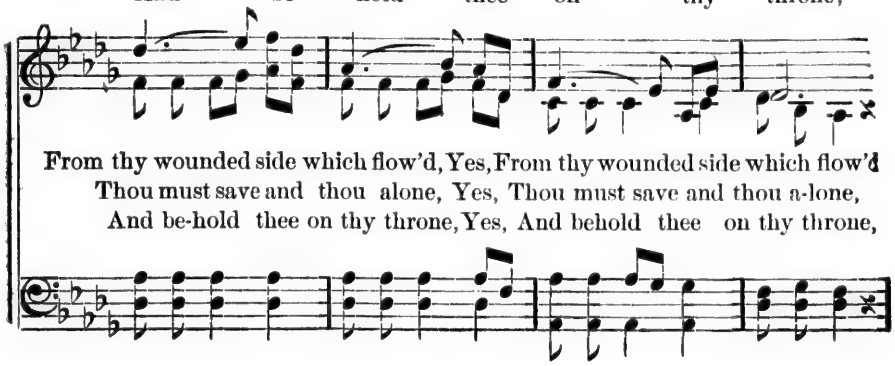
Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to worlds un - known,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to worlds unknown, Yes, When I rise to worlds unknown,

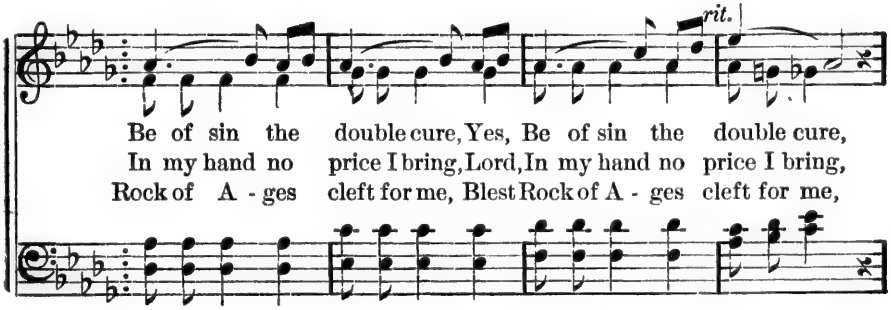
Rock of Ages. Concluded.

From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and thou a - lone;
And be - hold thee on thy throne;



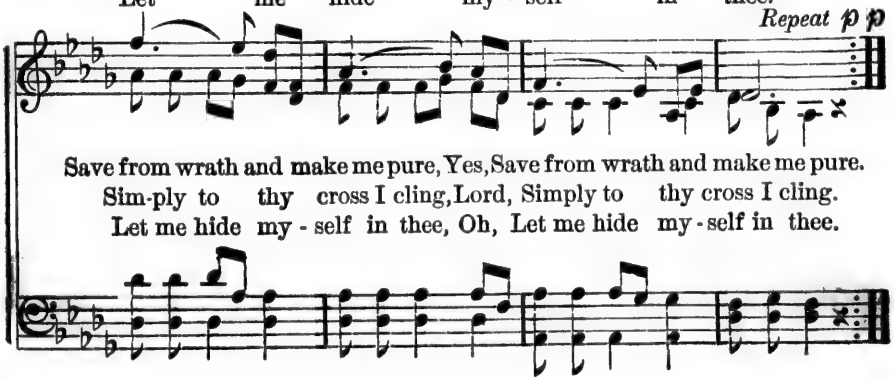
From thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, From thy wounded side which flow'd
Thou must save and thou alone, Yes, Thou must save and thou a-lone,
And be-hold thee on thy throne, Yes, And behold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure,
In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me,



Be of sin the double cure, Yes, Be of sin the double cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,

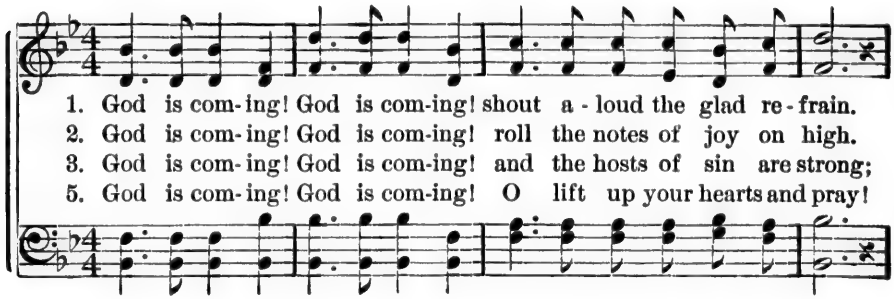
Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,
Let me hide my - self in thee.



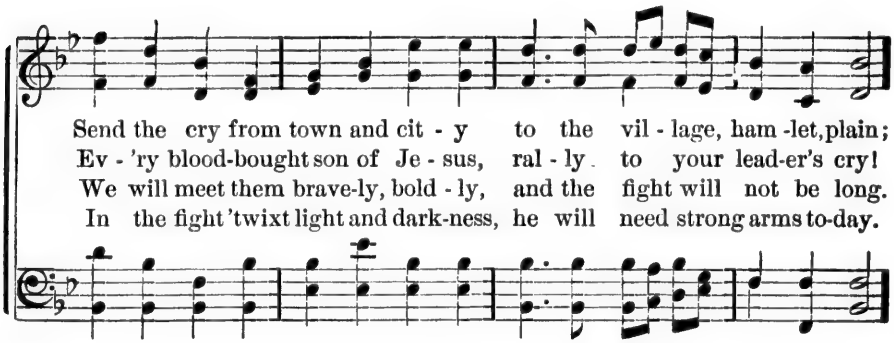
Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to thy cross I cling, Lord, Simply to thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in thee.

No. 130. God is Coming!

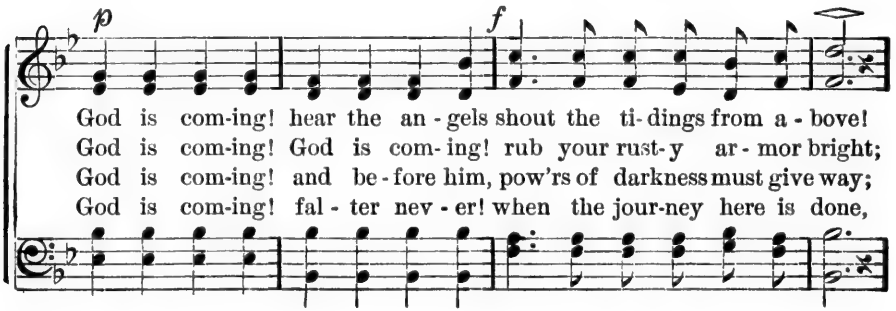
Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.



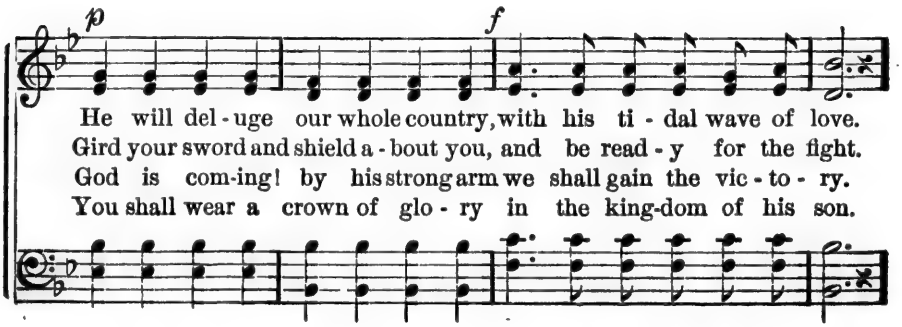
1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout a-loud the glad re-frain.
2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high.
3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;
5. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!



Send the cry from town and cit-y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;
Ev-'ry blood-bought son of Je-sus, ral-ly to your lead-er's cry!
We will meet them brave-ly, bold-ly, and the fight will not be long.
In the fight 'twixt light and dark-ness, he will need strong arms to-day.



God is com-ing! hear the an-gels shout the ti-dings from a-bove!
God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rust-y ar-mor bright;
God is com-ing! and be-fore him, pow'rs of darkness must give way;
God is com-ing! fal-ter nev-er! when the jour-ney here is done,



He will del-uge our whole country, with his ti-dal wave of love.
Gird your sword and shield a-bout you, and be read-y for the fight.
God is com-ing! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic-to-ry.
You shall wear a crown of glo-ry in the king-dom of his son.

God is Coming. Concluded.

CHORUS.

ff

God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a - long the line to - day!

Ev - 'ry man be up - on du - ty, for Je - ho - vah comes this way.

No. 131. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
3. To thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be.

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence, ev - er - more; Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 132. The Hope Of The Soul.

W. P. Rivers. R. M. McIntosh.

Semi-Chorus.

1. The soul hath a hope ev-er dear, Of life in a clime of
2. Sweet hope of the life ev-er blest With God in his home, with
3. Dear hope of the soul's bet-ter life—An o - cean of Peace—sweet
4. Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev-er pure, Of life in the clime of

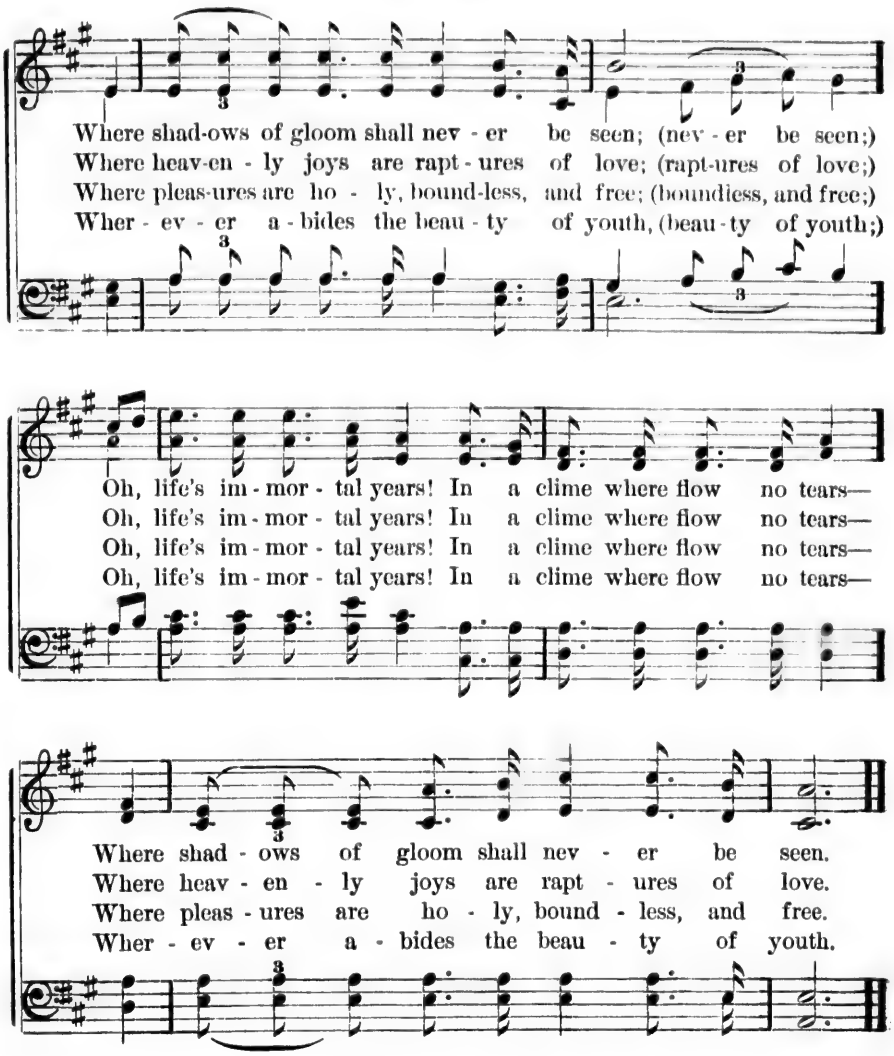
beau - ti - ful sheen; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of
Je - sus a - bove; Where an - gels and saints are at
Pu - ri - ty's seal Where nev - er is tem - pest or
vir - tue and truth; Where vis - ions of glo - ry en-

fear, Where shad - ows of gloom shall nev - er be seen;
rest, Where heav - en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love;
strife, Where pleas-ures are ho - ly, bound - less, and free;
dure, Wher - ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth;

Chorus.

Where shad-ows of gloom shall nev - er be seen, (nev - er be seen,)
Where heav-en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love, (rapt-ures of love,)
Where pleasures are ho - ly, bound-less, and free, (boundless, and free,)
Wher - ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth, (beau - ty of youth,)

The Hope Of The Soul. Concluded.



No. 133. Work, For the Night is Coming.

Key F.

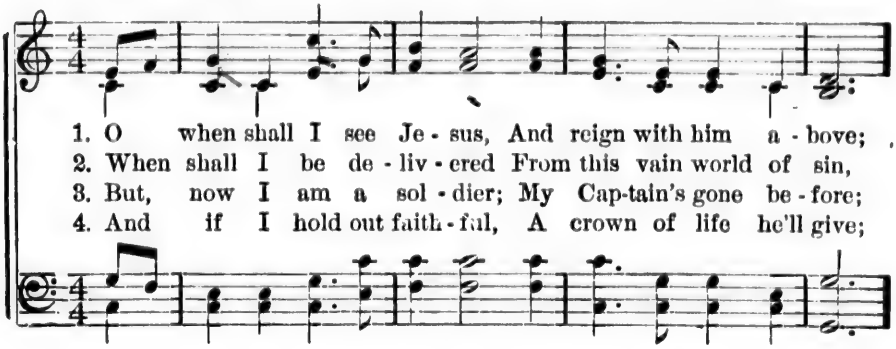
1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flow'rs:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

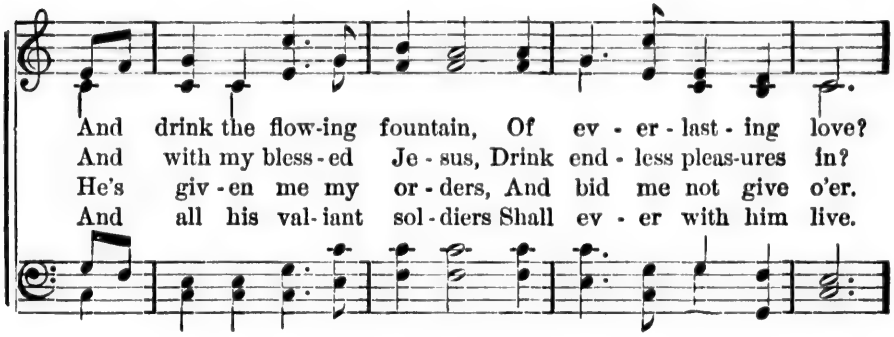
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 134. O When Shall I See Jesus?

Arr. W. M. Leftwich. Arr. R. M. McIntosh.

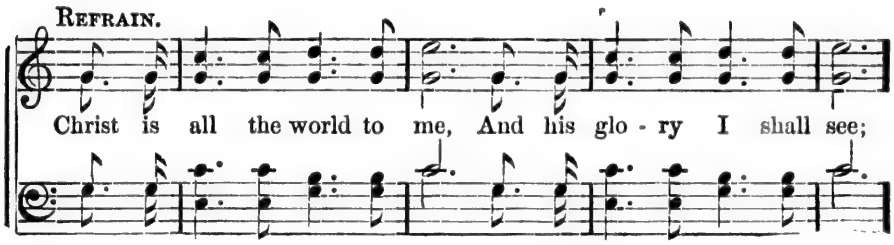


1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove;
2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
3. But, now I am a sol - dier; My Cap-tain's gone be - fore;
4. And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give;

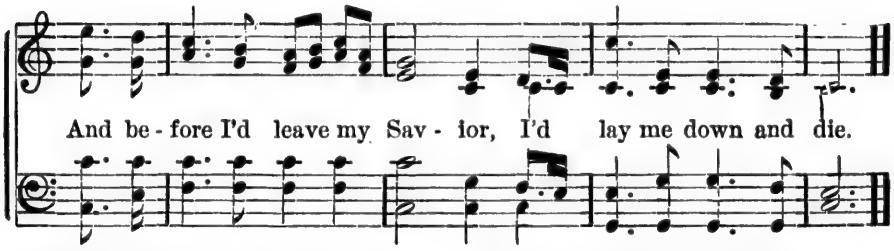


And drink the flow-ing fountain, Of ev - er - last - ing love?
And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas-ures in?
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give o'er.
And all his val - iant sol - diers Shall ev - er with him live.

Refrain.



Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see;



And be - fore I'd leave my Sav - ior, I'd lay me down and die.

5 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Oh, cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

6 Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

No. 135. Take me to the Precious Fountain.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Alfred Bierly.

1. Take me to the pre-cious foun-tain, Where the crystal wa - ters flow,
2. Take me to the pre-cious foun-tain, Stain of sin shall dis - ap- pear,
3. Take me to the pre-cious foun-tain, Pure and ho - ly I would be;

There, on Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Make me whi - ter than the snow.
And on Zi - on's blessed mountain With the ransomed I'll ap - pear.
Seal my heart by thine own spir - it, Make me more and more like thee.

Chorus.

Take . . . . . me to the foun - - tain,
Take me to the foun - tain, Take me to the foun - tain,

Pre - - - cious is its o - ver - flow! In . . . . . its
Pre - cious is its o - ver - flow! In its crys-tal wa-

crys -tal wa - - ters, Make me whi - ter than the snow.
- ters In its crys tal wa-ters,

No. 136. Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGGS. E. O. EXCELL.

DUET

1 Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A
2 A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let
3 A - shamed of Je sus! just as soon, Let
4 A - shamed of Je sus! that dear Friend, On
5 A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When

If preferred play duet.

mor - tal man a - shamed of thee? A-
even - ing blush to own a star; He
mid - night be a - shamed of noon; 'Tis
whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend; No!
I've no guilt to wash a - way, No

shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose
sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er
mid - night with my soul till he, Bright
when I blush, be this my shame, That
tear to wipe, no good to crave, No

Ashamed of Jesus. Concluded.

glo - ries shine through end - less days?
this be - night - ed soul of mine.
Morn - ing Star, bid dark - ness flee.
I no more re - vere his name.
fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A - shamed . . . of Je - sus, I nev - er,
A - shamed of Je - sus, a - shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er,

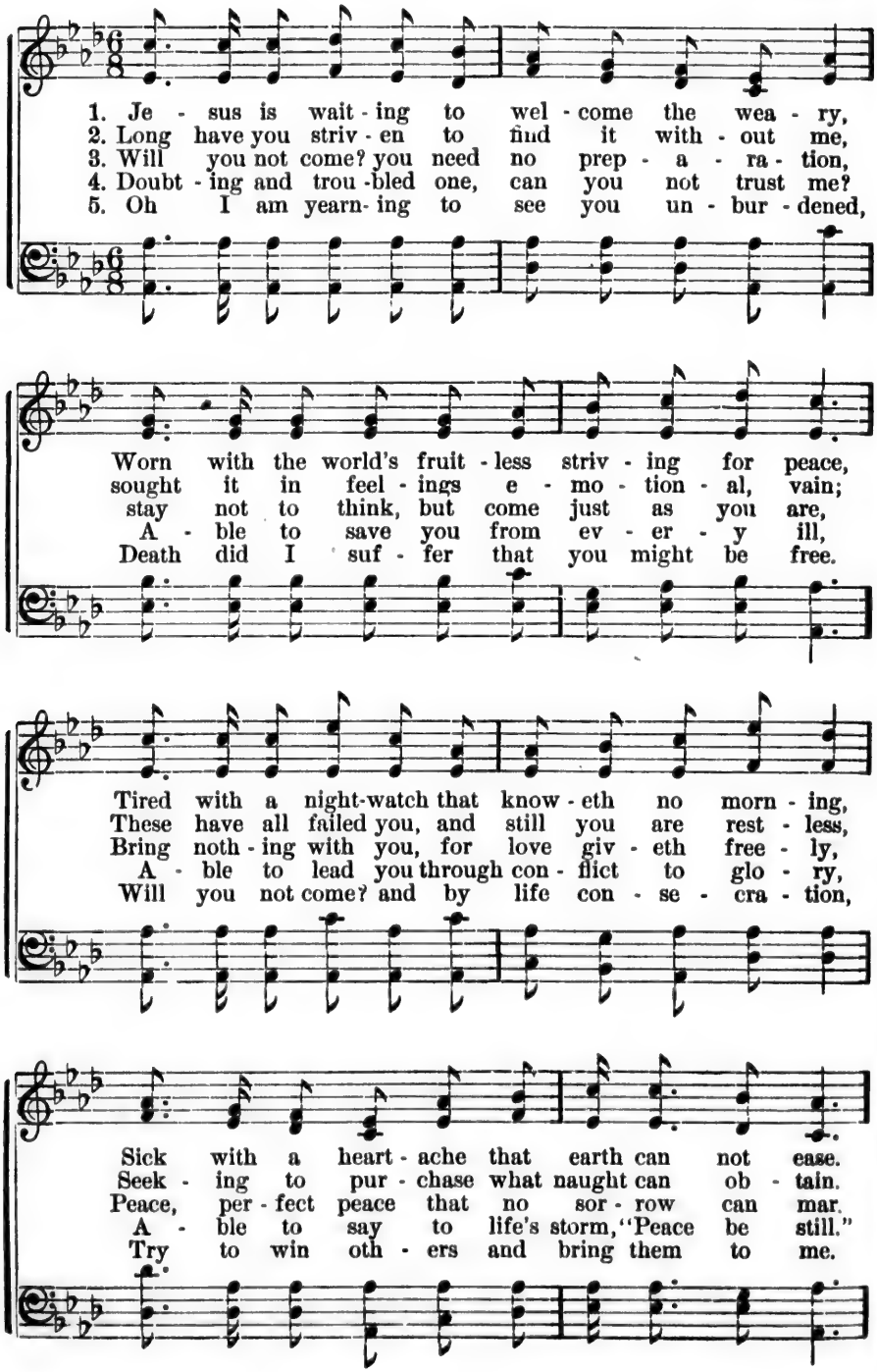
I nev-er will be; . . . . For Je - - - - - sus, my
I nev-er, I nev-er will be; For Je - sus my Sav - ior, for

ff

Sav - - ior, is not a-shamed of me.
Je - sus, my Sav - ior.

No. 137. Jesus is Waiting.

J. M. Dungan.



Jesus is Waiting. Concluded.

Je - sus is wait-ing, He stand - eth and knock-eth

Rit.

Call - ing in love up - on each one op - pressed,

Come un - to me, sin - ner wea - ry and la - den.

I will re - fresh you and give you my rest.

No. 138. So Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN
And E. O. EXCELL.

1. The joy I feel to - day No mor - tal could have dreamed;
2. No more I serve the world; How sweet its pleas-ures seemed!
3. With-in my hap - py heart The heav'n-ly light has beamed,

My heart is full of song (and praise), My heart is full of
I fol - low now my Lord (and Christ), I fol - low now my
And I have won-drous love (and peace), And I have won-drous

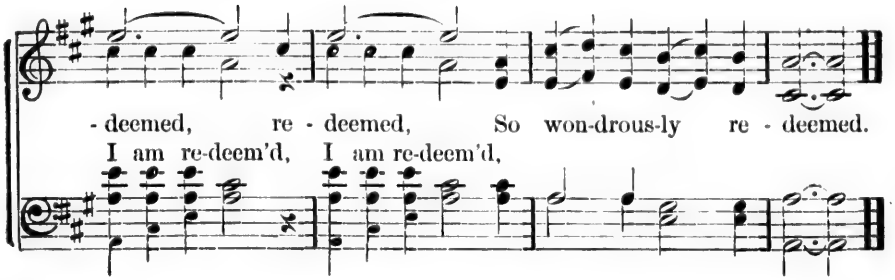
song (and praise), For I have been re - deemed, So
Lord (and Christ), By whom I am re - deemed, So
love (and peace), For I have been re - deemed, So

CHORUS.

won-drous-ly re - deemed. Re - deemed, ... re-
I am re - deemed,

deemed, . . . So won - drous-ly re - deemed, . . Re-
I am re-deemed, re-deemed,

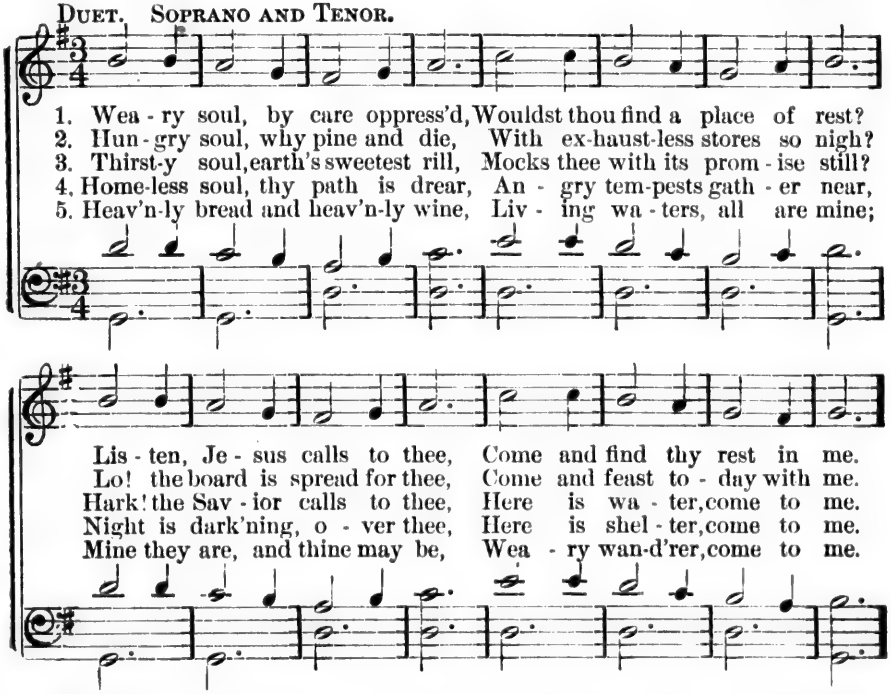
So Wondrously Redeemed.



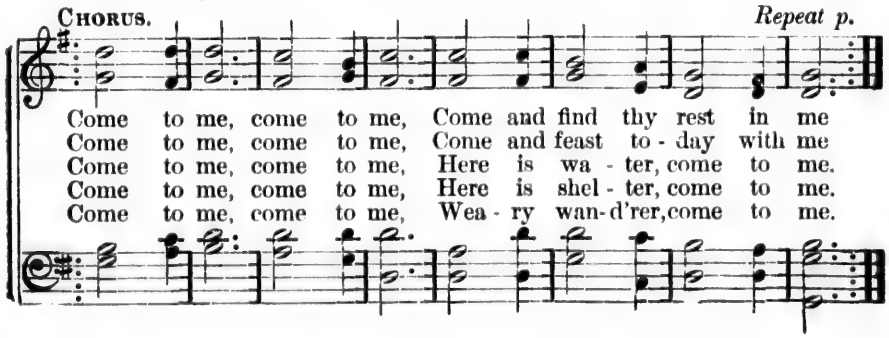
No. 139. Come to Me.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. E. O. Excell.

Duet. Soprano and Tenor.

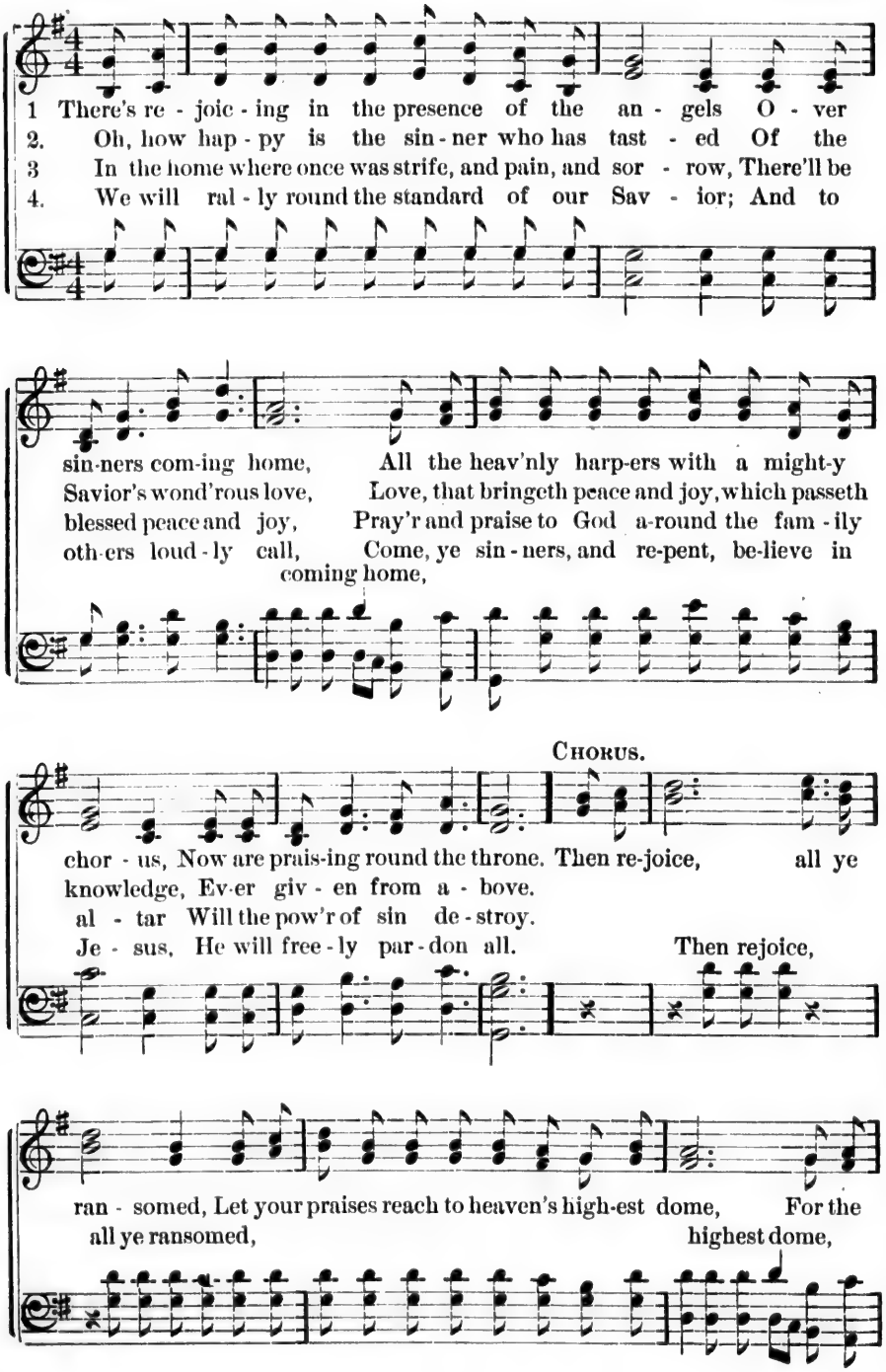


Chorus. *Repeat p.*

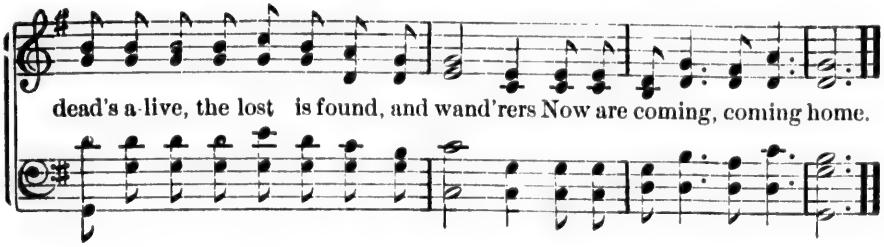


No. 140. Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.

E. F. M. E. F. Miller.

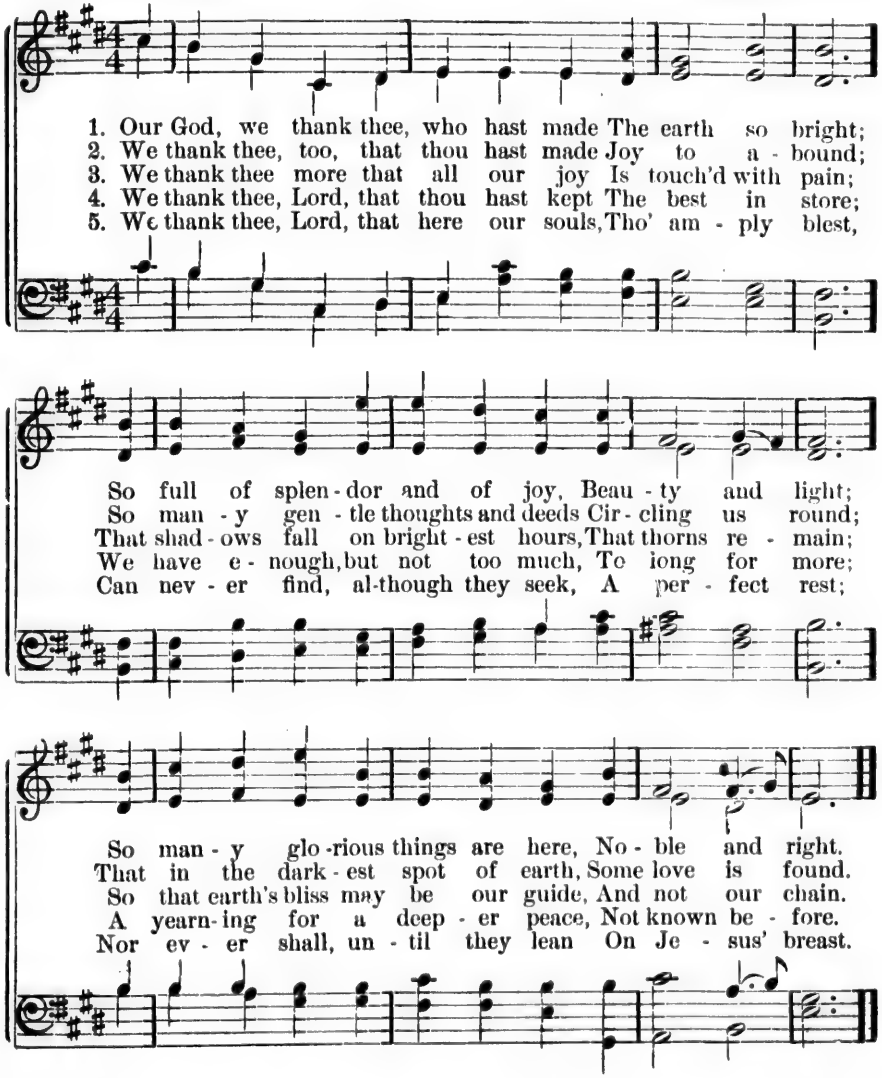


Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed. Concluded.



No. 141. Our God, We Thank Thee.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



No. 142. As We've Sown so Shall We Reap.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest time ap-pears,
2. As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com - ing years,
3. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read - y white,

Wheth-er it be joy and glad-ness, weal or woe, This the
Reap - ing fruits of sin - ful life, or time well-spent, Then this
And the Mas - ter calls for reap - ers here be - low, Let us

thought for us to keep, As through life we on-ward move,
thought in view still keep, While the hours are go - ing by,
then this thought still keep, When the trum - pet call is heard,

As We've Sown so Shall we Reap. Concluded.

We shall gath - er at the har - vest what we sow.
Shall we sow un - ho - ly strife or sweet con - tent?
Shall we la - dened well, or emp - ty hand - ed go?

CHORUS.

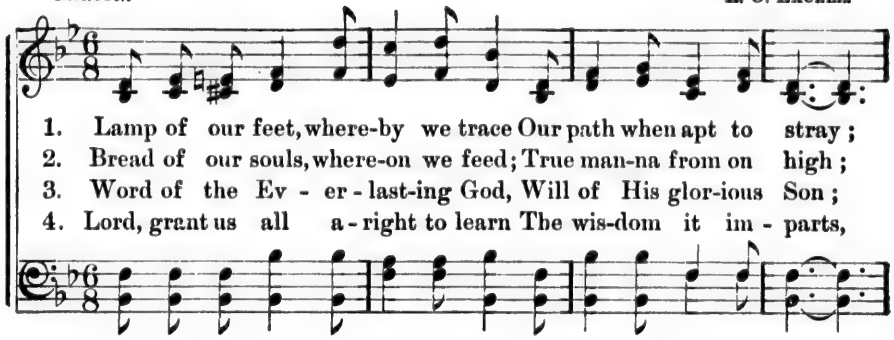
On, on, ev - er to the har - vest, Sow - ing eith - er weal or

woe, This the thought for us to keep, As thro'
weal or woe,

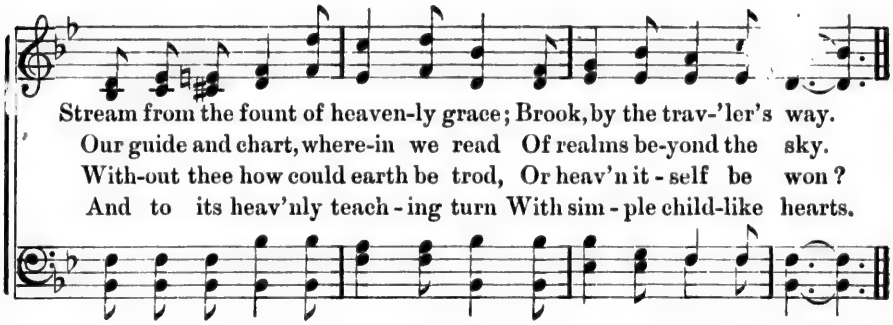
life we onward move, We shall gath-er at the har-vest what we sow.

No. 143. The Bible.

BARTON. E. O. EXCELL.

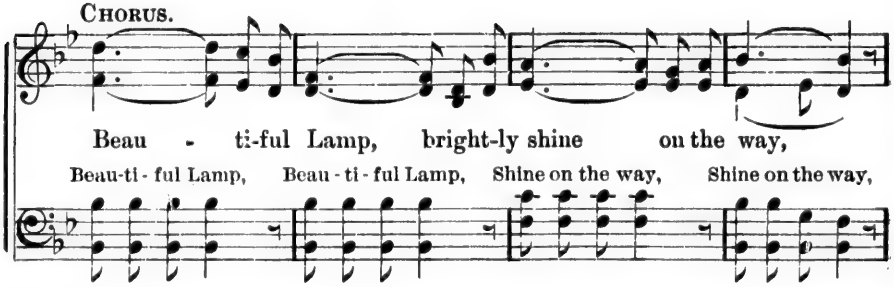


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed; True man-na from on high;
3. Word of the Ev - er - last-ing God, Will of His glor-ious Son;
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis-dom it im - parts,



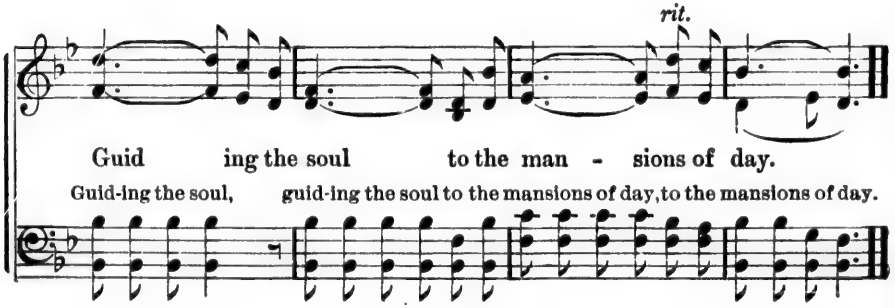
Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace; Brook, by the trav-'ler's way.
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky.
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'nly teach - ing turn With sim - ple child-like hearts.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti-ful Lamp, bright-ly shine on the way,
Beau-ti - ful Lamp, Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way,

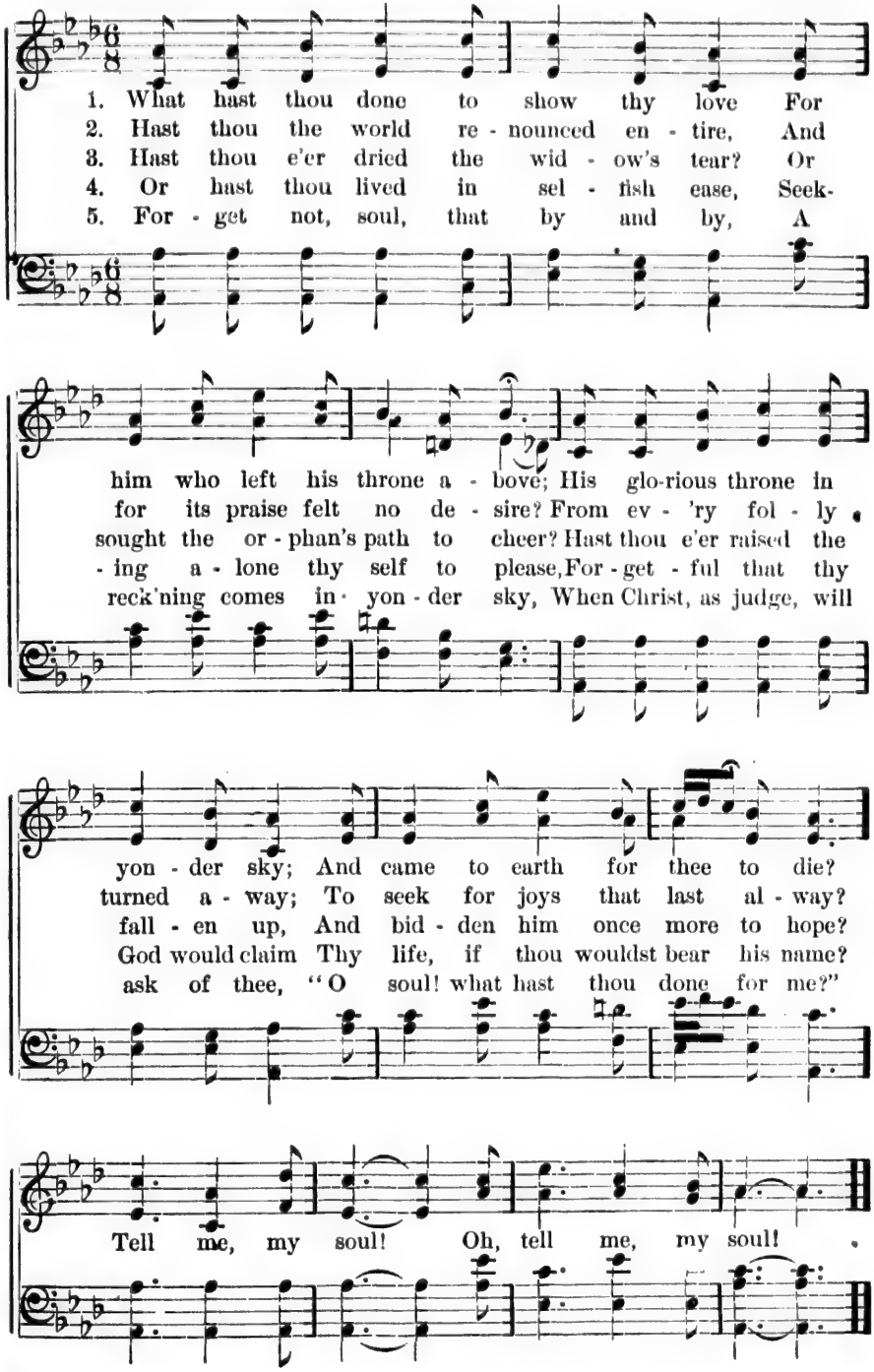
rit.



Guid ing the soul to the man - sions of day.
Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.

No. 144. What Hast Thou Done?

E. O. E., Arr. E. O. Excell.



No. 145. "These Sayings of Mine."

A. P. Cobb. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Who - so hear - eth and do - eth "these say - ings of mine,"
2. Who - so hear - eth and scorn - eth "these say - ings of mine,"
3. Art thou fool - ish or wise, O, broth - er of mine?

I will lik - en to one, who thro' storm and thro' shine,
Is fool - ish - ly build - ing thro' storm and thro' shine,
Art thou heed - ing thy Sav - ior, thro' storm and thro' shine?

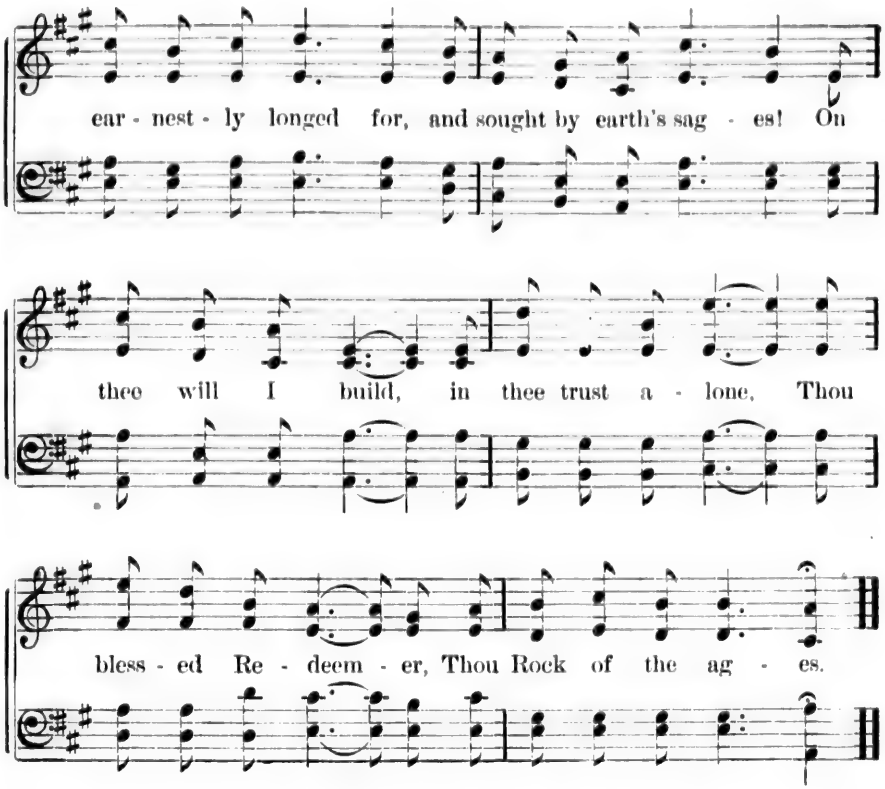
His house wise - ly builds on the firm rock be - low,
His house on the sand, and 'twill speed - i - ly fall,
On the rock or the sand, oh, tell me, I pray,

And safe there a - bides, when the fierce tem - pests blow.
When the rain shall de - scend, and the tem - pest shall fall.
On which art thou build - ing thy dwell - ing each day?

Chorus.

O bless - ed Foun - da - tion! O tried Cor - ner - stone! So

"These Sayings of Mine." Concluded.



No. 146. Only Trust Him.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Cho.—Only trust him, only trust,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow,
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

No. 147. Marching to Zion.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

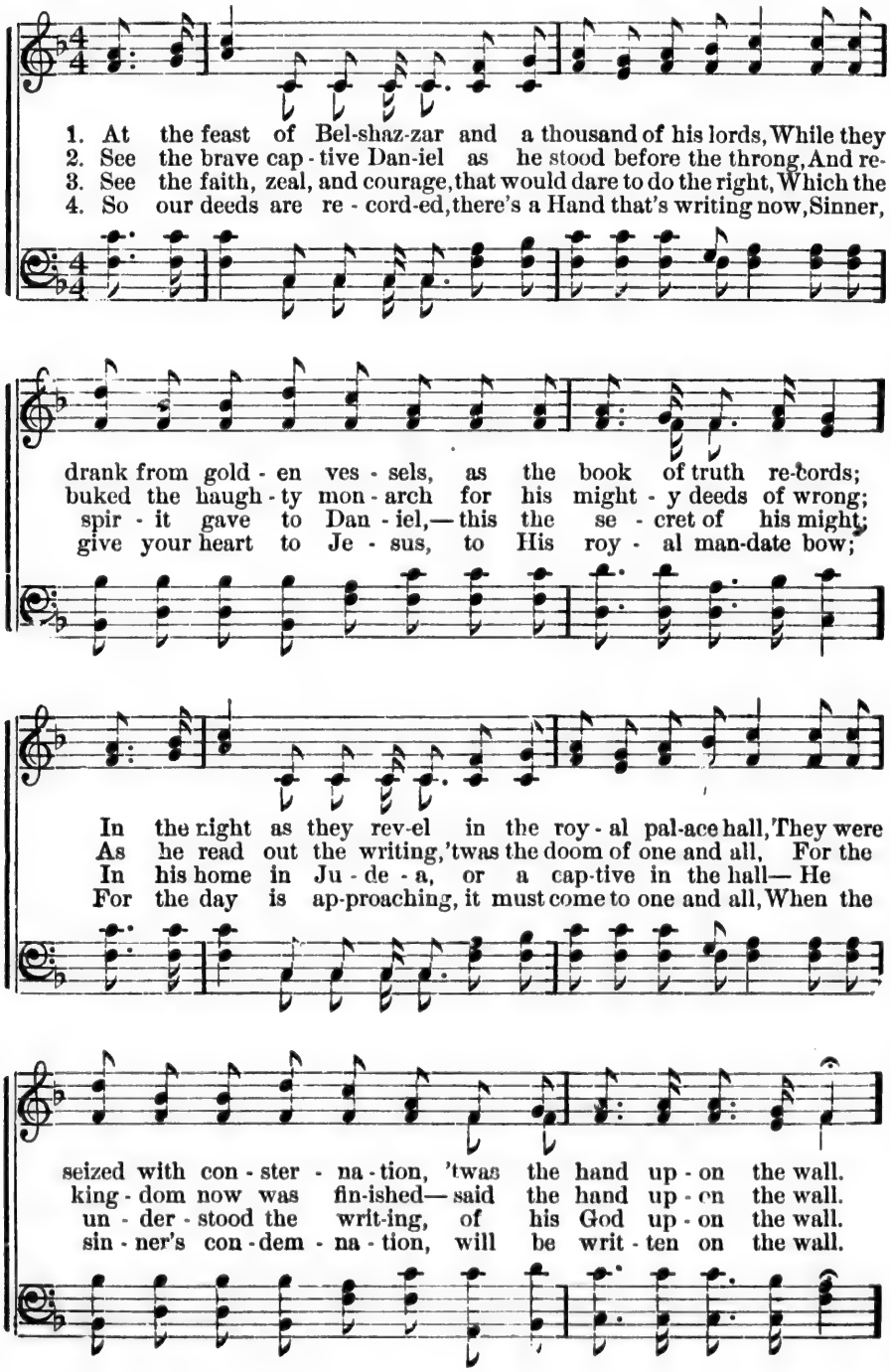
2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God:
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's [ground.
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 148. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." Dan. 5: 5.

K. Shaw. Knowles Shaw, Arr. by E. O. Excell.



The Handwriting on the Wall. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the

'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall; 'Tis the

hand of God on the wall;

hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall. Shall the

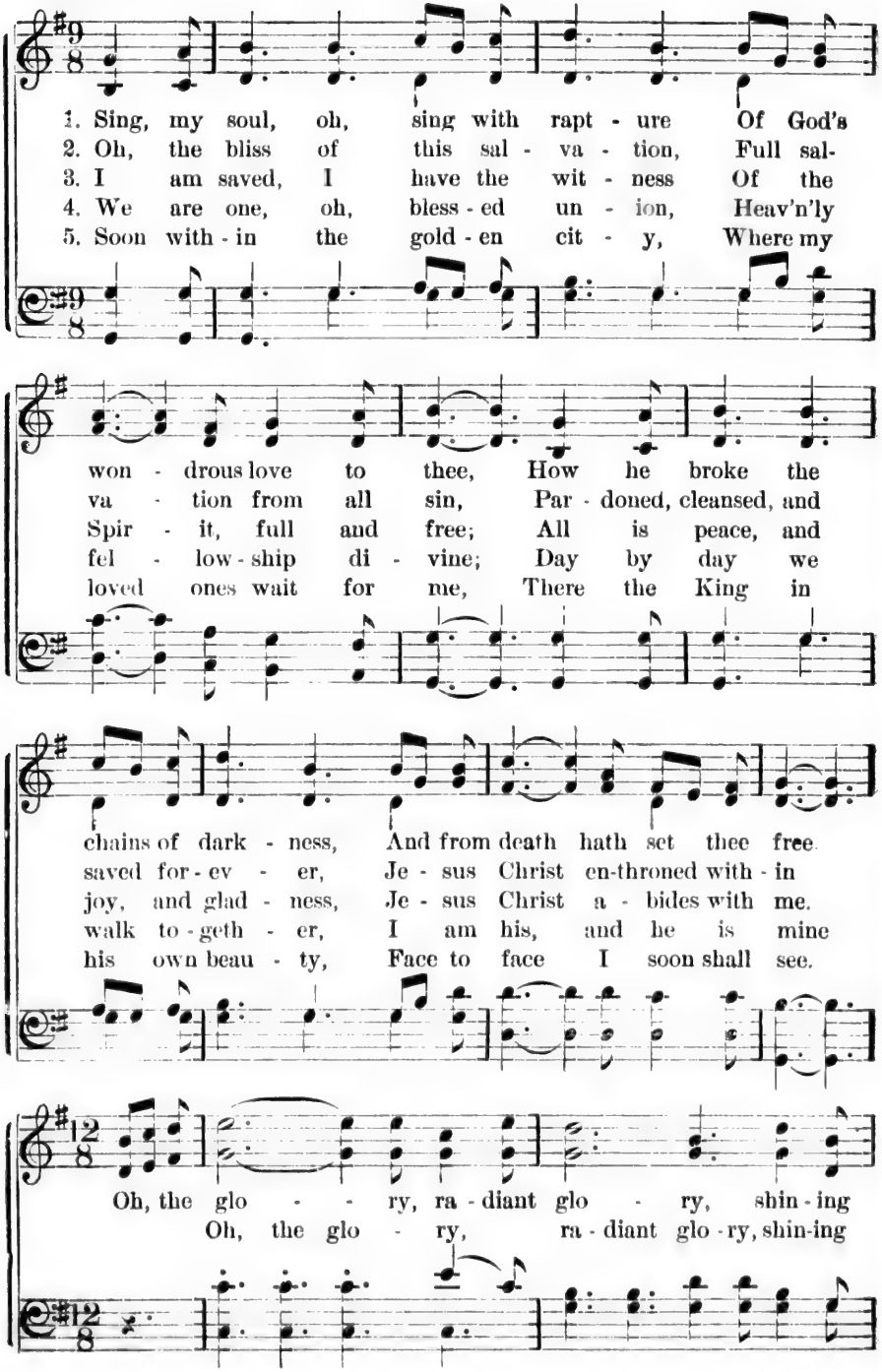
re - cord be, "Found want - ing," or shall it be "Found

trust-ing?" While that hand is writing on the wall.

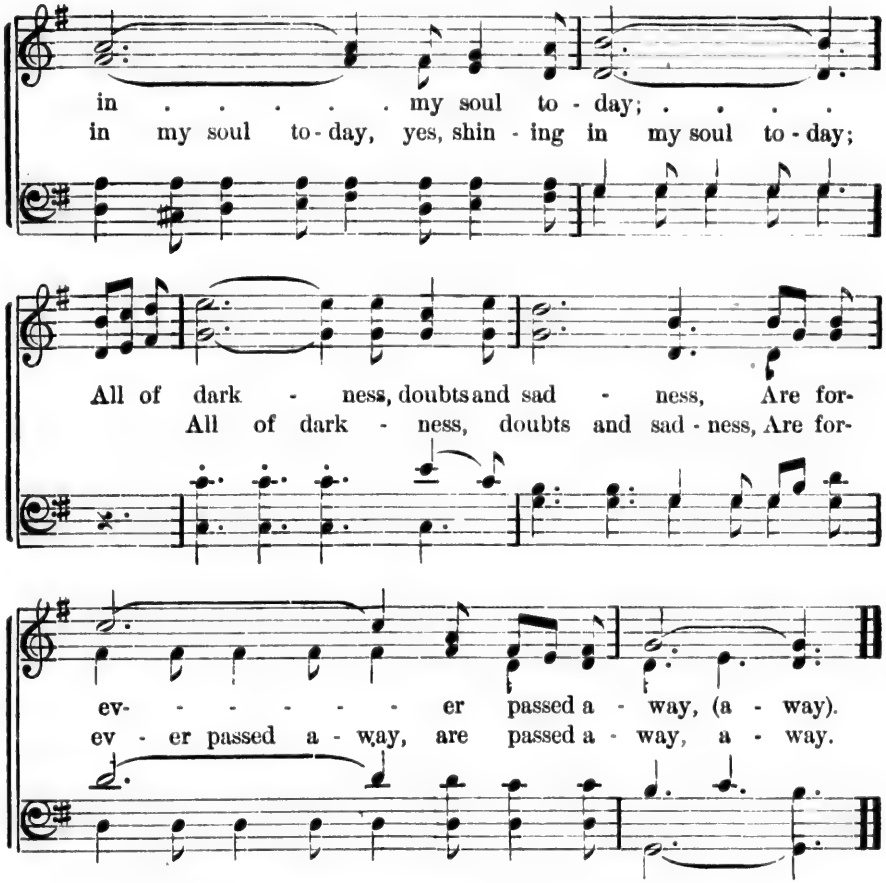
trust-ing?" While that hand is writing, writing on the wall.

No. 149. Saved Forever.

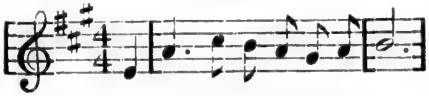
Unknown. H. A. Lewis.



Saved Forever. Concluded.



No. 150. Title Clear.



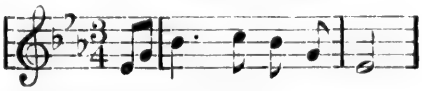
1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Cho.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

No. 151. All to Christ I Owe.



1 I Hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

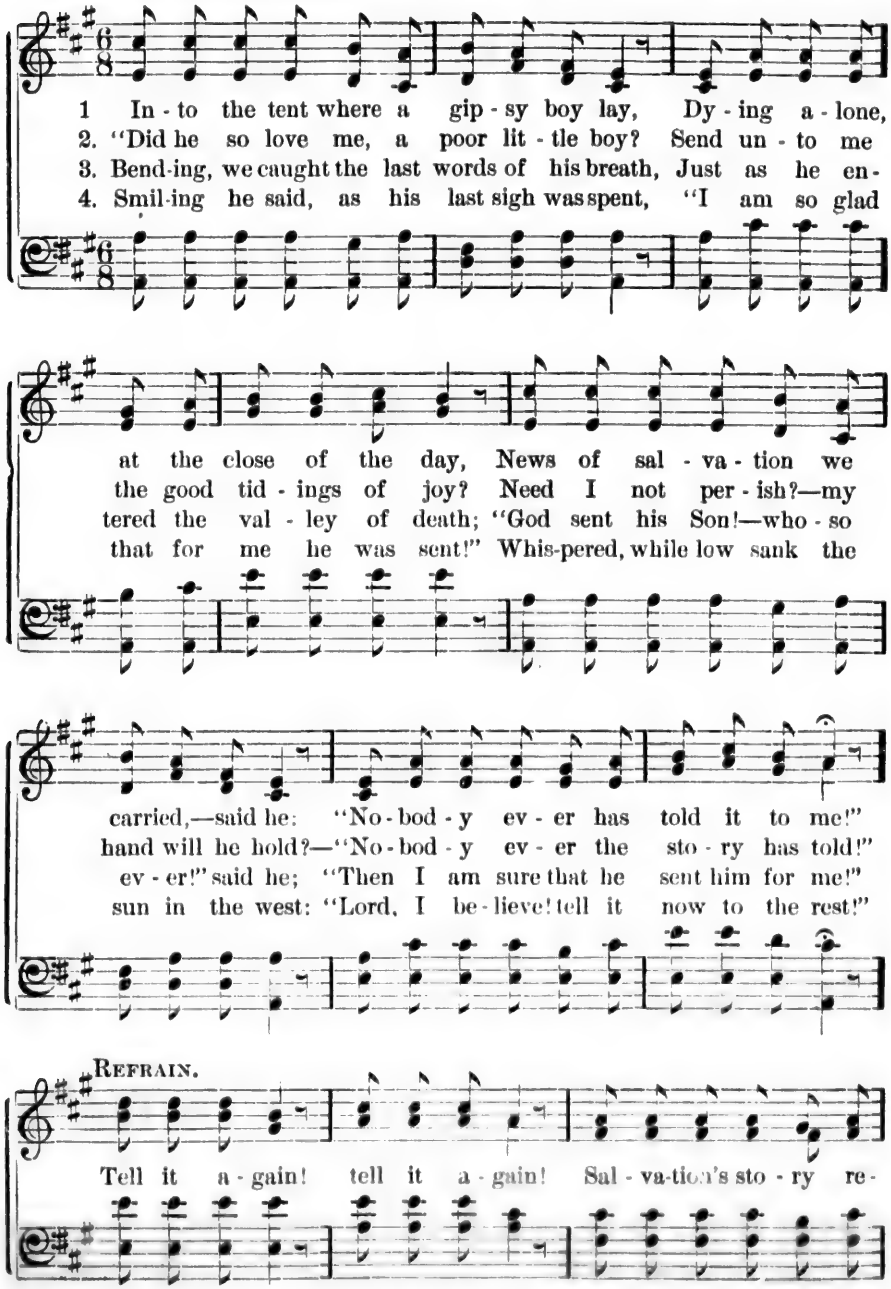
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

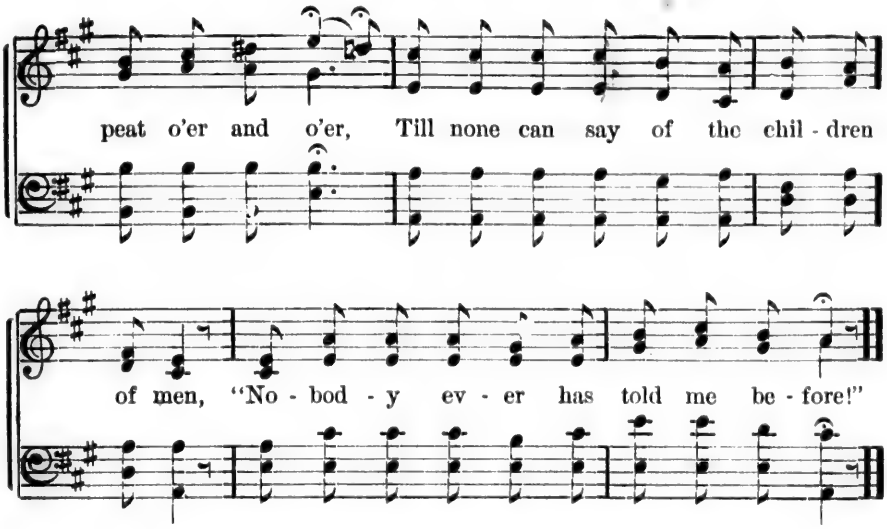
No. 152. Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

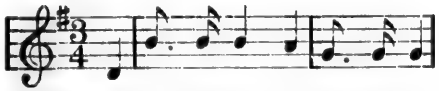
A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me,"



Tell it Again. Concluded.



No. 153. Beulah Land.



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

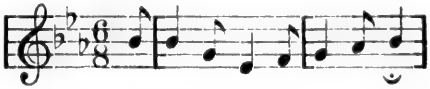
Cho.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea, [me,
Where mansions are prepared for
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore!

2 The Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

No. 154. The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

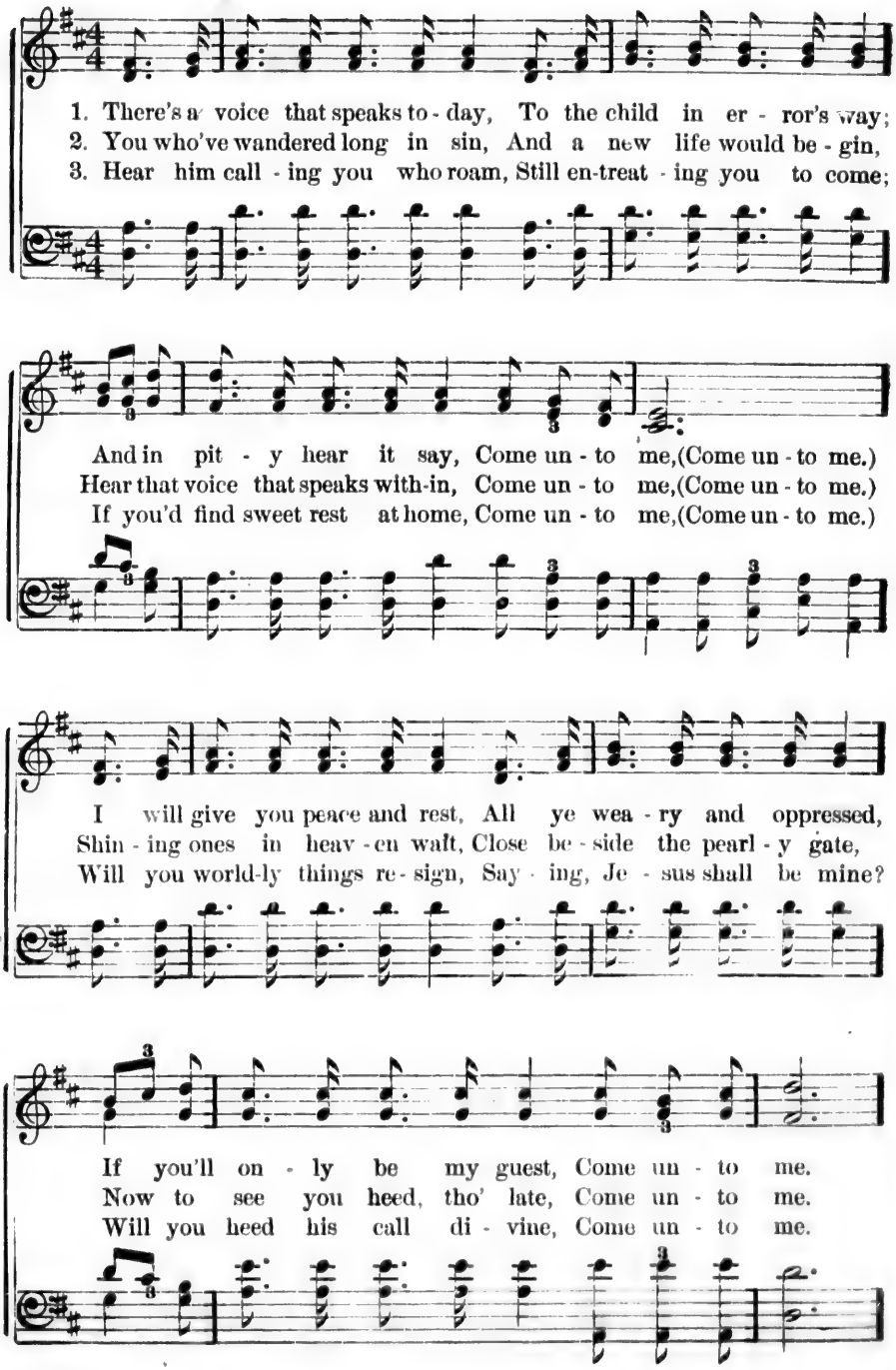
2 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 155. Come Unto Me.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



Come Unto Me. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, Come un - to me,
Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

Hear the Sav - ior sweet - ly say, Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

Come un - to me, Come un - to me,
Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

Hear the Sav - ior sweet - ly say, Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

No. 156. Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the begin-
ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men.

No. 157. Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C, O'KANE.

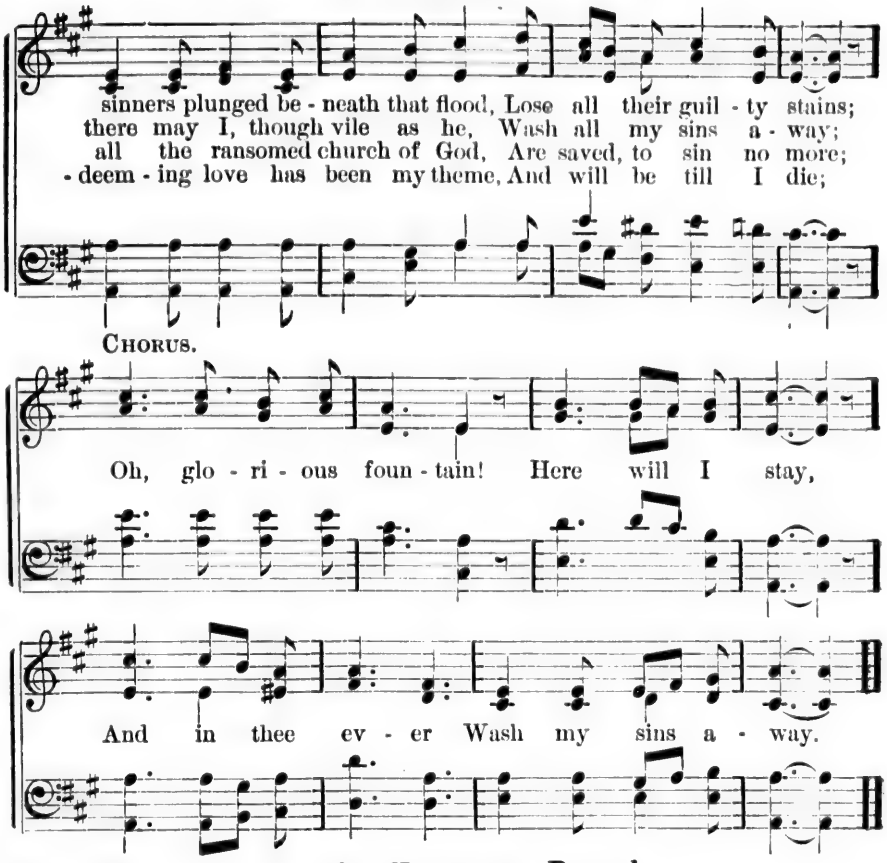
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, filled with blood,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, re - joiced to see, re-
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood, thy precious blood, thy
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, I saw the stream, I

filled with blood, There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn
- joiced to see, The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That
pre - cious blood, Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy pre - cious blood Shall
saw the stream, E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy

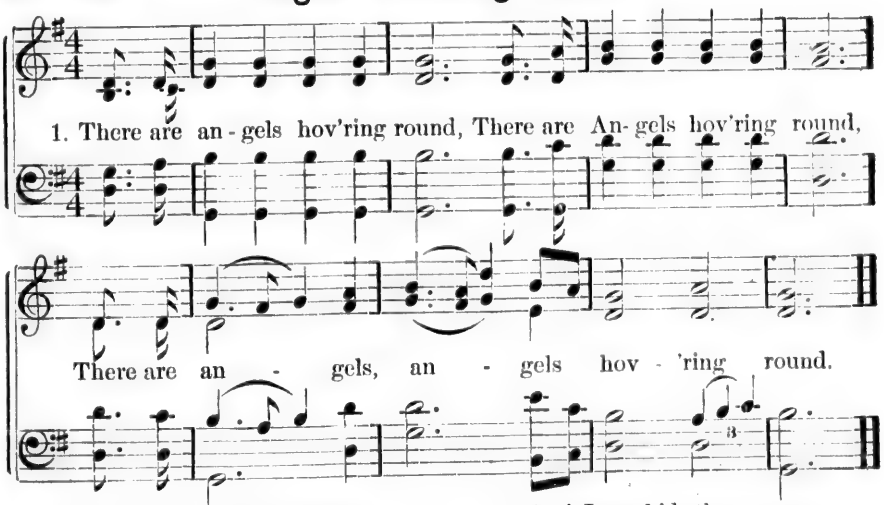
from Im - man - uel's veins, And sin - ners plunged be -
foun - tain in his day, And there may I, though
nev er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran - somed
flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing love has

- neath that flood, be - neath that flood, be - neath that flood, And
vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And
church of God, church of God, church of God, Till
been my theme, has been my theme, has been my theme, Re-

Glorious Fountain. Concluded.



No. 158. Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the new Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth, come.
7 We're on our journey home.

No. 159. Papa, Come This Way.

M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. Willson.
Arr. by Alfred Birdly.

A fisherman got lost in the fog; his little child called from the shore, "Come this way," and guided by the voice, he reached home in safety. So, unsaved and lost fathers, listen to the little voices from the heavenly shore, calling, "Papa, come this way.

Duet.

1. A lit - tle child- ish voice is still'd, Two lit - tle li-ly-white hands are
2. I'm sure my dar - ling is at rest, Within the ten-der Shepherd's
3. Wher-e'er I go, that voice I hear, As tho' my dar-ling could not

Organ.

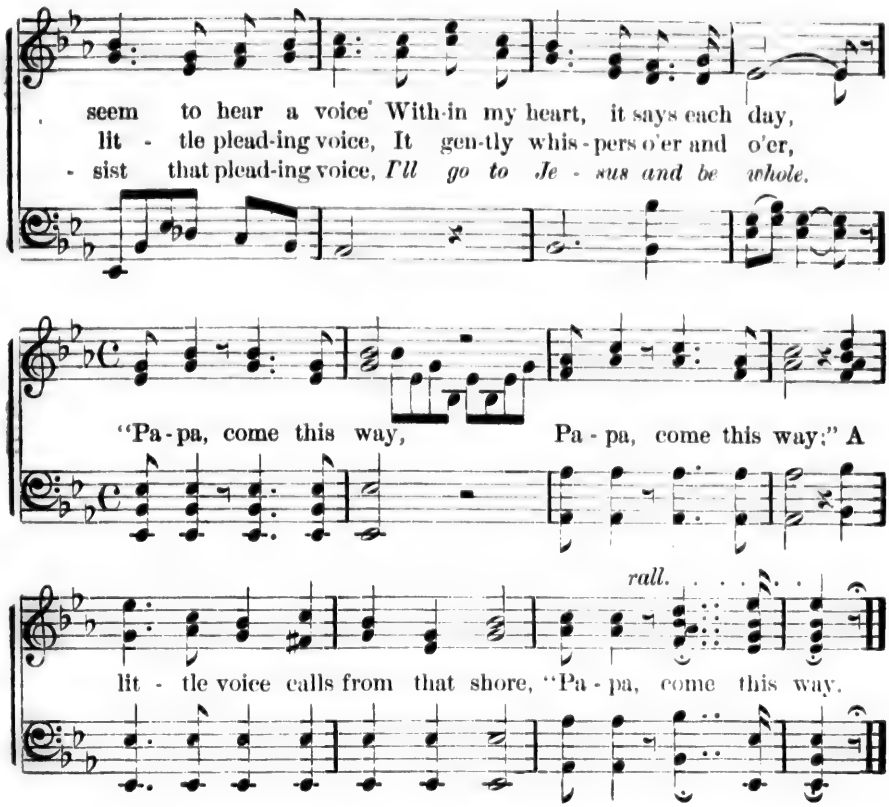
crossed; Two lit - tle eyes for - ev - er closed, The sound of
fold; He took her from this sin - ful world, He shields her
rest, Un - til I give my heart to him, Who died to

pat - t'ring feet is lost, A lit - tle form from out our
from its blast and cold; But how I miss the lov - ing
save and make me blest. And so it ech - oes in my

Rit.

home, Was borne by lov - ing hands a - way; But still I
kiss, And oh! my long - ing heart is sore; Then comes that
heart, And thro' the cham - bers of my soul, I'll not re -

Papa, Come This Way. Concluded.



No. 160. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Key G.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

No. 161. He Leadeth Me.

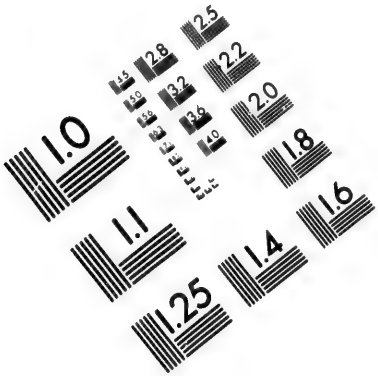
Key of D.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought;
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

5 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever mumur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.



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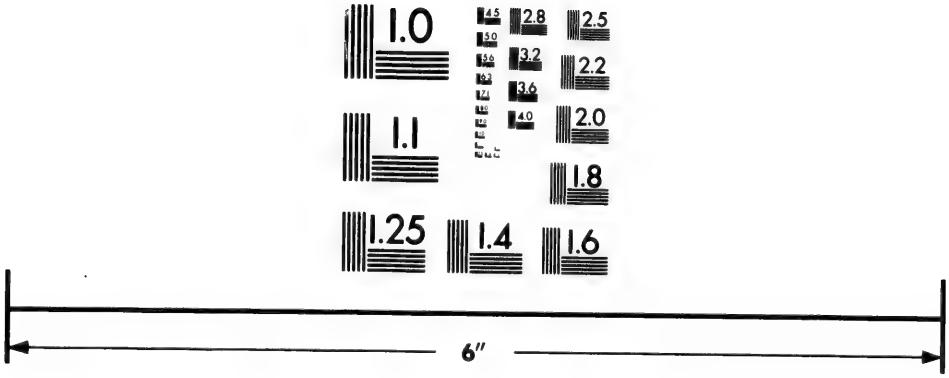

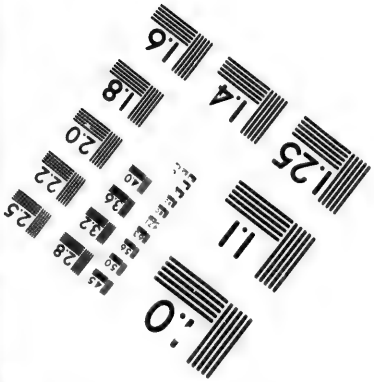

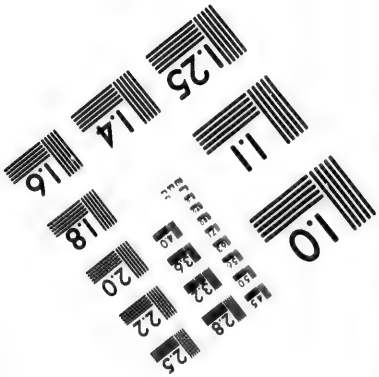

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No. 162. The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. By Joshua Gill.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev' - ry-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sorrows borne, In temp-
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The
- ta - tion he's my strong and mighty tower; I have
live by faith and do his blessed will; A

:S: Li - ly of the Valley, in him a - lone I see, All I
all for him for - saken, and all my i - dols torn, From my
wall of fire a - bout me, I've nothing now to fear; With his

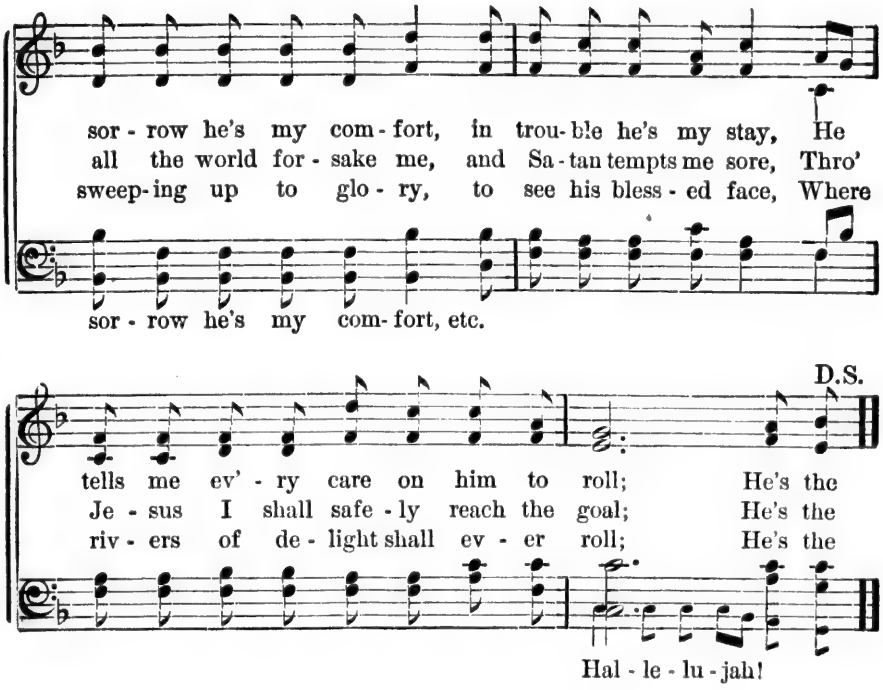
D.S. Li - ly of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the

Fine.

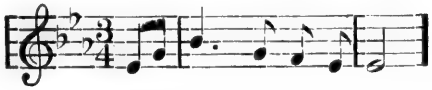
need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole. In
heart, and now he keeps me in his power; Tho'
man - na he my hun - gry soul shall fill; Then

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul. *Cho.* In

The Lily of the Valley, Concluded.



No. 163. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho. I am coming, Lord,
Coming, now, to thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
That flows on Calvary.

2 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust
For earth and heaven above.

3 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 164. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 165. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek- ing the lost, yes, kind- ly en - treat - ing Wan- der - ers on the mountain a - stray;" "Come un - to me," His message re - peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speaking to - day.

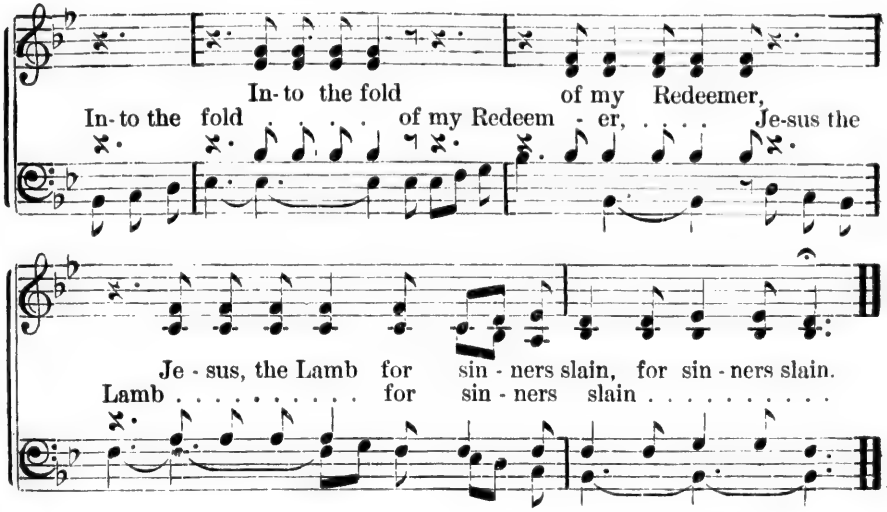
2. Seek- ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.

3. Thus I would go on missions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing Christ from day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus the way.

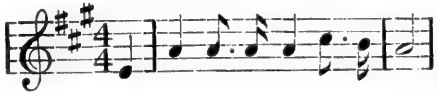
Chorus.

Go- ing a - far up- on the mountain, Go-ing a - far . . . . . upon the moun - tain, Bringing the Bring - ing the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain. wan - - - d'rer back a - gain . . . . . .

Seeking the Lost. Concluded.



No. 166. O, Think of the Home Over There.



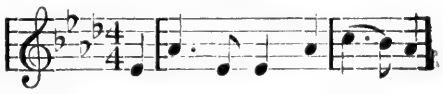
1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 167. I Love to Tell the Story.



1 I love to tell the Story!
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

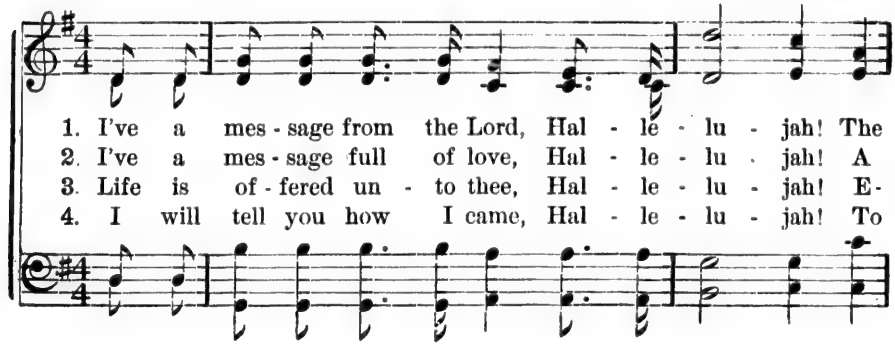
Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

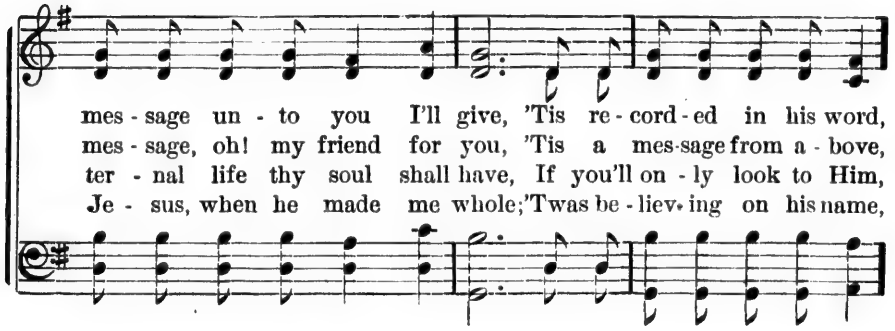
3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

No. 168. "Look and Live."

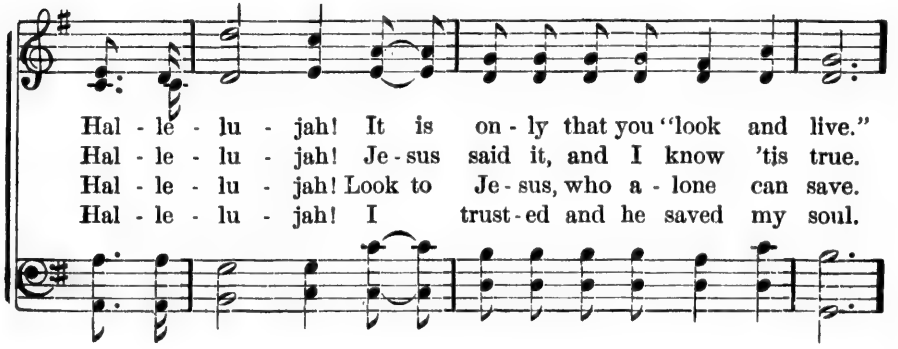
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.



1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To

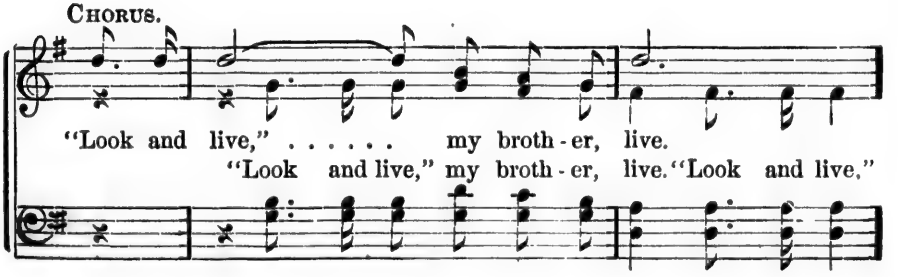


mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
mes - sage, oh! my friend for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove,
ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him,
Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,



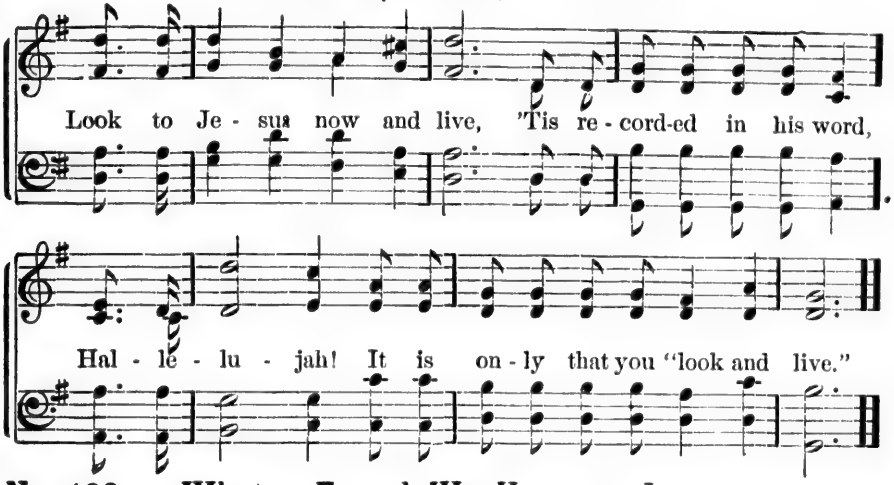
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.

Chorus.



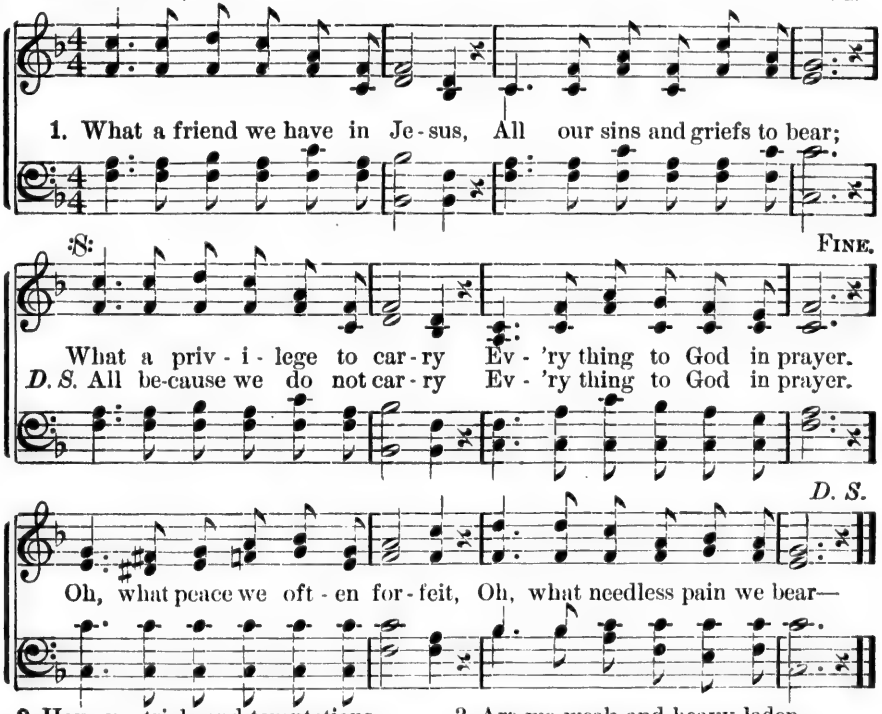
"Look and live," . . . . . my broth - er, live.
"Look and live," my broth - er, live. "Look and live."

"Look and Live." Concluded.



No. 169. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. C. C. Converse.



2 Have we trials and temptations,
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 170. Nearer Home.

F. M. Davis. A. J. Showalter.

1. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the bet - ter land, Near-er
2. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the land of love, Near-er
3. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the pearl - y gates, Near-er

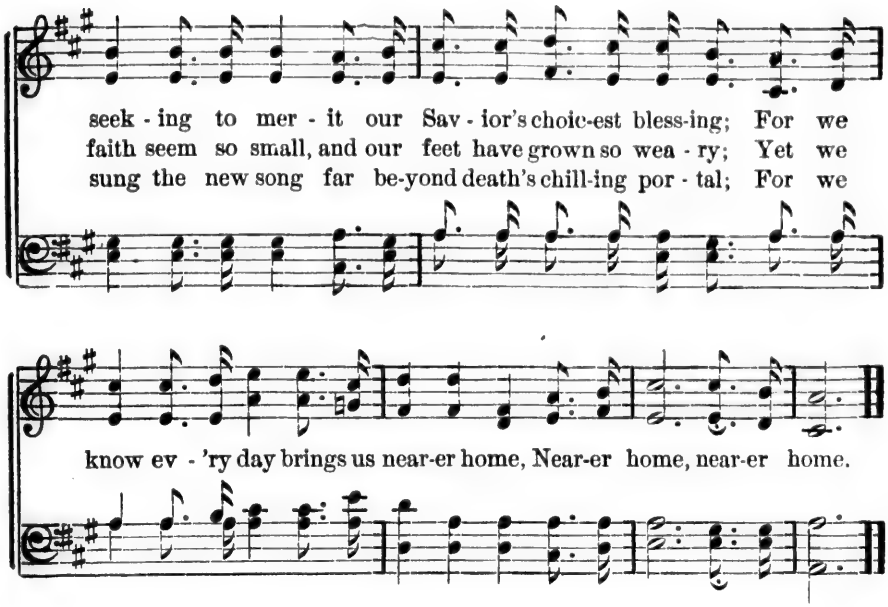
home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry
home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry
home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry

day brings us near - er to the Lord's right hand, Near - er
day brings us near - er to the fields a - bove, Near - er
day brings us near - er where the Sav - ior waits, Near - er

home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home.) We will
home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home.) Oh, the
home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home.) Oh, the

sing and re - joice while the days are quick - ly pass - ing, Ev - er
way oft - en - times may seem lone - ly, dark, and drear-y, And our
joy we sha' know when we reach the land im - mor - tal, And have

Nearer Home. Concluded.



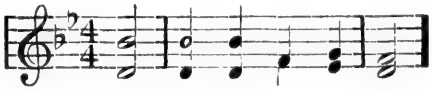
No. 171. Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 172. Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all onr race,
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 173. Whosoever Calleth.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sound-ing far and wide;
2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness, The path of sin have trod,
3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Op-pressed with toil and care,

Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' him, the Cru - ci - fied.
Be - hold the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God!
He waits to bid you wel - come, And all your bur - dens bear.

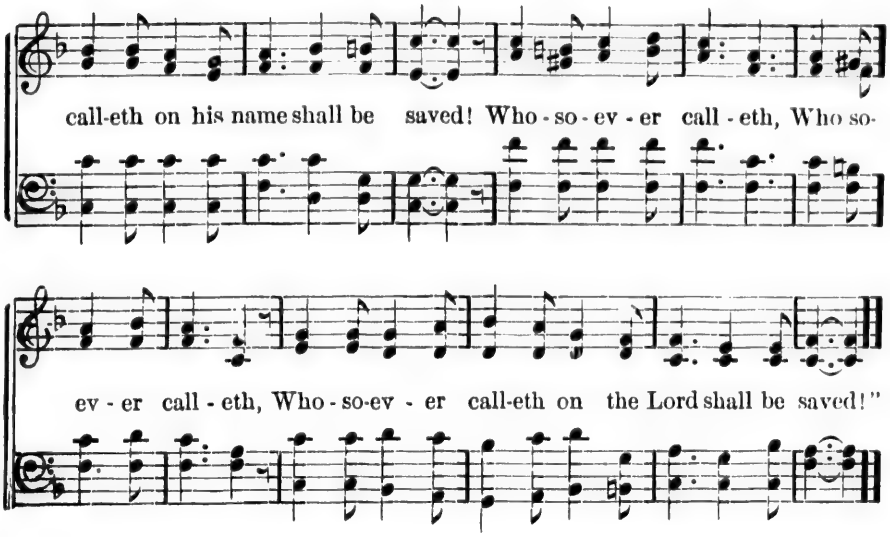
God's Word is Truth E - ter - nal, Its prom - ise all may claim,
With all your heart be - lieve him, And now the prom - ise claim;
A pre - cious gift he of - fers, A gift that all may claim,

Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up - on his name.
That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up - on his name.
Who look to him be - liev - ing, And call up - on his name.

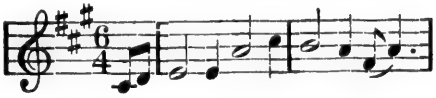
CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er call-eth, Who - so - ev - er call-eth, Who - so - ev - er

Whosoever Calleth, Concluded.



No. 174. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?



1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 O, precious cross, O, glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars, come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 175. O, For a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 176. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

No. 177. Give Me the Wings of Faith.

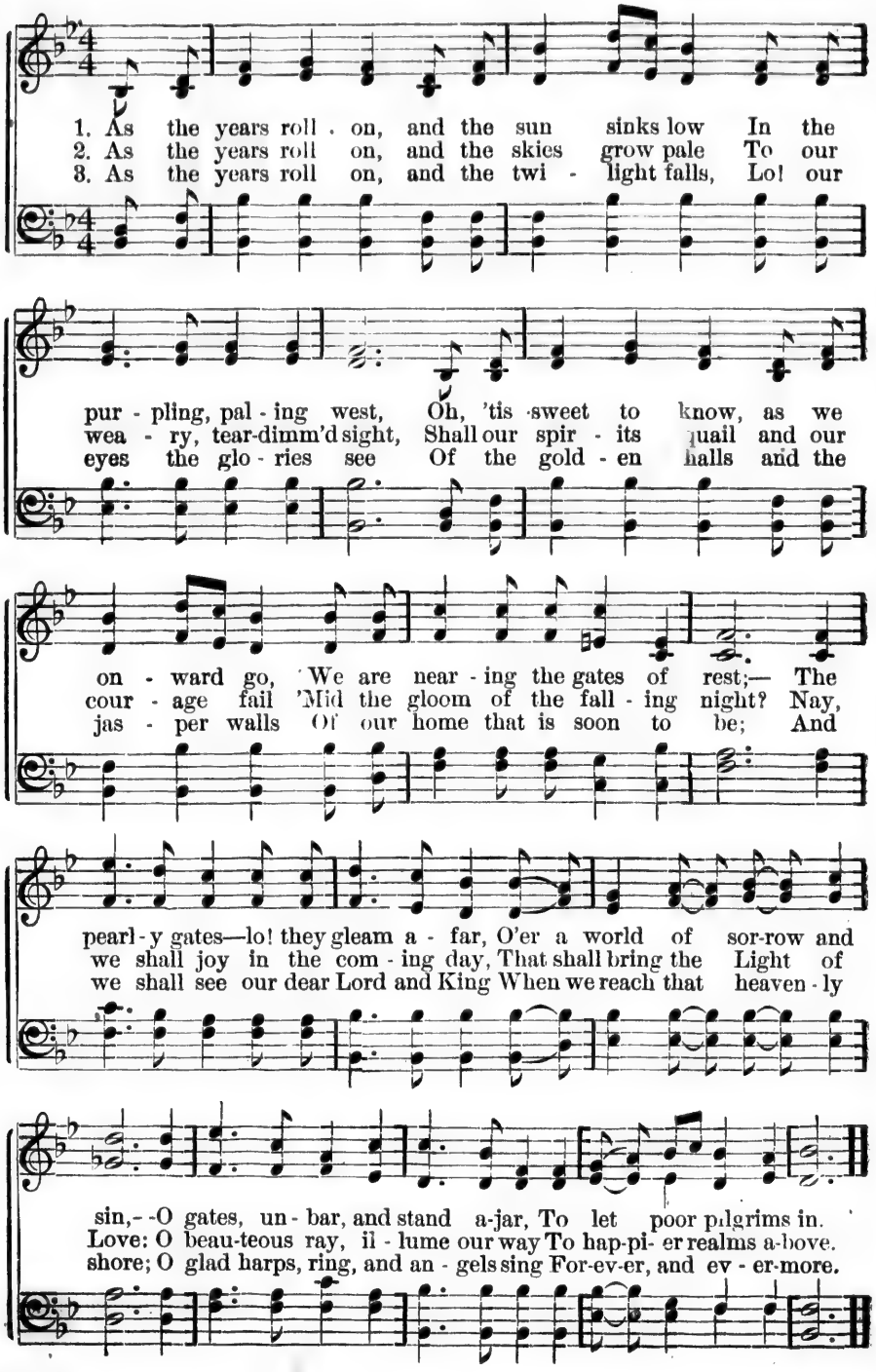
1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

No. 178. As the Years Roll on.

F. A. S. FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.



No. 179. O Years! O Tears!

F. A. S.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.
Har. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. O years, lost years! O tears, sad tears! Years that have marked a wast - ed life, Tears for the years of sin and strife; Years that be - longed to God a - lone, Tears that I made, yes, all my own: Lost years I nev - er may re - call, Sad tears, when shall they cease to fall?

2. O years, lost years! O tears, sad tears! Years, I have lived them all in vain, Tears, can they ease my heart of pain? Years that have brought no gathered sheaves, Tears that I reaped but withered leaves: Lost years, contem'd the Mas-ter's will, Sad tears, are flow - ing, flow - ing still.

3. O years, lost years! O tears, sad tears! Years, van-ished years, for - ev - er gone, Tears, bit - ter tears, shall tears flow on? Years bless - ed years may still be mine, Tears they shall speak the Love Di - vine: Lost years, my soul grieve not so sore, Sad tears, ah, they shall flow no more.

No. 180. Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin. D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?

Chorus.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, tell it to Je-sus,
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er
such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

No. 181. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shad-ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One tho't re - mains su - premely sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Chorus.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

No. 182. Ho! Every One That is Thirsty!

L. J. R. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev-'ry
2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bondage? Wea-ry of
3. Child of the king - dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth-ing but

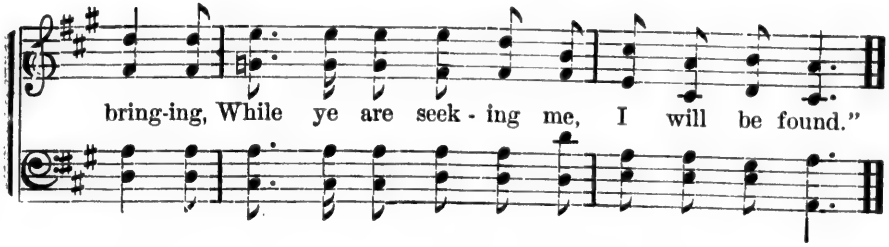
one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the foun - tain, there's
earth-joys, so false, so un-true; Thirst - ing for God, and his
ful - ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due-ment for

ful - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
ful - ness of bless-ing? List to the prom-ise—a mes - sage for you.
life and for serv - ice; Thine is the prom-ise, so cer - tain, so sweet.

"I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst-y, I will pour floods

up - on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gifts I am

Ho! Every One That is Thirsty!


bring-ing, While ye are seek - ing me, I will be found."

No. 183. Jesus shall Reign.

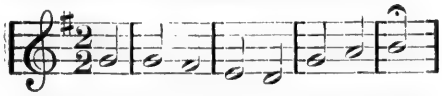
1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south, the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

No. 184. From all that Dwell Below.



1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

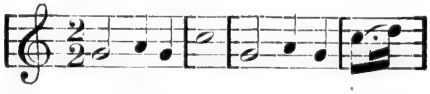
No, 185. Oh, Render Thanks to God above.

1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free;
Let thy salvation visit me.

No. 186. From Every Stormy Wind.



1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

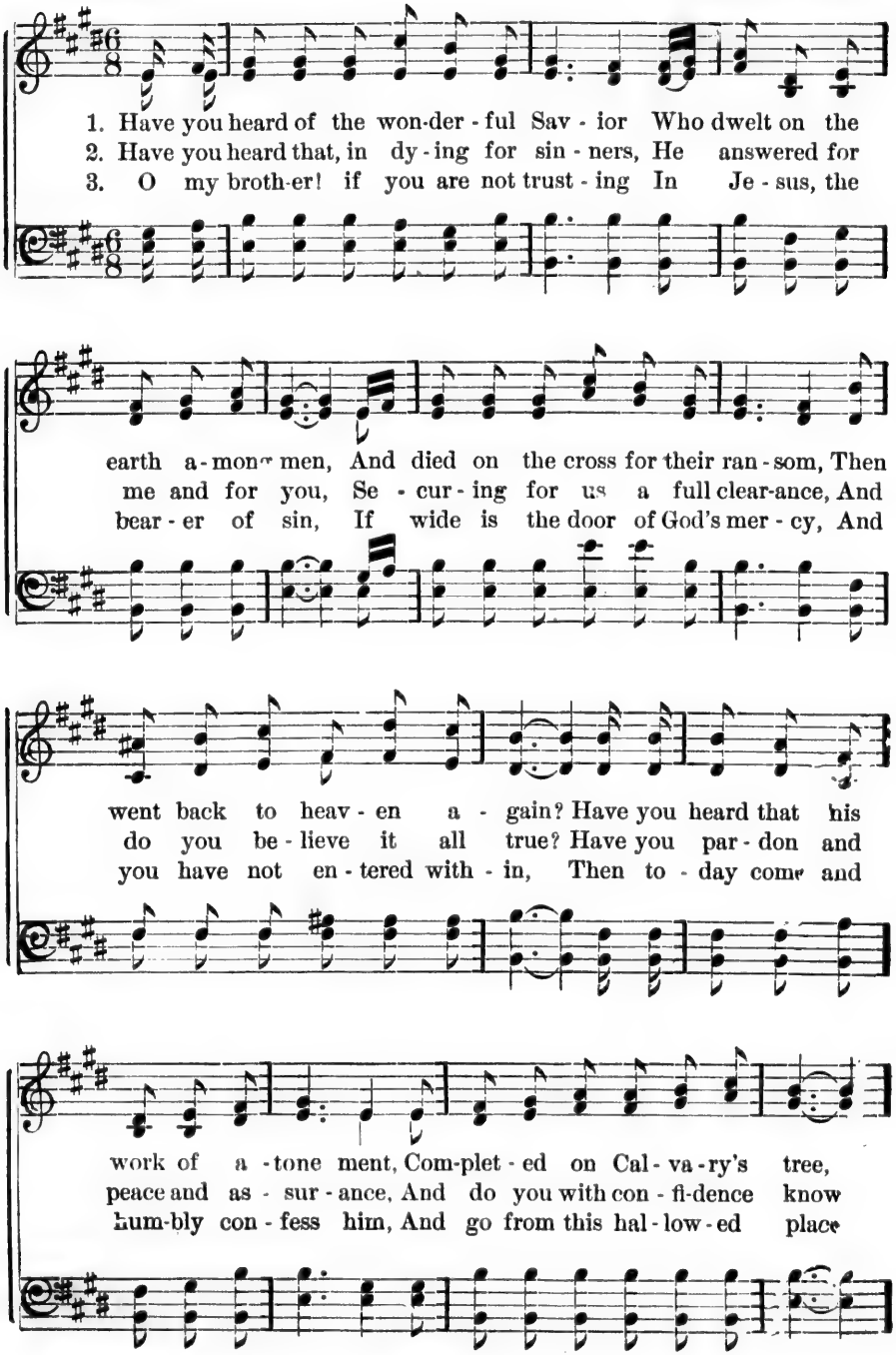
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 187. The Wonderful Jesus!

E. A. Hoffman. Chas. Edw. Prior.



The Wonderful Jesus. Concluded.

Brings par-don and peace to the sin-ner, And makes him e-
That his blood has made sure your sal va-tion, And wash-es you
Re-deemed from your guilt and transgressions, A sin-ner re-

CHORUS.

ter-nal-ly free?
whit-er than snow? O this won-der-ful, won-der-ful
newed by his grace.

Je-sus! The bear-er of guilt and of sin! To-day, in his

free grace trust-ing, The life of a Chris-tian be-gin; To-

Rit. ad lib. *Rti.*

day in his free grace trusting, The life of a Chris-tian be-gin.

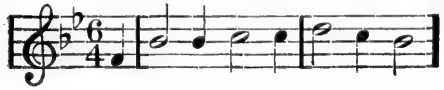
No. 188. Jesus, the Name High Over all.

1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The Name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

No. 189. Come, Let us Join, etc.

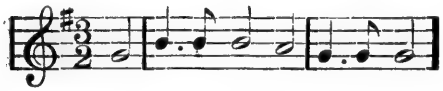


1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

No. 190. Return, Oh, Wanderer.



1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humbled sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
The Savior bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

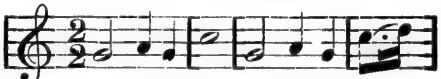
No. 191. Jesus, The Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

No. 192. My Gracious Lord.

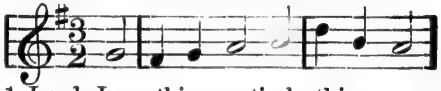


1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end;
'Tis my delight, thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side

No. 193. Lord, I Am Thine.



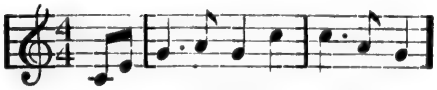
1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at the cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,–
Thee my new Master now I call,
And concentrate to thee my all.

No. 194. There is a Fountain.



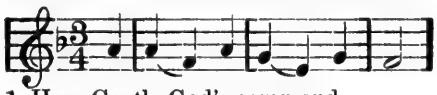
1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 195. How Gentle God's Commands.



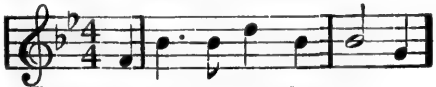
1 How Gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

No. 196. Stand up for Jesus.



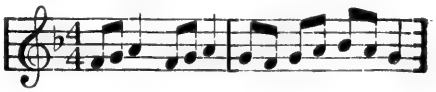
1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this, his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall wear;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

No. 197. Come, ye Sinners.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Cho.—
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

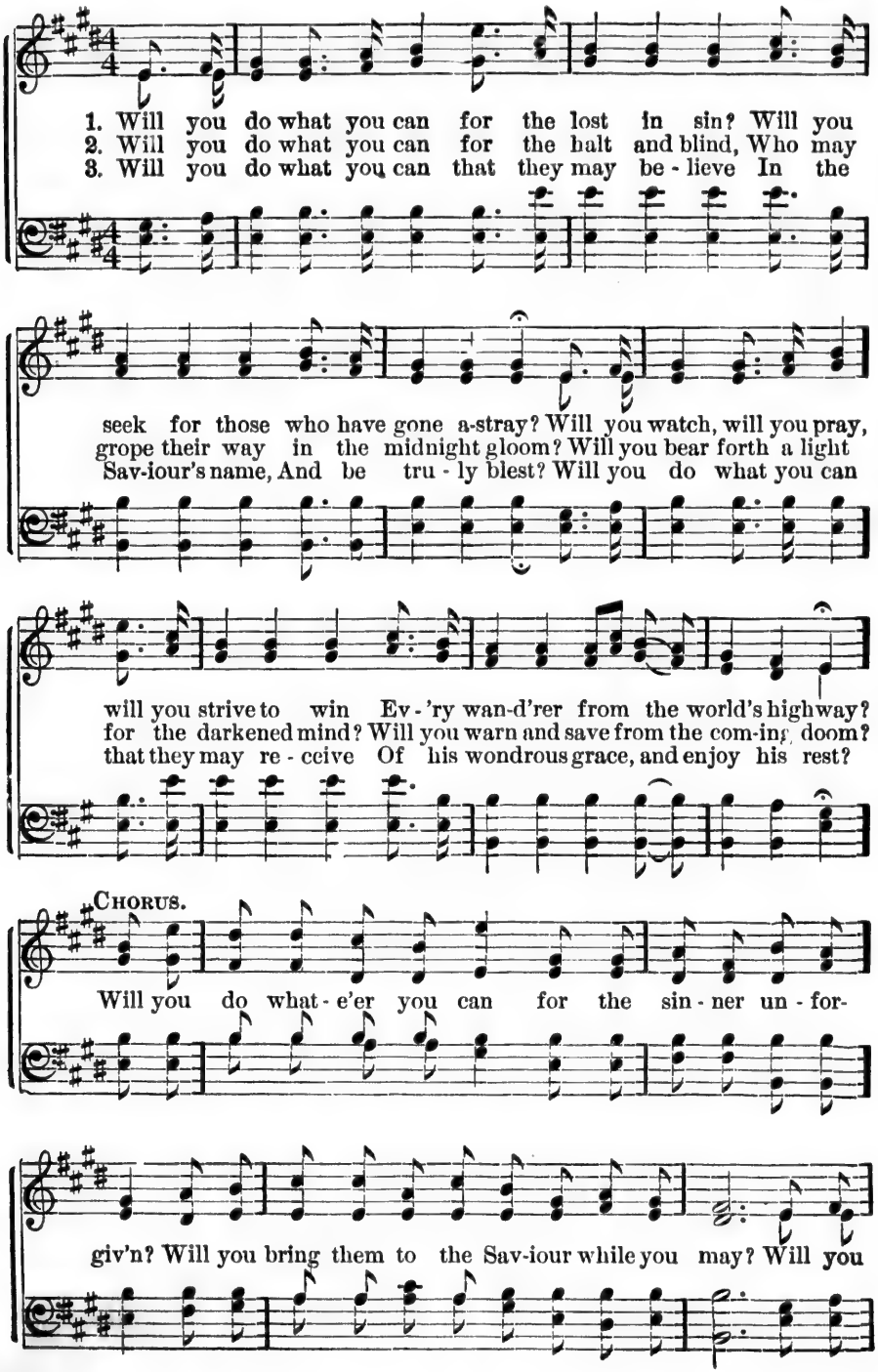
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him!

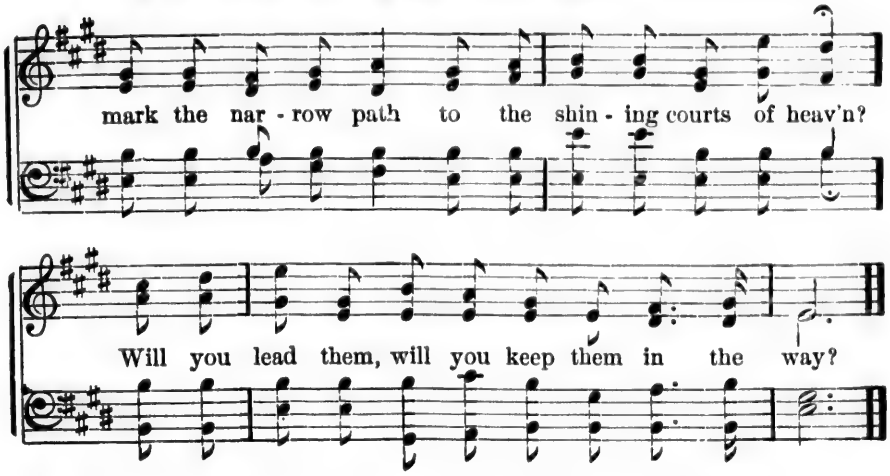
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 198. Will You Do What You Can?

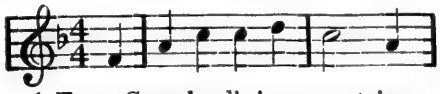
C. W. Ray. Chas. Edw. Prior.



Will You Do What You Can? Concluded.



No. 199. From Greenland's Icy etc.

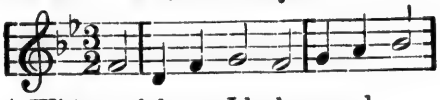


1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver,
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 200. With Tearful Eyes.



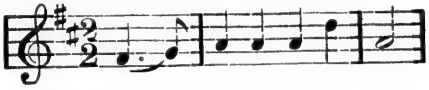
1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me."

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

No. 201. My Soul, be on thy Guard.



1 My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
So draw thee from the skies.

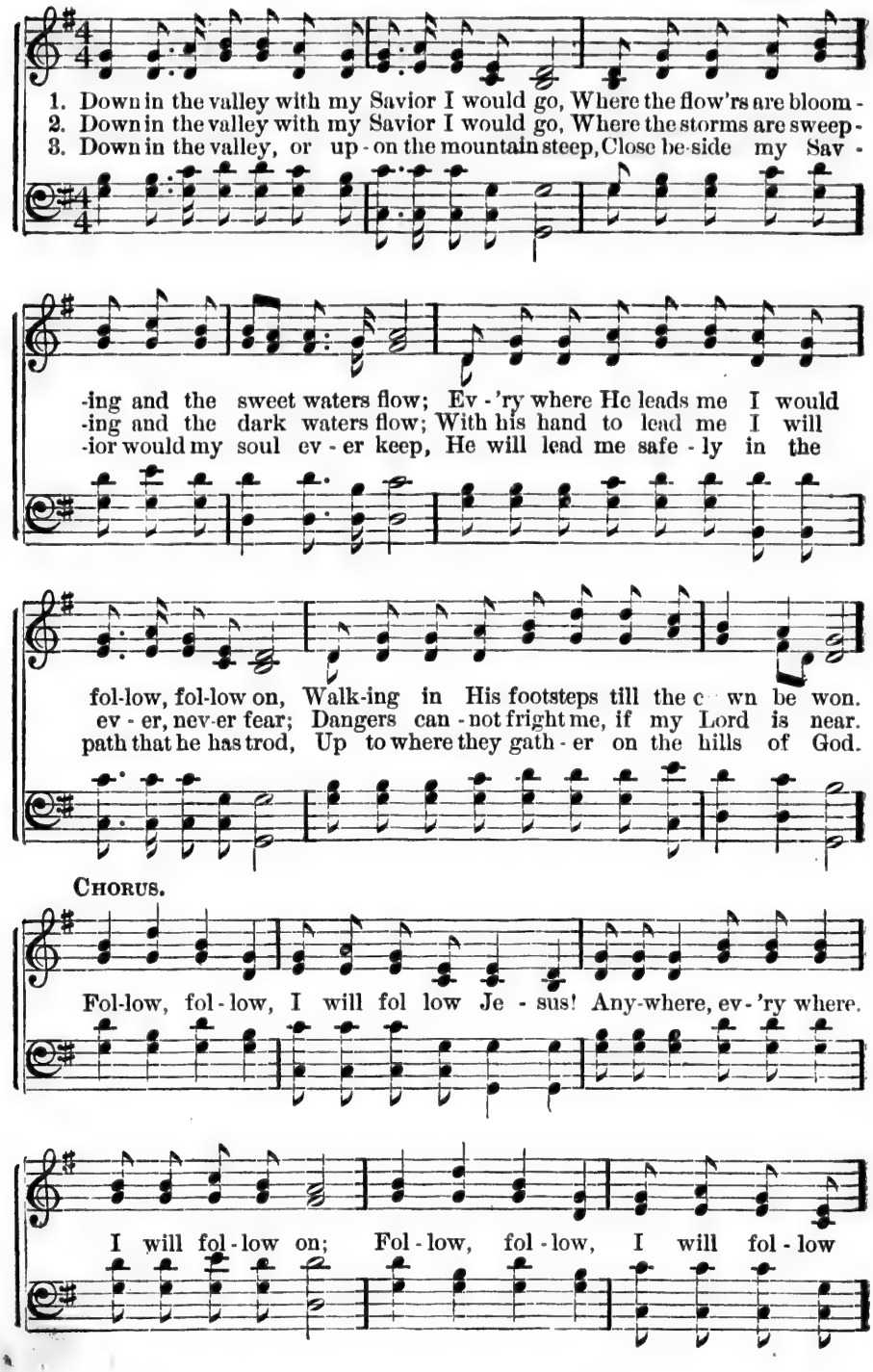
2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done;
Till thou obtain the crown.

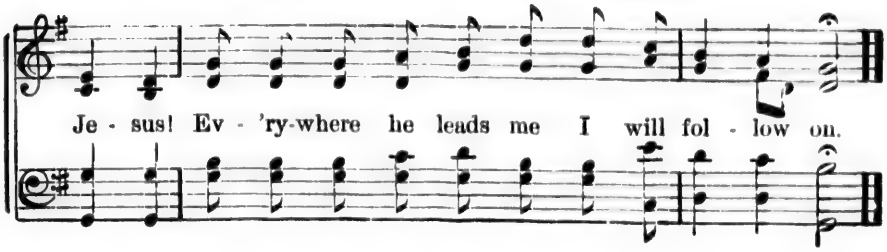
4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 202. I Will Follow Jesus.

R. E. Hudson.

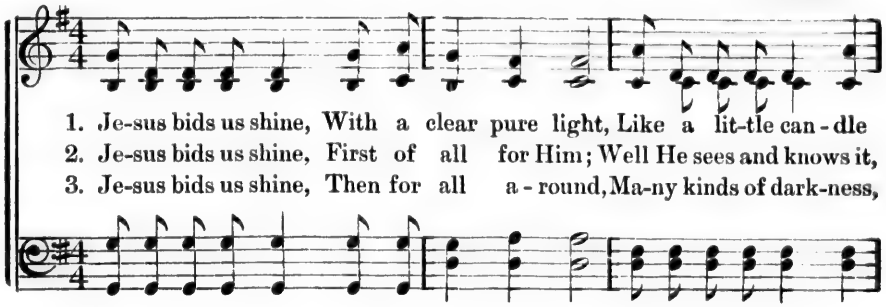


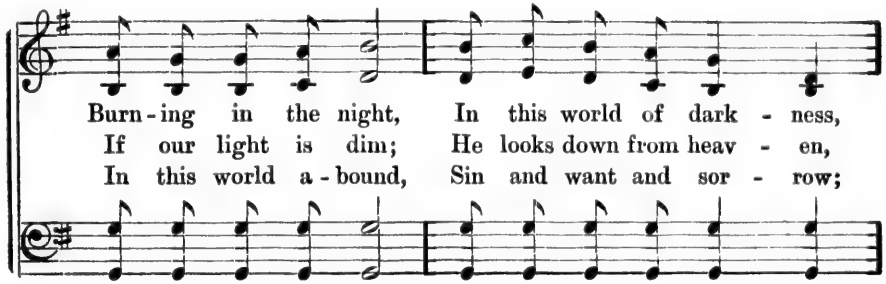
I Will Follow Jesus. Concluded.

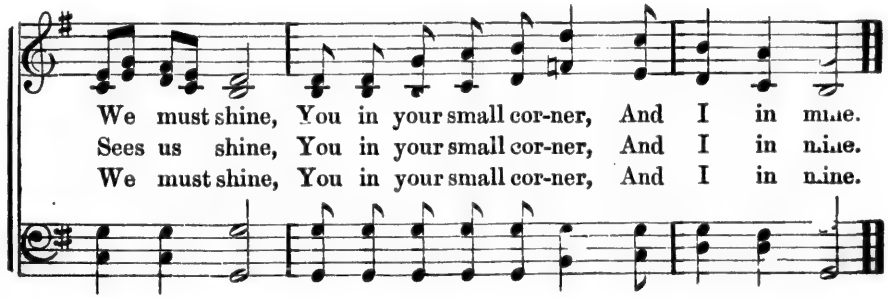


No. 203. Jesus. Bids Us Shine.

R. O. Excell.







No. 204. "'Tis Dividing the World."

Written expressly for my friend, E. O. EXCELL, Chicago, Ill.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

Ad lib.

BASS SOLO.

1. 'Tis di - vid - ing the world, Oh! my friend, it is true, The dear cross of Je - sus, On which side are you? Are you

2. 'Tis di - vid - ing the world, Look a - gain you shall see, Tho' prince of sal - va - tion, Oh yes, it is he, 'Tis the

"'Tis Dividing the World." Continued.

scoff - ing his grace, Like the thief at his side? Or
Sa - vior of men, Who a - rose from the dead. Now

Rit.

seek - ing the mer - cy of Christ cru - ci - fied? 'Tis di -
glo - ry and hon - or, en - cir - cle his head; 'Tis di -

- vid - ing the world, Look a - broad and be - hold, The
- vid - ing the world, But his prom - is - es are, A

"'Tis Dividing the World." Continued.

Rit.

ar - mies of sa - tan, de - fi - ant and bold, With the
crown and a robe for the faith - ful to wear, And the

weap - ons of sin, they u - nit - ed - ly stand, O-
song of the vic - tor at last he shall sing, Who

- bey - ing the cap-tain of sins dark command, O -
bat - tles for Je - sus, our Sa - vior and King, Who

"'Tis Dividing the World." Concluded.

Rit. . . . . . *Ad lib.* . . .

- bey - ing the captain of sins dark command, On which side,

bat - tles for Je - sus, our Sa - vior and King, On which side,

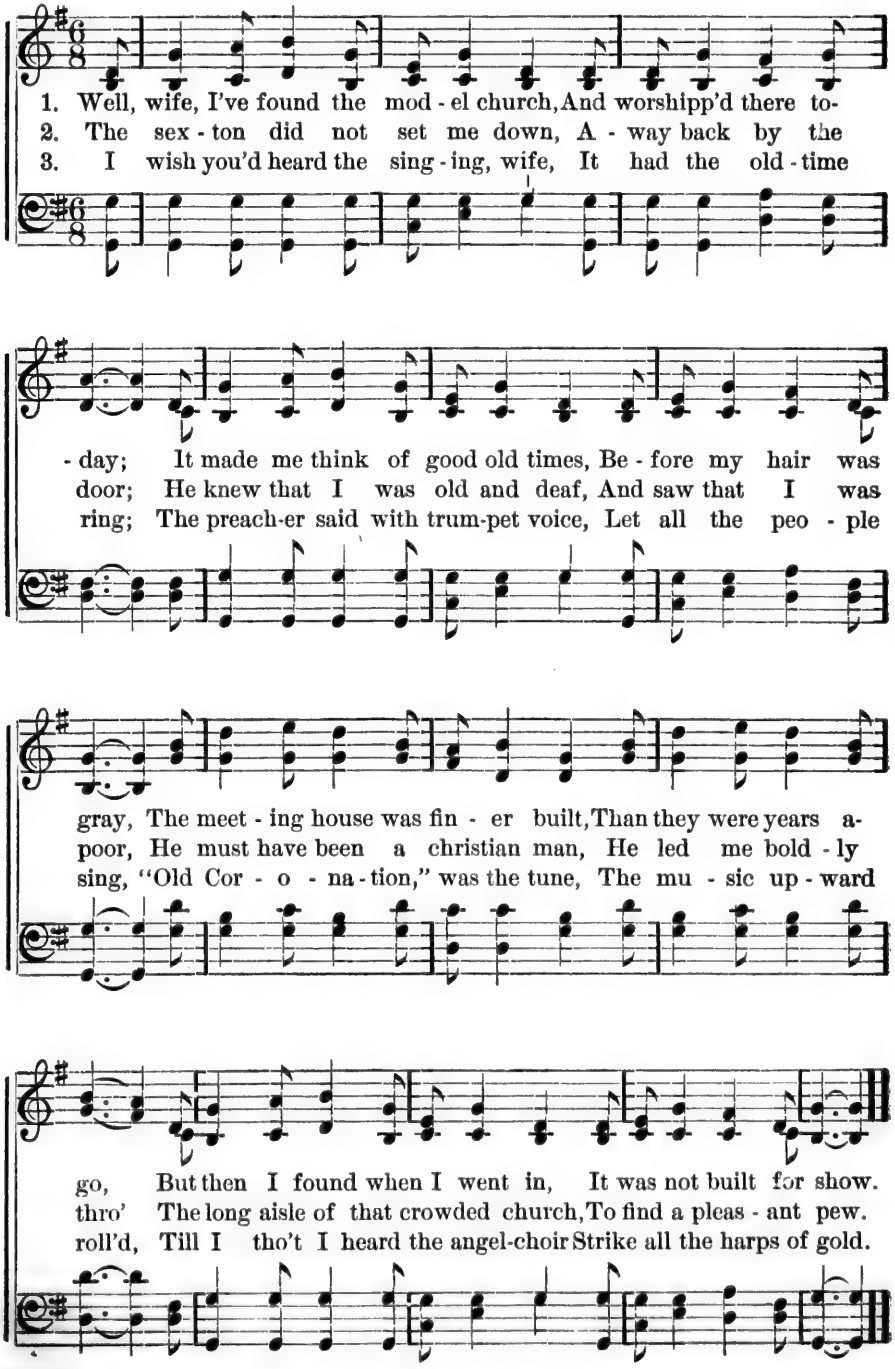
which side, On which side are you? Arrayed with God's

Rit. . . .

en - e - mies, or friends tried and true?

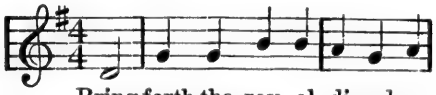
No. 205. The Model Church.

JOHN YATES. E. O. EXCELL.

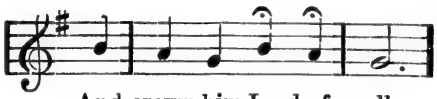


The Model Church. Concluded.

4. My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angel's prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,

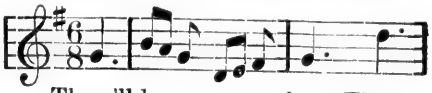


And crown him Lord of all.

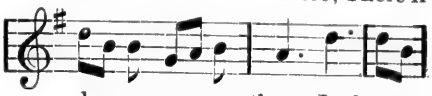
5. I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6. 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth,
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

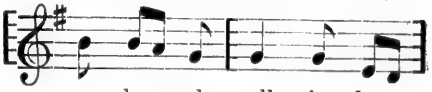
7. Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



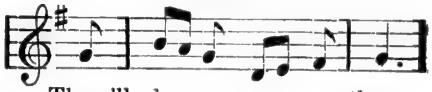
There'll be no sorrow there; There'll



be no sor - row there; In heaven

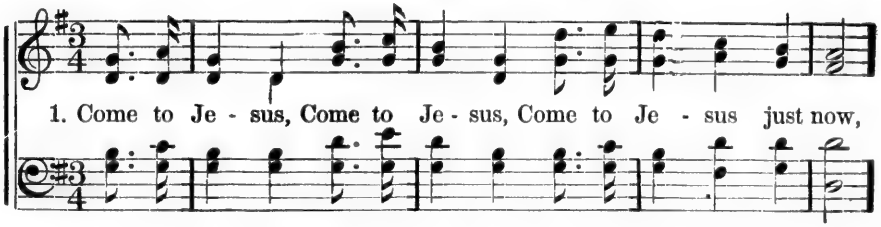


a - bove where all is love

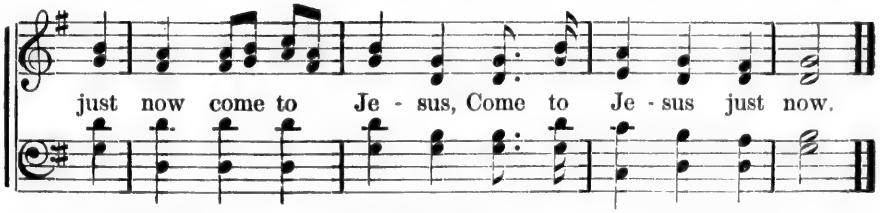


There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 206. Come to Jesus.



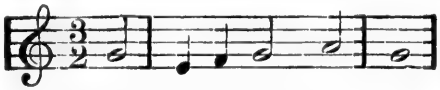
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,



just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 207 And Can I Yet Delay?

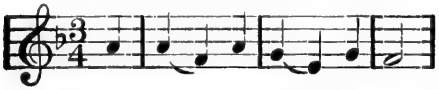


1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear myself from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever thine.

No. 208. The day is Past and Gone.



1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

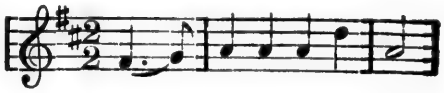
No. 209. Awake, and Sing The Song.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

No. 210. tand up for the Lord.

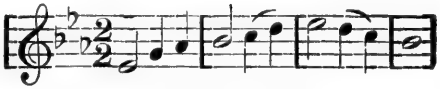


1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

No. 211. Show Pity, Lord.



1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

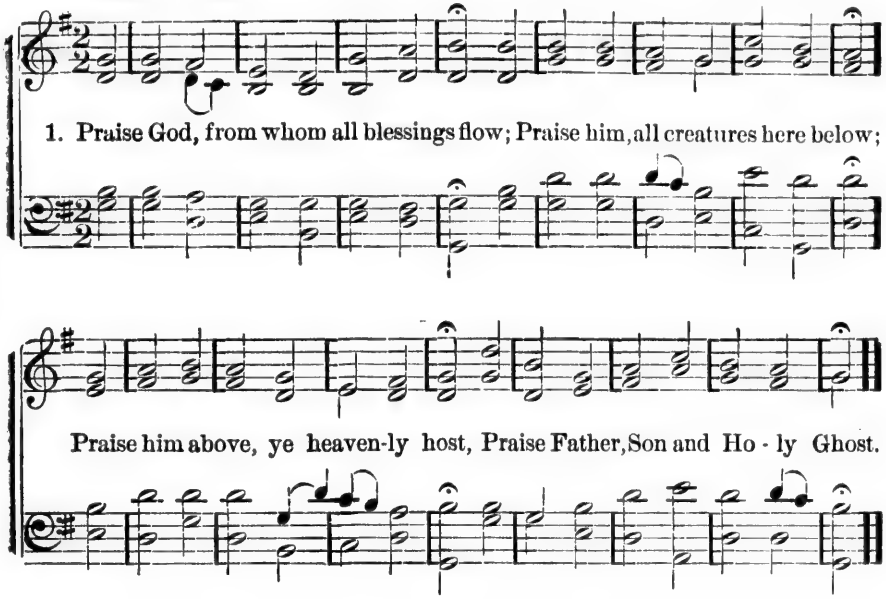
Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
The righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

No. 212. Opening Service. No. 1.

OLD HUNDRED.

All stand and sing. G. Franc, 1545.



Teacher. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:
School. And he opened his mouth, and taught them saying,
Teacher. Blessed are the poor in spirit:
School. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Teacher. Blessed are they that mourn:
School. For they shall be comforted.
Teacher. Blessed are the meek:
School. For they shall inherit the earth.
Teacher. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
School. For they shall be filled.
Teacher. Blessed are the merciful:
School. For they shall obtain mercy.
Teacher. Blessed are the pure in heart:
School. For they shall see God.
Teacher. Blessed are the peacemakers.
School. For they shall be called the children of God.
Teacher. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.
School. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Teacher. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
School. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

PRAYER.

No. 213. Opening Service No. 2.

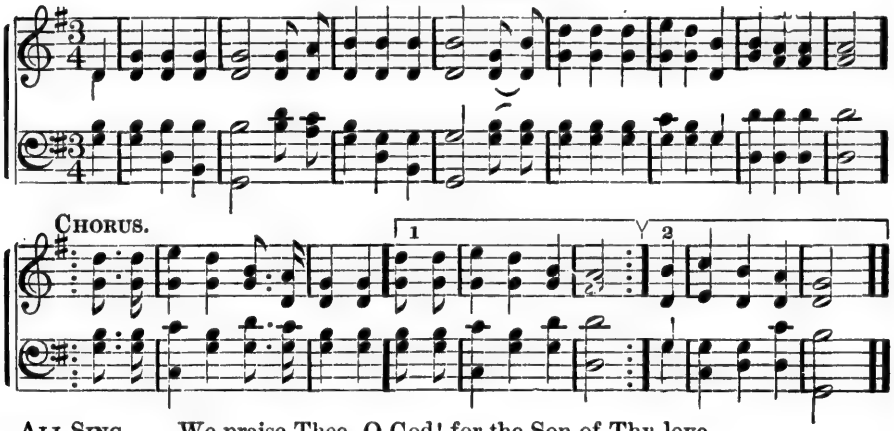
W. B. JACOBS.

TEACHER. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii. 16.

SCHOOL. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.—1 John iv. 9.

TEACHER. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 John iv. 11.

REVIVE US AGAIN.



ALL SING We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again

TEACHER. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—John xiv. 26.

SCHOOL. When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.—John xvi. 13.

TEACHER. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.—John viv. 14.

(*See tune above.*)

ALL SING. We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.
CHO.—Hallelujah! etc.

TEACHER. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.—Rev. v. 11.

SCHOOL. Saying with a loud voice. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor and glory, and blessing.—Rev. 12.

(*See tune above*)

ALL SING All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
CHO.—Hallelujah! etc.

No. 21 Opening Service No. 3.

(*School Standing.*)

T ACHER. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High.

S IOOL. To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

AL SING. (*See Music below.*)

Awake my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!
Loving kindness, Loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how free.

TEACHER. How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

SCHOOL. Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

ALL SING. (*See music below.*)

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how great.

TEACHER. The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.

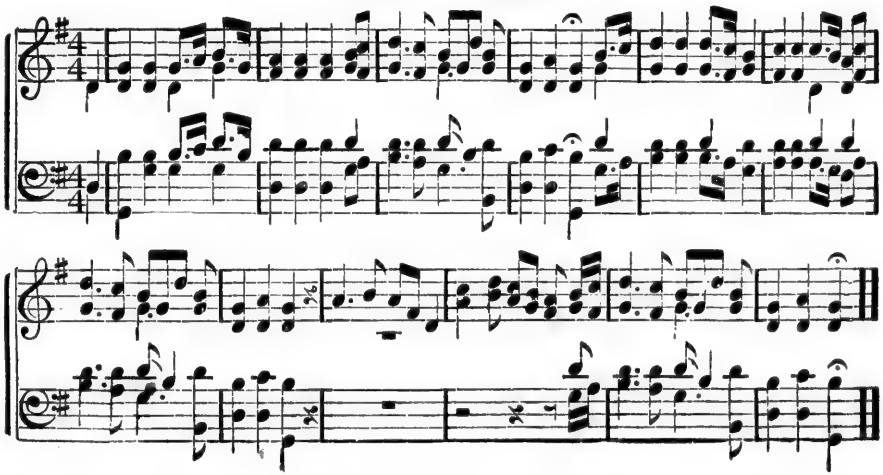
SCHOOL. And with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.

ALL SING. (*See music below.*)

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along.
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong.

PRAYER.

LOVING KINDNESS,



No. 215. Opening Service No. 4.

TEACHER Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His name forever!

SCHOOL. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

TEACHER. Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

SCHOOL. Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

TEACHER. Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding.

SCHOOL. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

TEACHER. The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

SCHOOL, She is more precious than rubies.

TEACHER. And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

SCHOOL. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

TEACHER. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

SCHOOL. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

TEACHER. And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

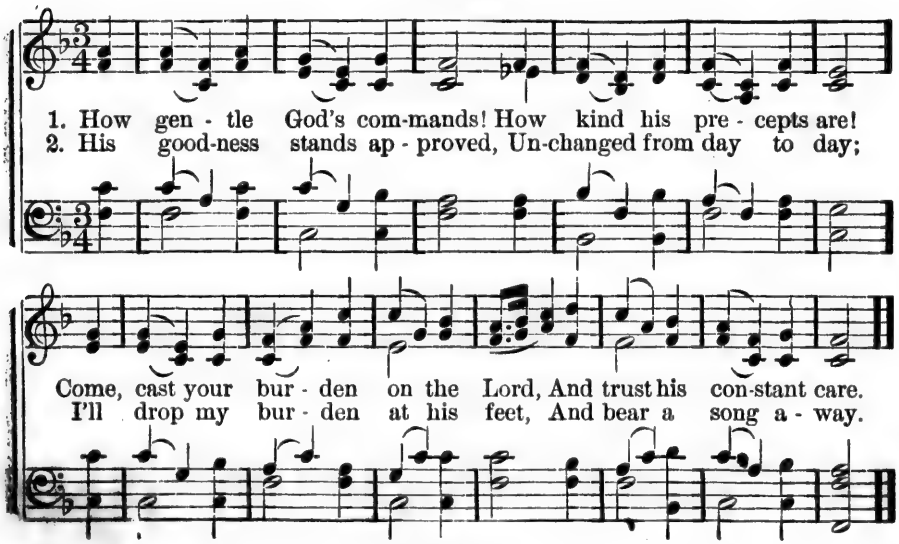
SCHOOL. And to temperance patience.

TEACHER. And to patience godliness.

SCHOOL. And to godliness brotherly kindness.

TEACHER. And to brotherly kindness charity.

DENNIS.



PRAYER.

h. Serve Him

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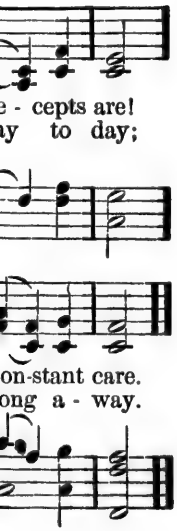

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